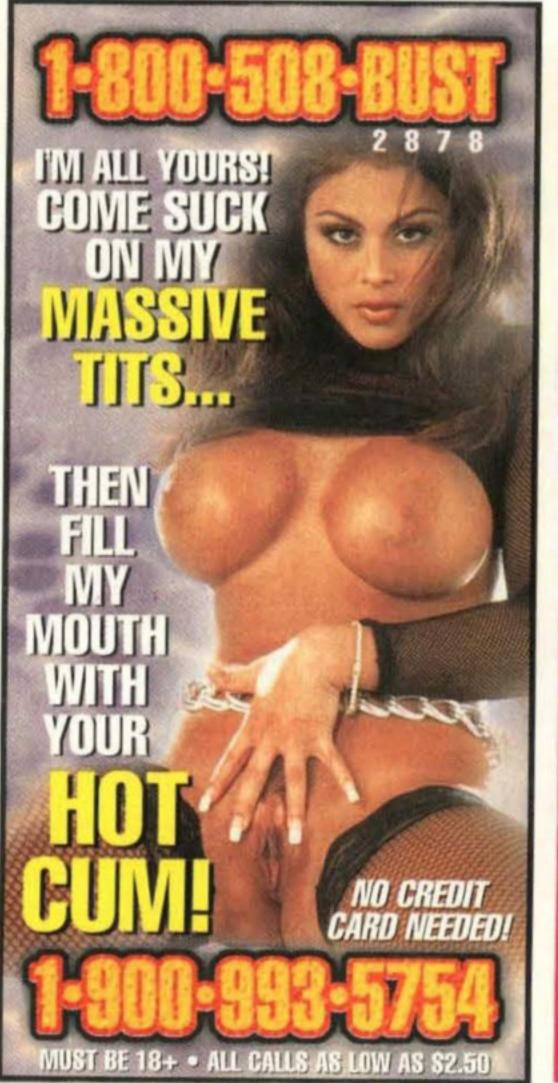
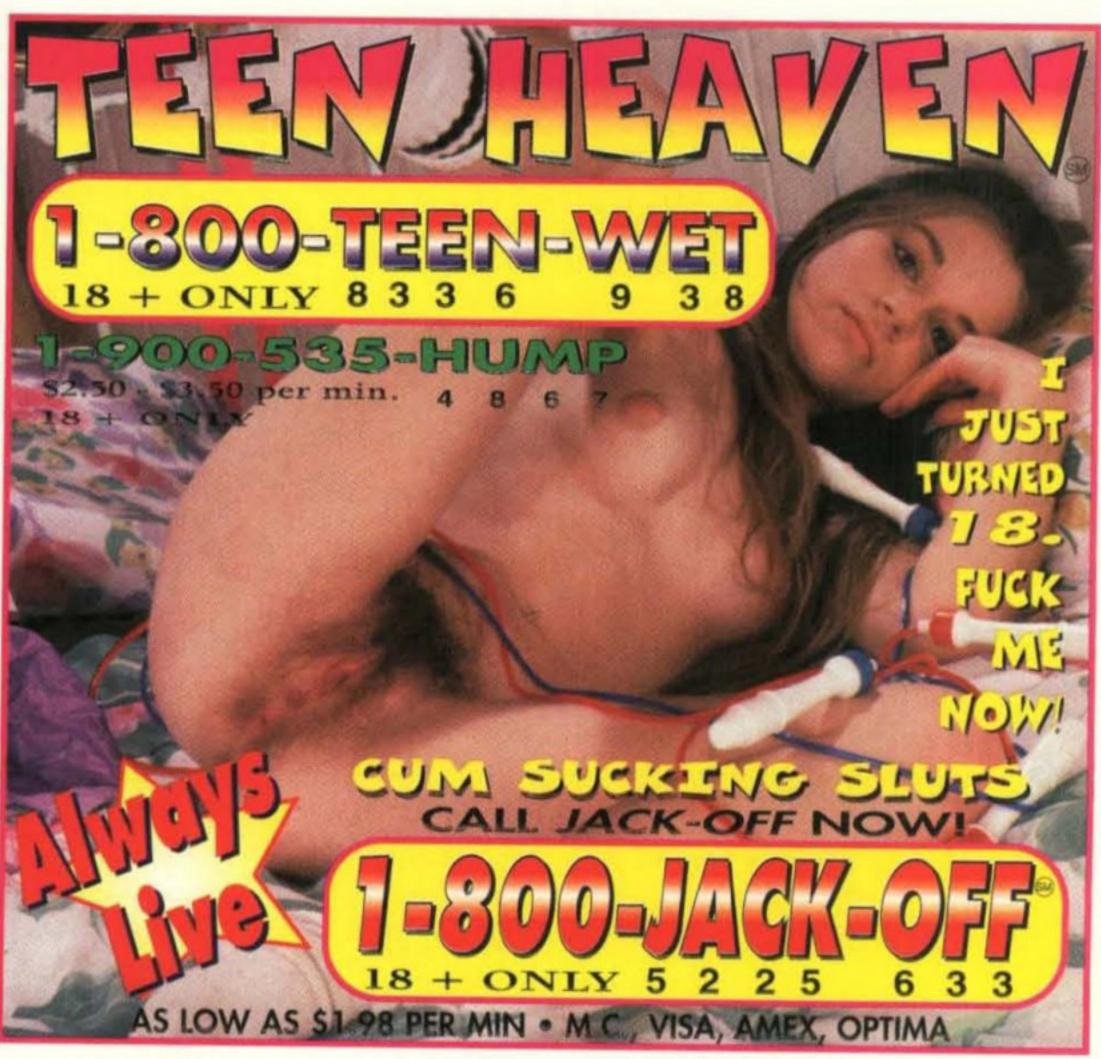
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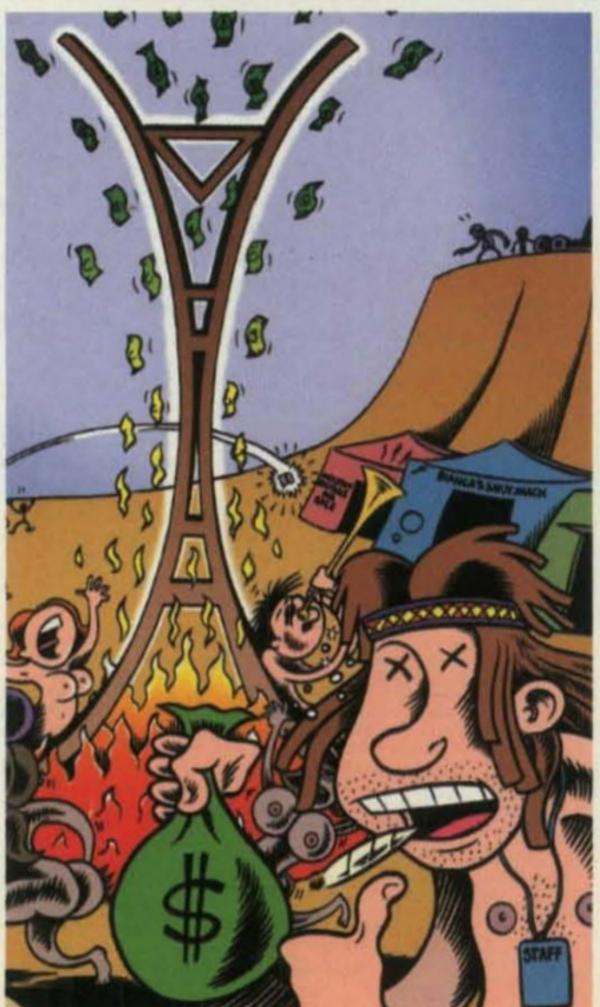


HUSTLER

FEBRUARY 1999

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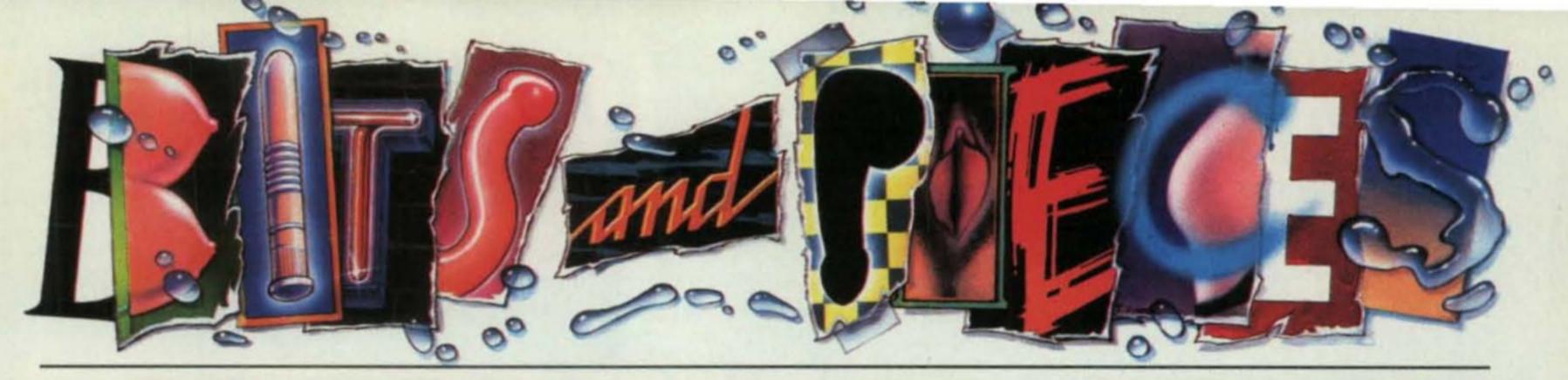
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All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Cover photo by Clive McLean



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

If shitting onto others and mobilizing the FBI when others shit onto you were Christian virtues, then Congressman Tom DeLay (R-Texas) would be a saint and not HUSTLER's February 1999 Asshole of the Month.

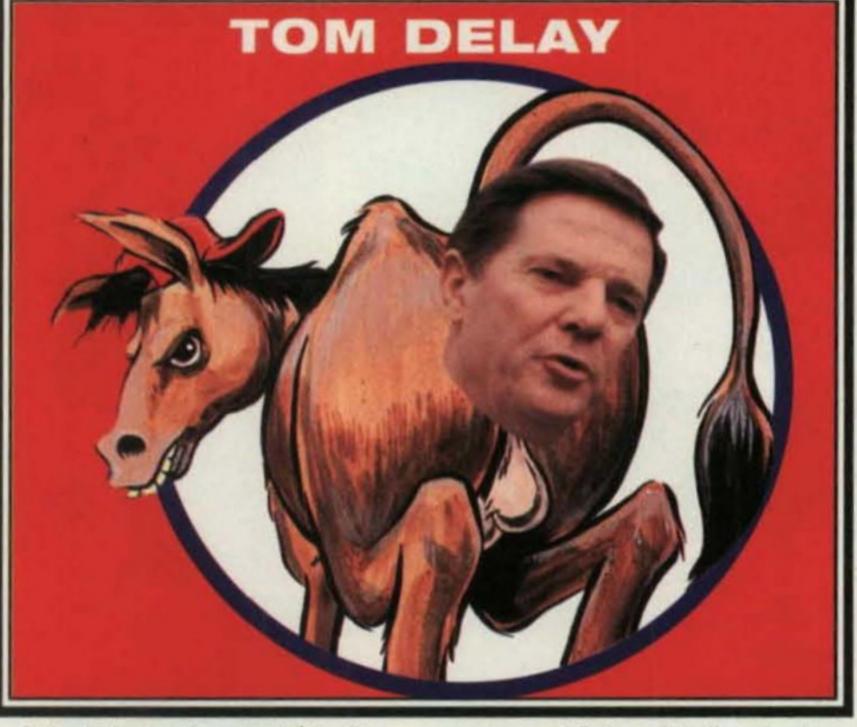
Tom DeLay is a 51-year-old Houston millionaire and former owner of a pest-control company. Squashing bugs all day seems to have convinced Tom DeLay that he is a superior being in God's grand scheme.

In 1984, the professional killer was elected to the lower house of Congress. DeLay represents Sugar Land, a deceptively saccharine name for Texas's 22nd Congressional District, home to several of the worst industrial polluters in the country.

DeLay has branded the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) "the gestapo of government." Tom's love for America is exemplified by his attempt to repeal the Clean Air Act, by his fight to cut the EPA's budget by one third and by his cooperation with lobbyists to write legislation exempting their industries from environmental laws.

Tom DeLay practically invented the "do-nothing Congress." He was a chief architect of the 1995 government shutdown, a ploy by which Republicans vowed to halt all productive business of our democratically elected governing bodies. DeLay remains hardheaded about that scorched-earth tactic. "Our biggest mistake was backing off from the government shutdown."

DeLay's nickname on Capitol Hill is the Hammer. He is known for pounding money out of political action committees (PACs). According to



DeLay's figures, he nailed \$2 million for GOP candidates in 1994. "I worked harder than anybody else," he explains. "I was smarter than anybody else."

Impressed by DeLay's relentless humility, the Republican legislature elected the Hammer to be their Majority Whip. Every time the Republican caucus votes to smear feces across the face of public debate, DeLay is there to toss the first turd, as if "the gentleman from Texas" were himself without sin.

Tom DeLay was the first national politician to call for Bill Clinton's resignation after the President admitted to fooling around with Monica Lewinsky. "Clinton does not have the moral authority to be President,"

pronounced DeLay. "I believe in the Constitution and the Bible."

DeLay has not always been immaculate. In a rare confessional lapse, the Hammer admitted that "like many young, ambitious males, I had pushed God aside. What a jerk I was." DeLay assures a believing world that he has "rededicated my life to Christ."

The Hammer's dedication to the Religious Right is beyond question. Randy Tate, executive director of the Christian Coalition, thinks of DeLay as "a Domino's Pizza delivery guy. He's there in 30 minutes, or it's free."

DeLay's commitment to Christ might be sorely tempted, however, were his lobbyist brother, Randy DeLay, to land a job representing Satan. Tom DeLay's efforts in Congress have an uncanny tendency to benefit clients of Randy DeLay. Tom is eager to say that his brother is not treated "any differently" than any other lobbyist. Could any corporate shill other than Randy convince Tom DeLay to abandon his sacred principle of freeing business from government shackles?

"I am a free-market nut," DeLay told the *Houston Chronicle*, failing to explain why he cosponsored a resolution that would limit the ability of privately owned sports franchises to move to new cities. One report determined that Tom's brother had lobbied for the resolution.

A House Ethics Committee investigated DeLay's unseemly relationship with his brother, and the Hammer's blatant mode of fund-raising. The committee noted that DeLay's defense "did not contain a denial."

In the wake of *Salon* magazine exposing House Judiciary Chairman Henry Hyde's adulterous affair, Tom DeLay displayed the wrath of God.

DeLay, who said that pornographer "Ken Starr is just doing his job," labeled the factual *Salon* story the "most disgusting piece of rumormongering I have ever seen." DeLay demanded that the FBI investigate the journalists who brought this piece of the truth to light.

Weeks later, DeLay further obscured his integrity by supporting the release of President Clinton's taped testimony. "It's ugly," said Hammer. "It's terrible. But we have to tell the American people the truth."

The truth is that God could not have created a more perfect Asshole than Tom DeLay.

Bill Randall: How does Florida spell hypocrite? Bill Randall has been campaigning for Congress in the Sunshine State, running as a minister and a Republican and pushing ethics and family values. Was anybody surprised when Randall, 53, admitted that he had fathered a child while separated from his wife? Is anybody sur-

FARTS IN THE WIND

prised that Randall's clean breast came after the New-Journal of Daytona Beach printed a story of his past? Hypocrite starts with A, Asshole.

Judge Shira A. Scheindlin: In 1995 William Aramony was convicted of defrauding the United Way charity out of more than \$1 million. Aramony had been president of the charity. He used his stolen money to finance a lavish lifestyle and was sentenced to seven years in prison. Judge Scheindlin has ruled that the United Way owes Aramony more than \$2 million in retirement benefits, by which ruling Scheindlin is judged to be an Asshole's Asshole.

My Roofies Memories

The date-rape drug Rohypnol, or roofies, has given unattractive, criminal shitheels across the country a chance to get laid. Roofies are highly addictive, illegal and dangerous, though the powerful tranks are becoming Mexico's biggest export, aside from Mexicans. Roofies allow society's bottom feeders to rape a variety of women—sick, unconscious or dead, depending on the dosage. This is the scrapbook of one sick lowlife.



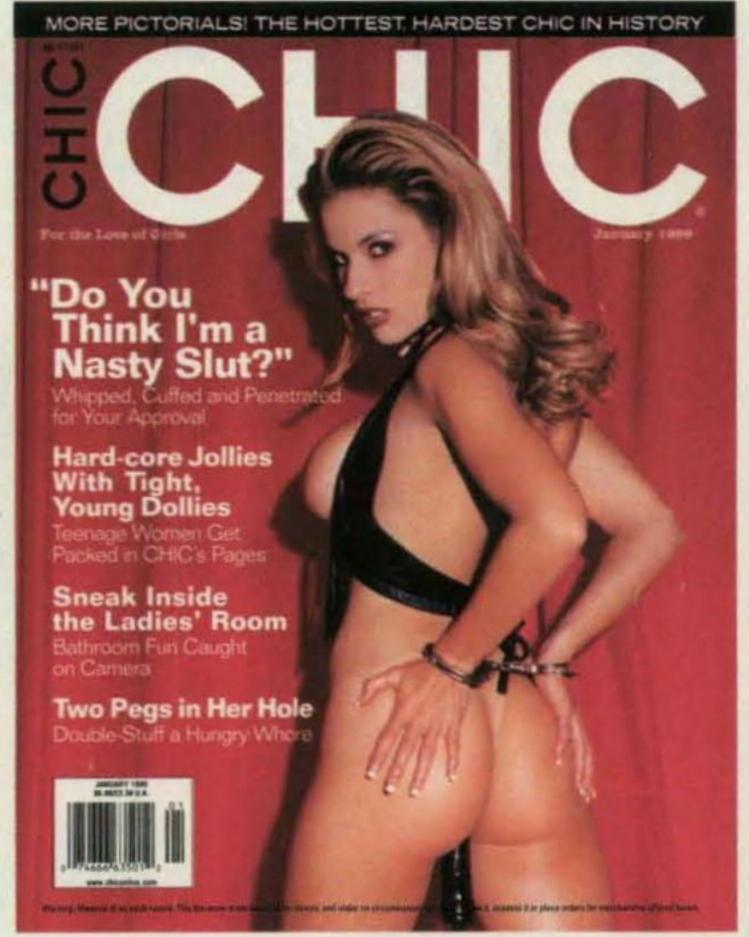
PARODY NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

Anything Less Than CHIC Is Weak

This month, HUSTLER's slutty little-sister publication, CHIC, pops her cherry all over again. The brand-new CHIC is harder than ever—crammed till it screams with hotter young girls performing unspeakable, bizarre sexual acts. The revamp features filthier photos, nastier articles and more humping action than a Saudi rodeo. Buy the all-new, all-hard CHIC at newsstands in most states, or call 1-800-328-6704 to subscribe at 52% off the cover price.



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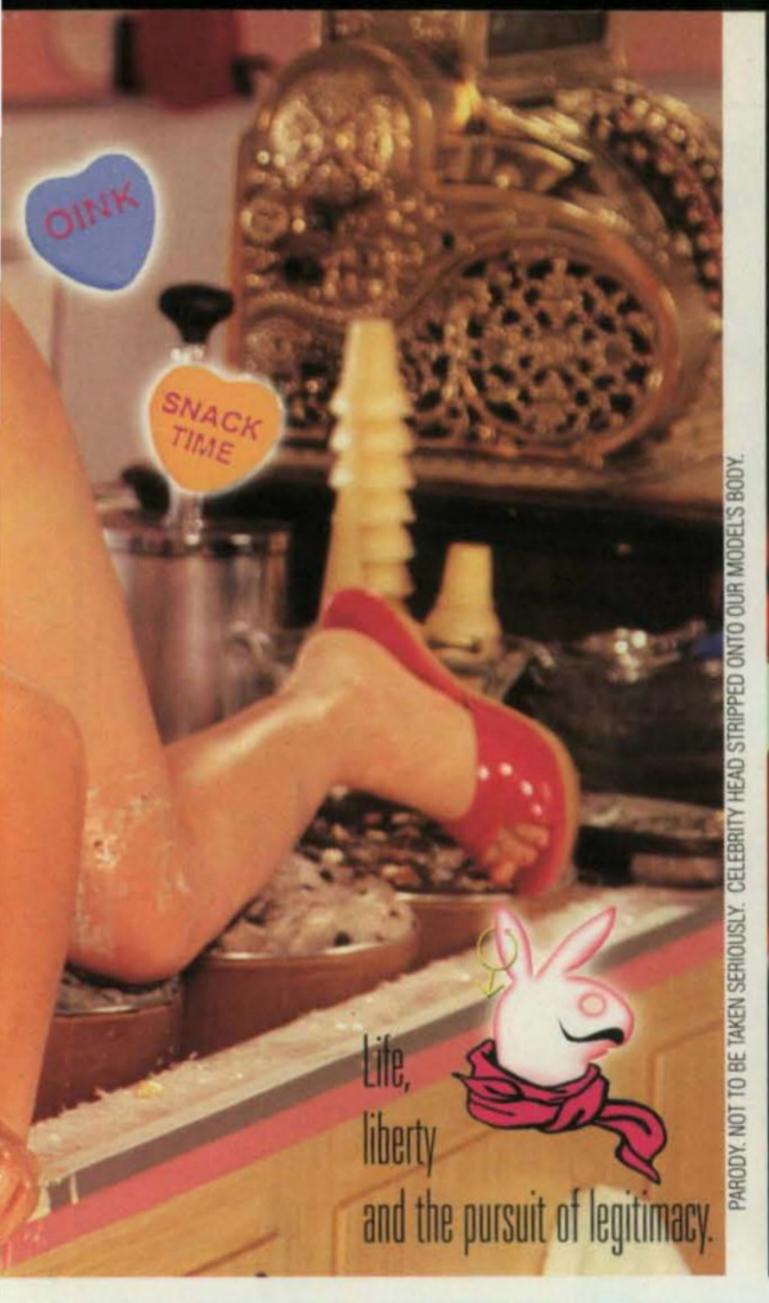
Seen here in his 1918 classic *Tillie's Punctured Maidenhead*, pioneering porn star Rudolph Vaselino tells Greta Gobble to smile for the camera. "Oh! You mean with my face," Greta's title card reads—the first recorded use of that time-worn crack.

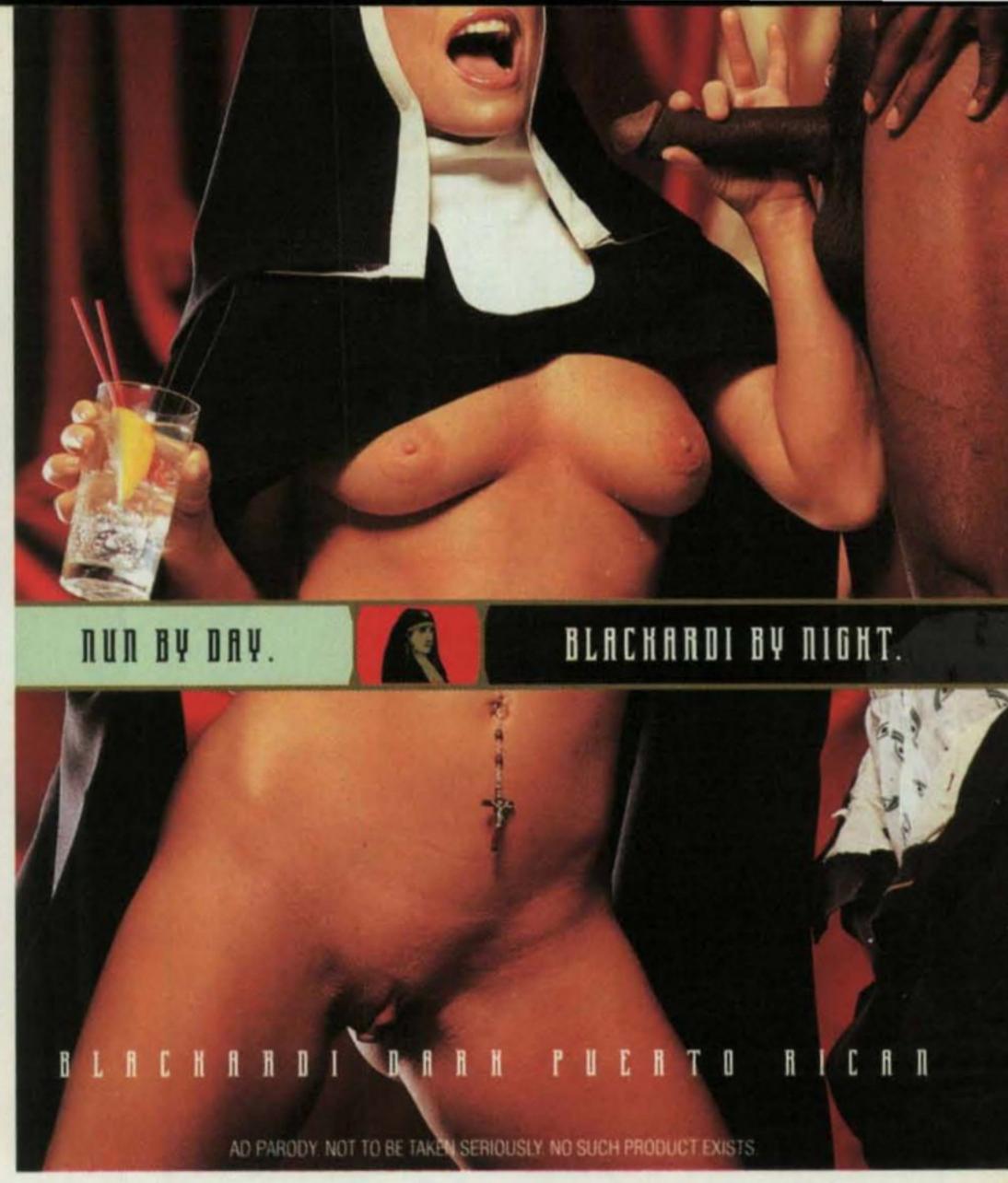
Bryon and Patti Hatch snatch \$150 for this dog-eared, doggy-style pic. Send your photos of them old-time positions to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"MOST. TASTELESS CARTOON"



"She'll be with you in a minute...
she's teaching the dog to go on the paper."



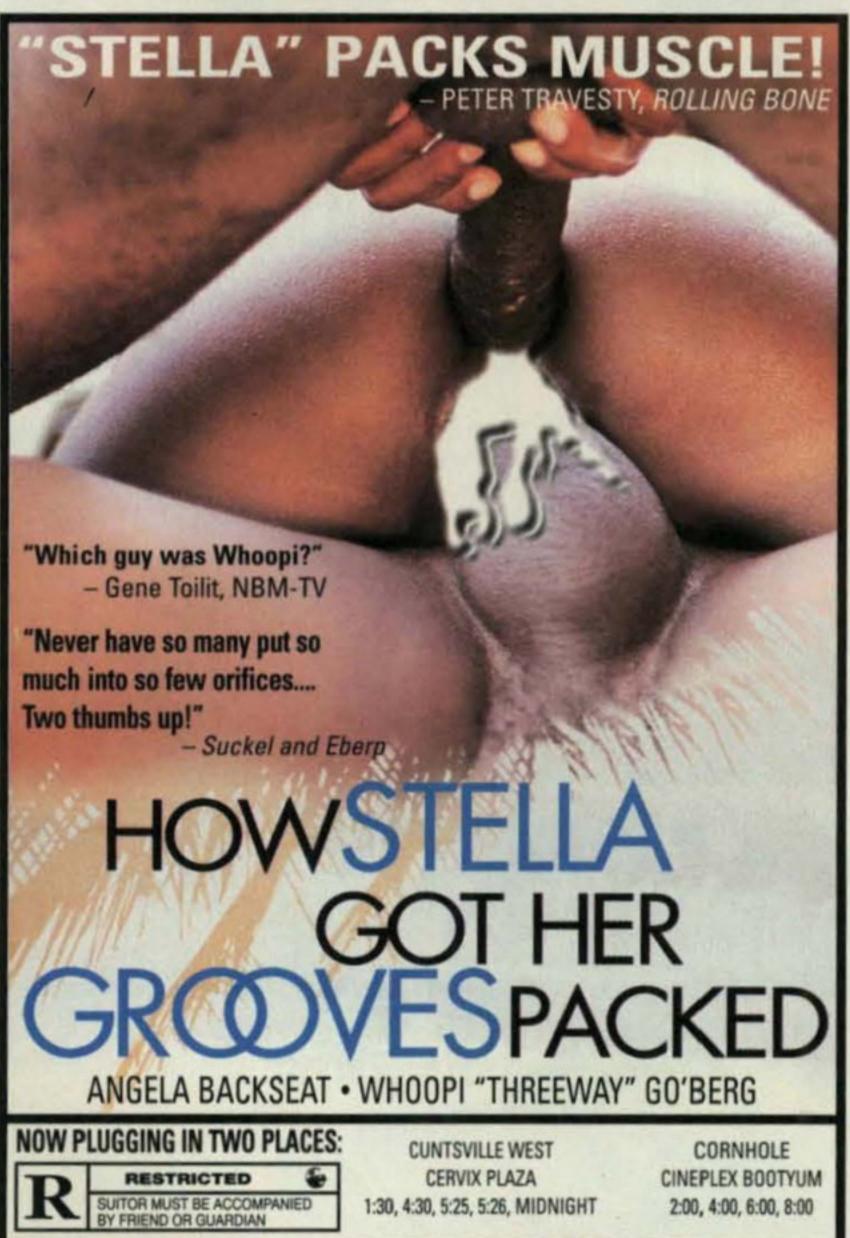


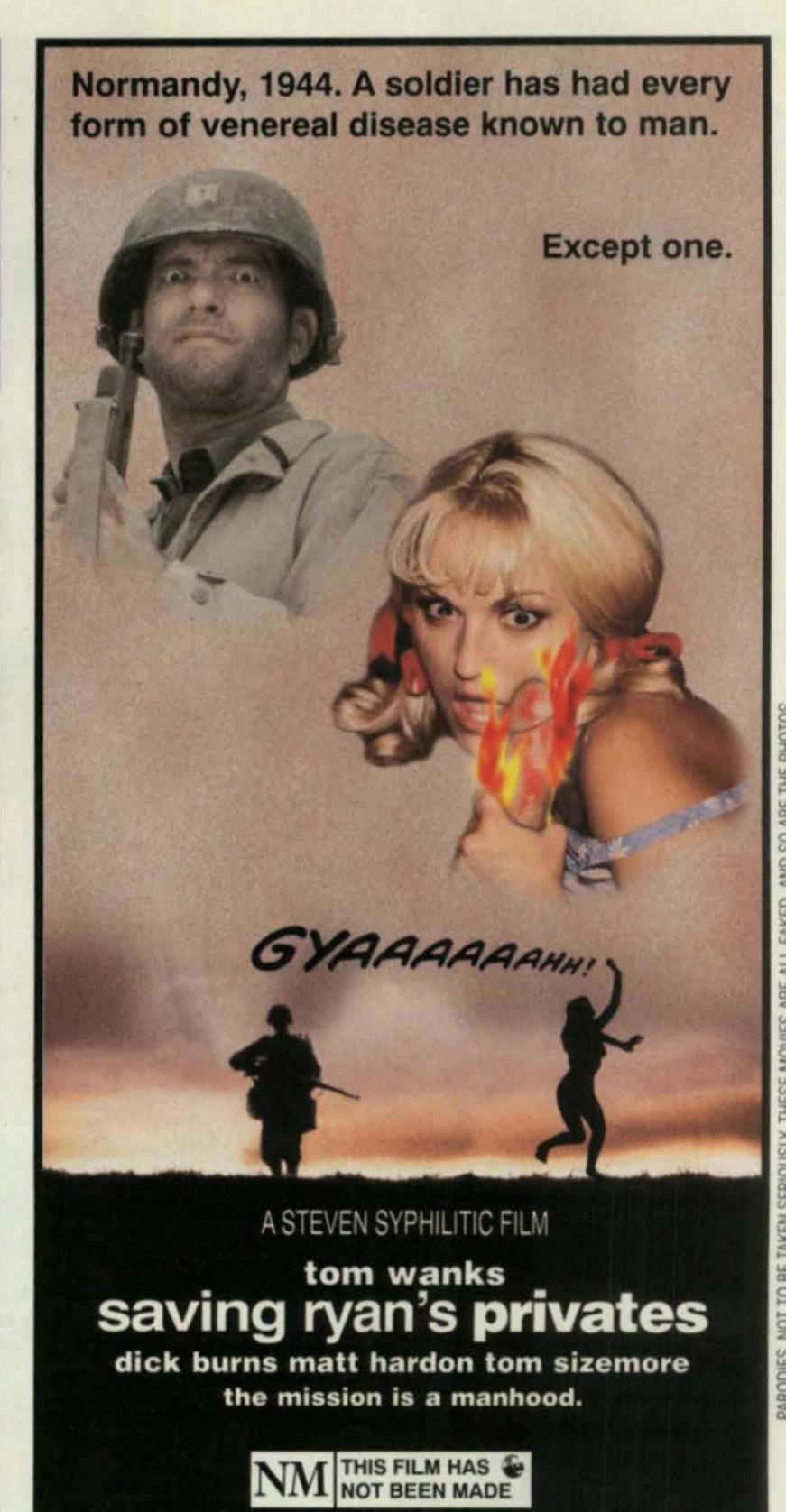
The Biorré Whore Perfect™ Adhesive Douche works like a magnet to remove dirt, splooge and unwanted matter.

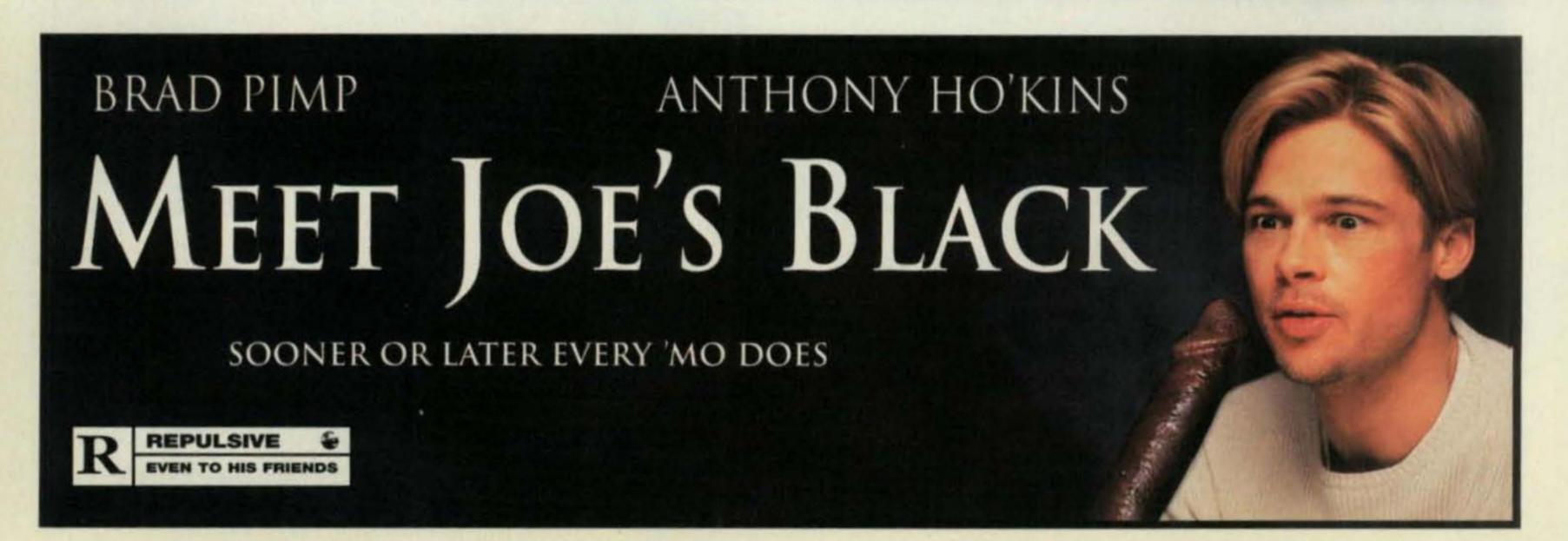














CONSUMER ALERT: When ordering merchandise through any mail-order supplier, minimize your risk of being disappointed by dealing only with mail-order merchants who accept credit-card payment and have a working phone number in their ads. Any offer that seems too good to be true is probably untrue.

eling agencies waiting for? -T. D. Wesley Chapel, Florida

As usual, T. D., HUSTLER was way ahead of the curve in presenting the lovely Anita. We too would like to see Anita make the crossover to acting-preferably in something with Anal or Gang-Bang in the title.

Homocidal Urges

May and Amy: Cunnilingus Concubines (December 1998) should have been called Goddesses of Love: Women of My Dreams! I have one complaint concerning J. A. from Chicago, Illinois ("Cocksucker Blues," Feedback, December 1998). I think I speak for all the convicts in my facility when I say, I salute HUSTLER for saying no to faggotry! If you were to say yes, could you clear it with my warden so I could appear on the set with a couple of 12-gauges? Then everyone could witness real cocksucker blues!

> -S. M. Lincoln, Nebraska

You don't happen to have any relatives in Laramie, Wyoming, do you, S. M.? You've obviously confused saying no to faggotry with saying yes to homicidal, maniacal tendencies. HUSTLER says, spread the pink, not the violence. Save your pent-up hostility for the next cell-block orgy-and we wouldn't recommend mentioning this letter at your next parole hearing.

Testy, Testy

It saddened me to read that Brooke Ashley has contracted HIV, the virus that causes AIDS ("Infected Angel," Erotic Entertainment, December 1998). I was equally dismayed to learn of her civil

lawsuit against Marc Wallice for allegedly knowingly infecting her with the virus. Any junior-high-school student could have told Ms. Ashley that there is a period of up to six months where an infected person can show a false-nega-

May and Amy: Cunnilingus Concubines

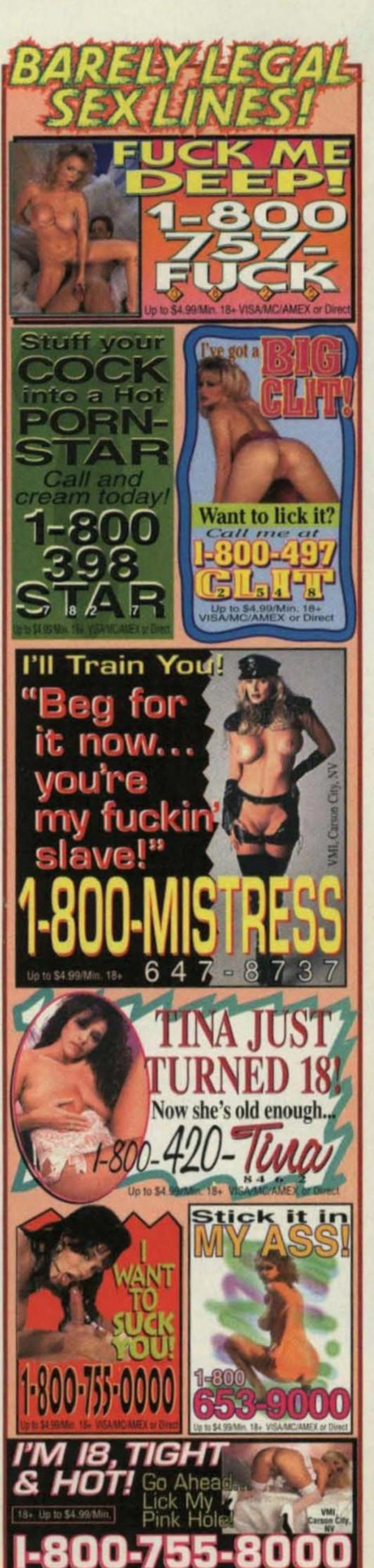
tive-HIV test result. Ms. Ashley willingly chose to have unprotected anal sex with Marc Wallice and several dozen strangers in her World's Biggest Anal Gang Bang video. Tragically, it was her fatal lapse in judgment, and not Mr. Wallice, that made her the Infected Asshole of the Month. P.S.: HUSTLER also reports that a total of five porn stars have tested HIV-positive in 1998, and yet none of them is Ron Jeremy. Where is the justice? -R. F.

Modesto, California

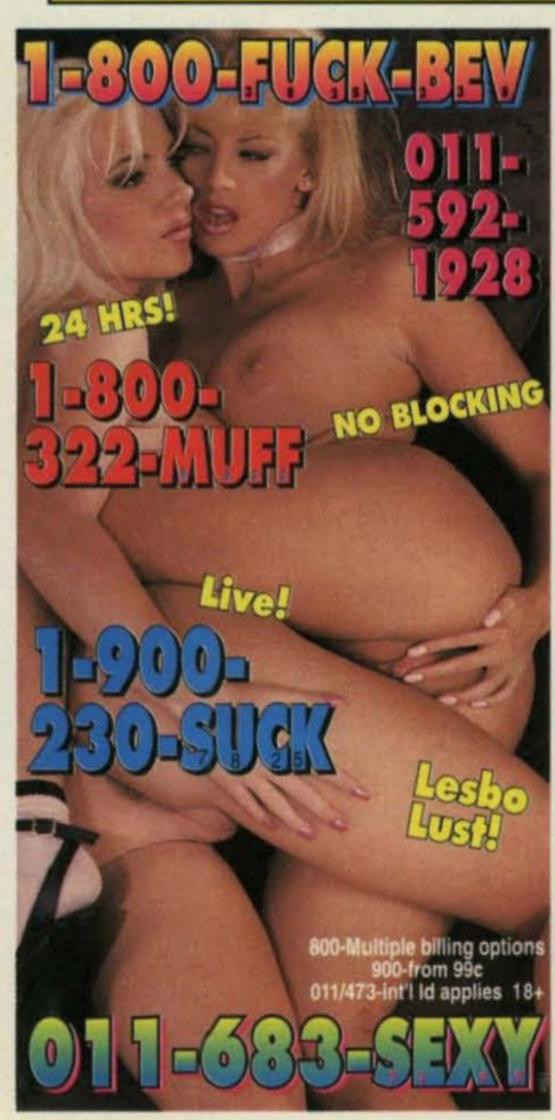
You're a real humanitarian, R. F. Following your logic, the victim of a drunk-driving accident is to blame for being on the road in the first place. While there is a window of opportunity for false positives in HIV test results, the adult-film industry enforces rigid testing procedures to minimize the risk to its talent. If Wallice did, in fact, circumvent these procedures by falsifying his test results, he should be held accountable for the reckless endangerment of his co-stars. As for your comments regarding the Hedgehog, we can only assume that your mean-spiritedness masks deep-seated homosexual urges toward the Hirsute One.

Mama's Boy

Why don't you run layouts of pregnant women? (Don't point to the November 1994 issue; that's four years old already.) (continued on page 15)







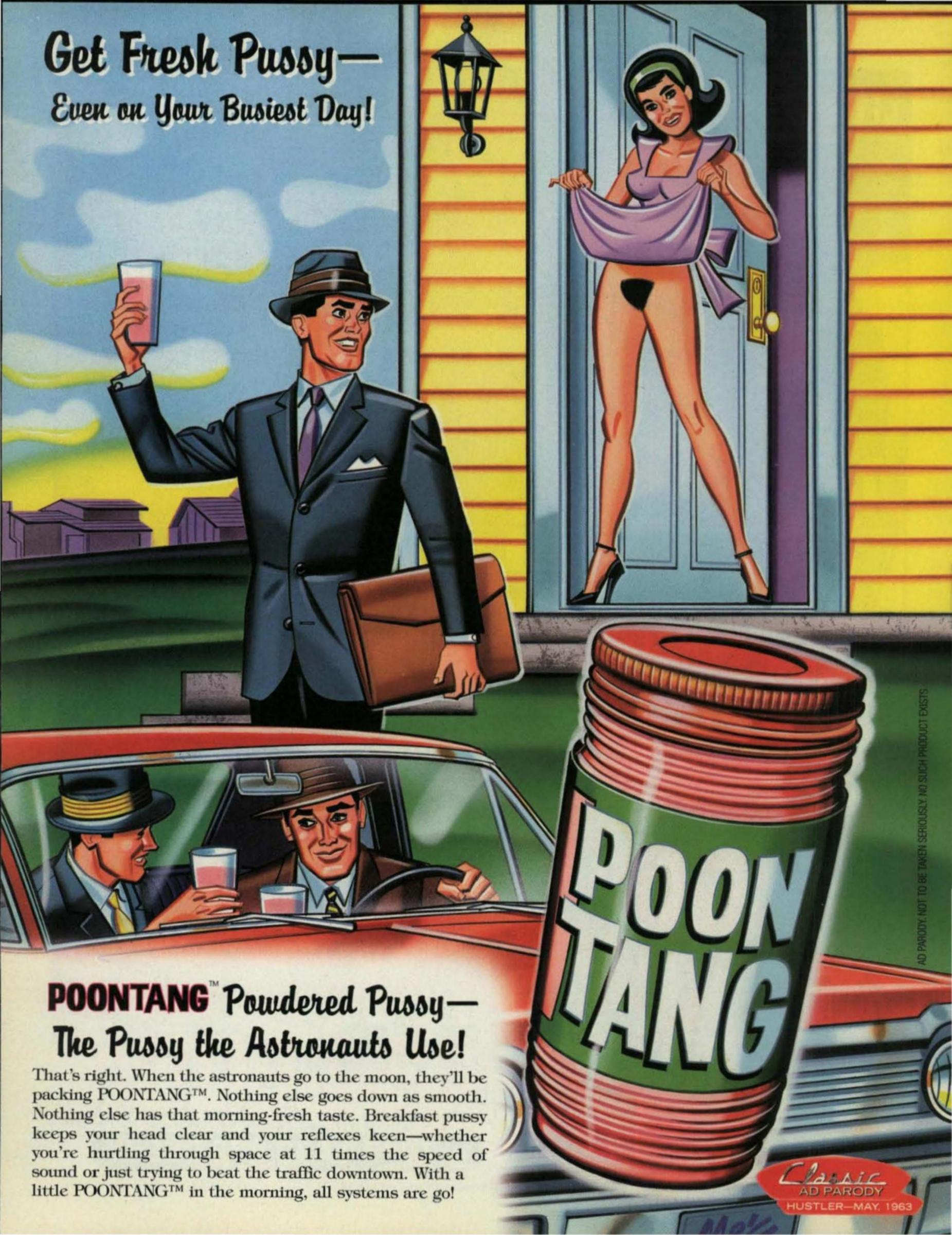
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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 11)

Many men find a knocked-up honey to be beautiful and sexy. If you don't want to run pregnant-babe layouts anymore, give me the address of a mag or company that does.

—J. M.

Limon, Colorado

Your prayers for prenatal pussy have been answered, J. M.; the January 1999 issue of HUSTLER'S TABOO hits the newsstands at the end of December. Among other fetish-oriented pictorials, the January TABOO features the very pregnant Gina. Gina not only bares her bod, pronounced tummy lump and all, but breaks yellow water for the camera.

Stick 'Em Up

Please give us more pictures of girls sticking different things into their pussies, like Kat (Kat: Sermon on the Mound, November 1998). In future issues, how about girls using fruits, vegetables or candles on themselves? How about two girls using different things on each other? I also liked Kat's natural hairy pussy; keep these kinds of girls coming.

—J. A.

Saginaw, Michigan

As the <u>Feedback</u> mailbag attests, J. A., HUSTLER readers' interest in penetrating pictorials can't be denied; so look forward to foreign-object-fucking fillies in future issues. Whether the substitute schlongs come from the produce aisle or not will depend on seasonal availability; El Niño really did a number on the crops this year.

Swastika Switch

I do not submit to, or agree in principle with, any religion or party. However, in your November 1998 issue, volume 25, number 5, page 152, I noticed a blunder in your cartoon about the recruiting techniques of the Nazi Party. The swastika is backward and actually represents the Buddhist faith, much like the cross in Christianity. All I ask is, if you make fun of someone, make sure you have the right guy.

—M. G.

Grand River, Ohio

Boy, you're a real stickler for order and detail, M. G.—are you sure you're not a Nazi? The truth is, we reversed the swastika to avoid incurring a trademark-infringement suit from the Nazi Party. We figured those dress-wearing Buddhists are too peace-loving to take HUSTLER to court.

Swastika Bitch

I have always considered you a real right-

on magazine, and if I could have gotten a lifetime subscription, I would have. Recently, I was horrified at the joke section ("Nazis Wanted," Bits & Pieces, October 1998). What in hell were you thinking? Evidently, you think six million deaths are funny. You poor, sick so-and-so's. I know you won't print this letter, but I needed to tell you anyway. —G. W. San Francisco, California

The "Nazis Wanted" ad in October's <u>Bits</u> & <u>Pieces</u> was a parody of the new VW Beetle campaign. The "old joke made new," funny as it is, was merely included to illustrate the folly of Volkswagen's attempt to revive one of the ugliest cars in automotive history.

Starr Wars

If I were Larry Flynt, I'd be hitting the roof! He gets arrested for opening up a bookstore and selling HUSTLER in Cincinnati, Ohio, and yet Ken Starr can put the Monica Lewinsky federal-grand-jury tapes, which contain plenty of sexual material, on the Internet and television so adults and children alike can see them. Larry Flynt should file a lawsuit against the Hamilton County city officials and judge.

—J. S.

Hamilton, Ohio

Hamilton County's double standard regarding the distribution of sexually explicit material is indeed troubling. But lawsuits are awfully costly and time-consuming. HUSTLER would gladly settle for Kenneth Starr's head on a stick; the office could use a new coatrack.

Crackhead

Where can I order the video Ben Dover's Crack Attack, which was reviewed in the October 1998 Erotic Entertainment? I fell in love with the picture of Christina.

−S. G. Dix, Illinois

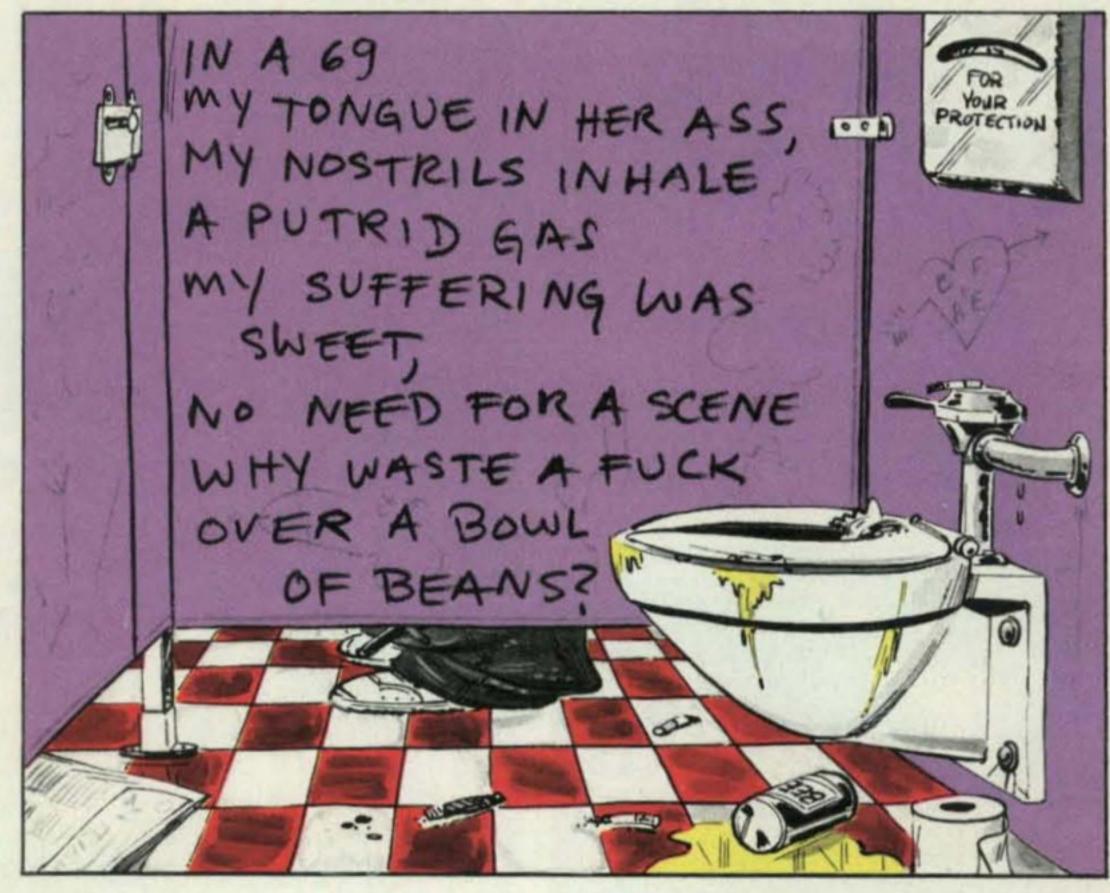
VCA Pictures, the distributors of <u>Ben</u>
<u>Dover's Crack Attack</u>, can be reached at
1-800-421-2386. If they can't direct you
to a nearby retailer, you should be able to
order a copy of Mr. Dover's sin-ematic
opus, featuring the lovely and talented
Christina, directly from the source.

Conspiracy Bunny

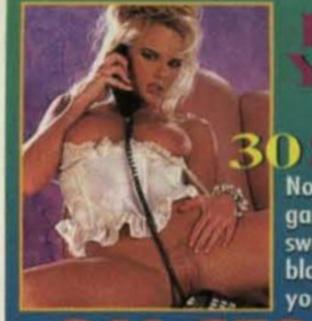
After all the sexcapades in the Oval Office, the military, our Congress or whoever it was has decided to remove all of your fine publications from the shelves of PXs in Europe. *Playboy* is the only magazine left on the shelves where I shop. I

(continued on page 31)

GRAFFILM Y



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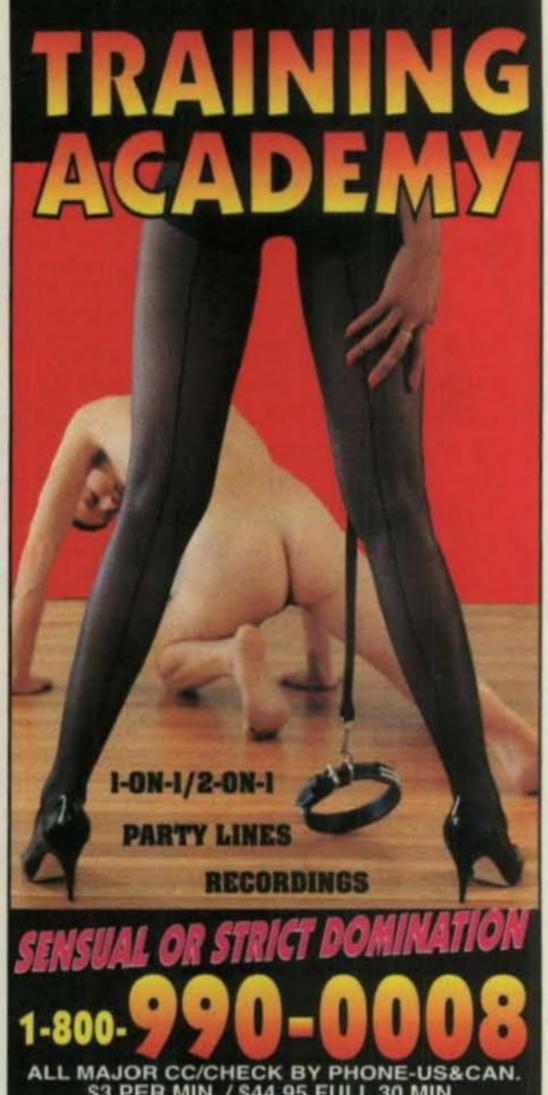
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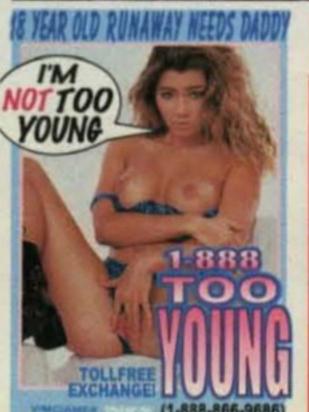
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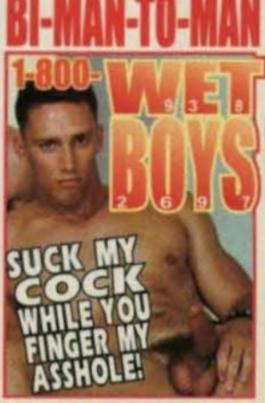
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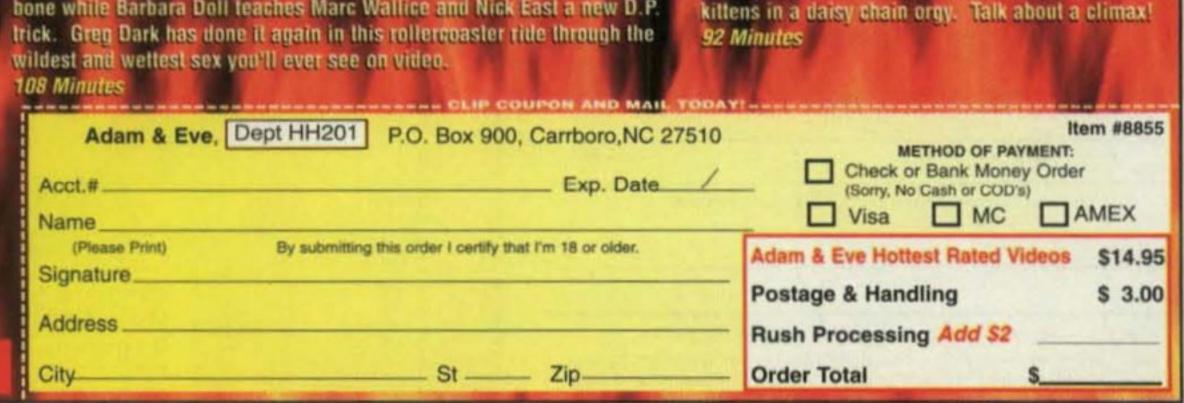
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1-800-825-4469

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desire whatsoever. What's wrong? Nobody seems to be able to give me a -M. L. straight answer.

Tulsa, Oklahoma

When you say no one has been able to give you a straight answer, I'm assuming that you've talked to your gynecologist, because this is the first person you should speak to. If your gynecologist hasn't given you a satisfactory answer, ask another doctor. Your loss of libido could well be a side effect from the Pill; all sorts of hormonal shakeups occur with this outdated and dangerous method of birth control. In your search for solid medical answers, ask about other forms of birth control. Personally, I think that Depo-Provera shots are the best thing going. You only need an injection once every three months, and the side effects are far fewer than with the Pill.

HER HOLEYNESS

I'm a 23-year-old, incarcerated male and a faithful subscriber to HUSTLER. I'm captivated by all of the female urination shots lately, but the wet pics have also left me baffled. My question is, where exactly is the female pisshole located? I think that it's situated somewhere right above the vagina, but most of the other guys here are saying that girls piss out of -S. F. their clits.

Portland, Maine

The female urethral opening (a/k/a "pisshole") is an elusive creature; even doctors pretty much need a microscope to locate it when doing things like inserting catheters, etc. Nonetheless, barring any kind of freakish genital abnormality, a girl's tinkle trough is located about midway between the vagina and clitoris. Consider yourself the most well-informed inmate on your cell block.

HYPOCRITES R US

I've noticed in recent articles that people like yourself are using the term "repressed '90s." Sure, America is repressed if you only look at things through left-wing goggles, but look at the situation from the other end. Maybe people see you and others like you as a bunch of freaks. Some people just don't care to do some of the crazy things that you do on film, especially now, in the days of STDs and AIDS. I'm just saying, live and let live. -A. J.

Reston, Virginia

Amen, A. J., and God bless America! I'm a true believer in your "live and let live" policy; if you were too, what a won-

derful world we'd be living in! You use terms like "people like yourself" and "freaks," and yet you're writing to HUSTLER, which leads me to believe you read HUSTLER. Could you also, dare I say it, be whacking off to HUSTLER? People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw cum-saturated wads of Kleenex. Your hypocrisy is more indecent than anything you'll find "people like me" doing on the blue screen.

ORAL DEBATE

My boyfriend and I always use condoms because of the threat of AIDS, but he told me that, unless the female has bleeding gums or ulcers, there is little chance of AIDS being passed through oral sex. Is he right? -L.A.

Oakland, California

The relative safety of unprotected oral sex is a contentious subject among the medical community. While the U.S. Centers for Disease Control still classify freestyle blowjobs as high-risk, oral transmission of HIV is extremely rare. Even so, as long as there's any chance (continued on page 29)

















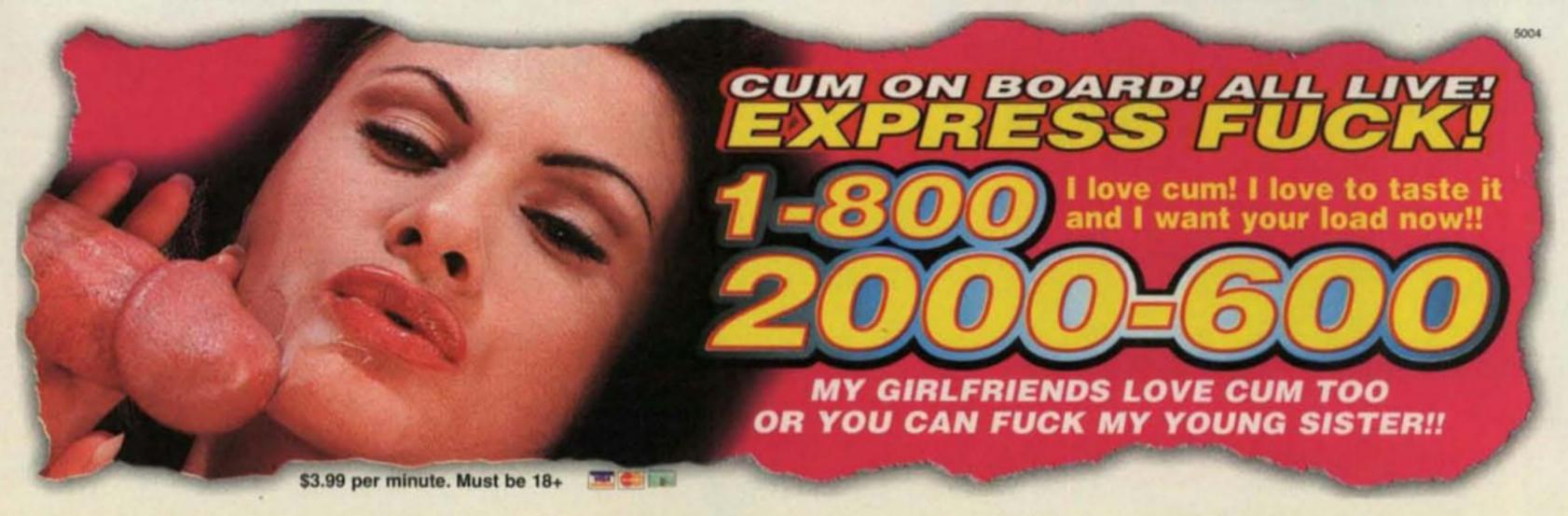












(continued from page 19)

Dear Slut Unless you're absolutely sure of your partner's HIV status, wrap his jimmy with latex before wrapping your lips around it. Playing lab rat is a dangerous game.

of contracting HIV from oral sex, you run the risk of becoming the exception to the rule. Unless you're absolutely sure of your partner's HIV status, wrap his jimmy with latex before wrapping your lips around it. Playing lab rat is a dangerous game.

PUBIC MENACE

I like to shave my pubes and leave a little patch like a lot of the models in HUSTLER. My husband loves a trimstyle muff, and so do I. Yesterday I noticed an ingrown hair right where the elastic sits on all my panties. The friction really stings! I need to get rid of the errant pube pronto. Any suggestions? —S. M. Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania

Ouch! I'm afraid there are no pretty solutions to your dilemma. Let the ingrown hair come to a head, work it out with a pair of tweezers, and give the short, curly intruder a good yank. After you've stopped screaming, apply some antibacterial ointment. For future reference, always shave your snatch thatch in the shower, with lots of soap and hot water, and shave with the grain of the hair. I'd also recommend switching to looser-legged panties, or be like me, and don't wear underwear at all. Nothing beats the comfort of a cool, unfurnished basement, and you're far less likely to suffer from those painful breach pubes.

MIDLIFE CRISIS

I'm 36 years old, a 12-year veteran of the Navy, and I still masturbate a few times a week. Is this too old to be self-pleasuring myself? Also, I watch a lot of adult films for fantasy purposes. Is this wrong too?

-J. V. Oceanside, New York

Oh, you poor, poor dear; you're starting to feel guilty at this age? The answer to both your questions is no, no, no! Jerking off is not unhealthy or abnormal at any age. The amusement park of self-gratification has no sign at the gate that reads, YOU MUST BE THIS YOUNG TO ENTER. Feel free to spank your monkey until your arthritic claw can't hold your cock anymore. As far as watching videos goes, I always say, "Thank God for every one of those hard-ons"; the stock market was tough on me this year.

EMPTY NUTS

My girlfriend and I have a long-distance relationship, and we have extended visits with each other whenever we can. Since the visits are often months apart, we have sex all day, every day. My problem is, after a week at this pace, I have physical orgasms, but I can barely come a drop. I really wish that I could come in buckets on the last day, as I do on the first. Is there anything I can do, e.g., alter my diet, to help maintain my load? - M. S. via Internet

Do the math, M. S.; if you've been storing gunk in your nuts for months at a time, naturally you're going to pop bigger loads than you will after a weeklong fuckathon. I know that several of our adult-industry load warriors take protein supplements and work out-when he's not on the set, Peter North is in the gym-so dumbbells and protein shakes could be your key to tidal ball blasts. As long as you're having a great orgasm, I wouldn't obsess over the size of your load. Great gushers of guy goo may be a nice visual treat, but your girlfriend might actually appreciate the ebbing spunk tide. After being doused with slop for a solid week, she probably looks forward to a dry spell.

CHEAP FUCKER

I recently lost my job, and there's little room in my meager budget for condoms. Is it safe to reuse rubbers if they're washed out thoroughly? I can't afford, and don't really want, an STD or a child, but I can't do without pussy. —R. H. San Mateo, California

While I support recycling, condoms should never, ever be reused! The problems that you're seeking to avoid—STDs, unwanted pregnancies, etc.—could easily occur if you use worn-out rubbers. By comparison, a box of Trojans is a minor investment. Find another way to cut your budget, like scrimping on toothpaste and deodorant. If you can still find a girl willing to fuck your smelly, rottentoothed self, you should have plenty of cash left over for wiener wrappers.

Do you have a question for Jeanna? Write to Dear Slut, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail at slut@lfp.com.

A MS. MAGAZINE CENTERFOLD



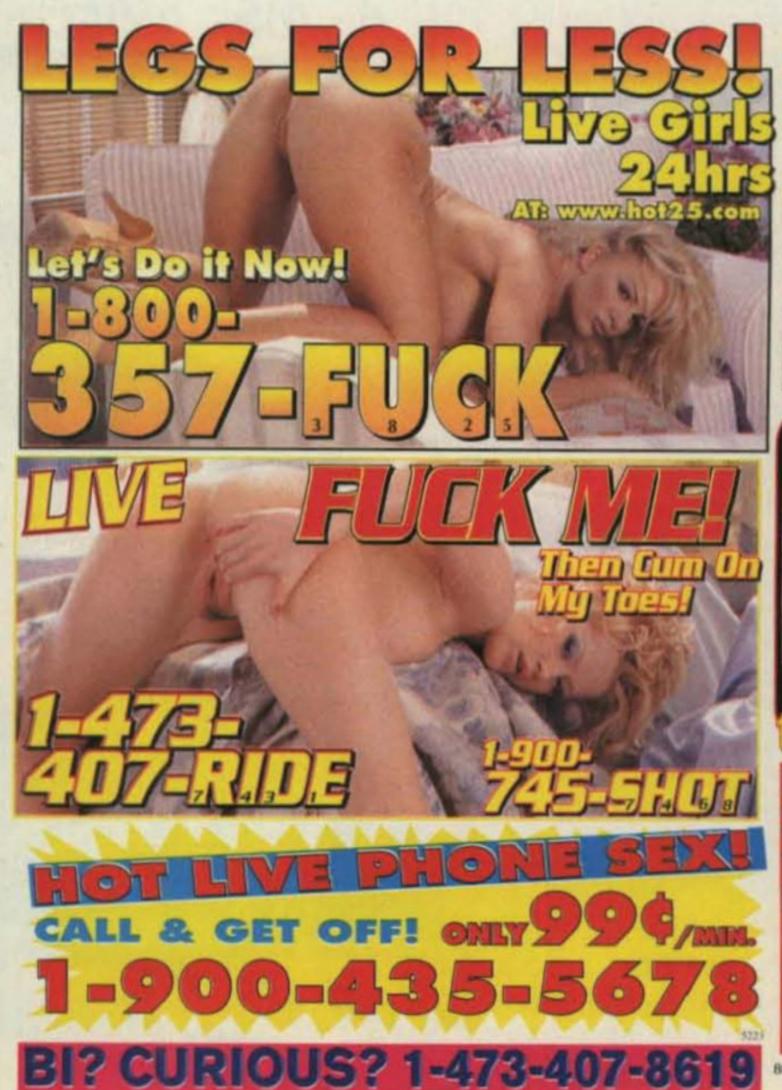














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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 15)

kind of wonder if that old, pajama-wearing millionaire had something to do with it. Maybe he paid off the government so that he may continue to sell his magazines. It's a conspiracy theory worth looking into. I have, however, subscribed to HUSTLER, America's finest magazine. Now I just hope that the mail clerks in the post office aren't hornier than I am.

> -J. W. via Internet

We wouldn't put that kind of trickery past Hef; after all, he tricks naive dupes into thinking Playboy is a worthy stroke mag every month, doesn't he? On the other hand, your decision to subscribe to America's Magazine in the face of selective censorship gives new meaning to the term military intelligence.

Hummer in Uniform

I recently purchased the audiotape of Larry Flynt's biography. What an incredible life you've led so far, Larry! I really connected with your words. You did eight years in the Navy and the Army; I did eight years in the Marines and am now in the Navy Seabees. I was wondering if you ever considered doing an issue where all of the female models and/or guys with them would be wearing military uniforms in various states of undress? And throw in lots of military cartoons and jokes too.

> -S.O.Port Hueneme, California

Aren't you basically describing the Tailhook Convention, S. O.? Seriously, your idea for a camo-clad photo-spread is intriguing; if we can't bring HUSTLER to the military, maybe it's time to bring the military to HUSTLER.

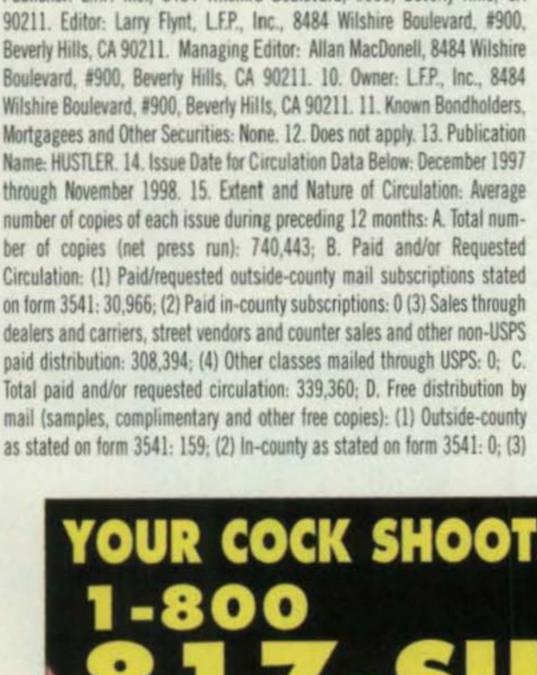
Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

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-Jim Kohls, President, 9/25/98



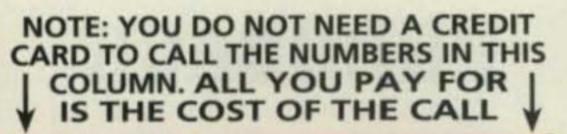














I'VE GOT LOTS OF TIME ON MY HANDS. I'D LOVE TO SUCK ON YOUR MEAT - THEN YOU FUCK ME DOGGIE STYLE.







I NEED YOUR HOT COCK FUCKING MY ASS-POUNDING ME. SHOVE IT IN REAL DEEP AND HARD.

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Wife Swapping Gang Bang-Hear Slutty Wives Taking It In Every Hole







TAINT VALENTINES

I love being tattooed! Some of you other female HUSTLER readers may be afraid of the needle, but imagine the thrill of a tiny penis assaulting your body again and again until you nearly pass out. Since my first tat, I've stopped by Wolf's Ink Parlor every week for a month—and I've orgasmed each time. Technically, I'm getting off without cheating on my husband, Burt. If I ever was going to break off a cock on the side, the 11 inches would probably belong to Wolf. He's one fine-looking hunk of beef.

I'm no hideous biker skank. There's a misconception floating around that tattooed women are hard, leathery-skinned old sluts. Surprise—I turned 21 last month, and my ass is as soft and pink as two Hostess cream puffs. My buns are just as delicious too! I'm the proud owner of decent-size breasts, big enough to flop in two different directions. Topping off my tight-bodied package is a shock of jet-black hair and fuck-me facial features. People tell me I look like that fashion model they made the movie about, Gia. And they mean before Gia became an AIDS-ridden, junkie skag!

Sexually transmitted diseases are not a concern of mine because I'm so faithful to Burt. Not to mention the fact that my sugary-sweet poontang is purer than a nun's shit chute! Of course, I've shoved every appendage, toy, fruit and vegetable known to man up my snizz, but I've never developed so much as a yeast

infection. My pretty peach is clean as a sopping-wet whistle. That's why I only considered the immaculate talents of hygienic Wolf when I decided to have my clam tattooed.

OTTERS

"I want to give Burt a Valentine's Day gift that will prove our love is undying," I told Wolf as I doffed my robe and lay nude upon his reclining chair. "Not like the chocolates and anal-lube assortment I gave him last year, which ran out so quickly." Like I said, Wolf's rugged, unshaven good looks touch me in a special place; I was hardly surprised to hear a squishy sound when I uncrossed my legs. Wolf leered at me before politely employing a pair of rubber-gloved fingers to peel back my moist labes.

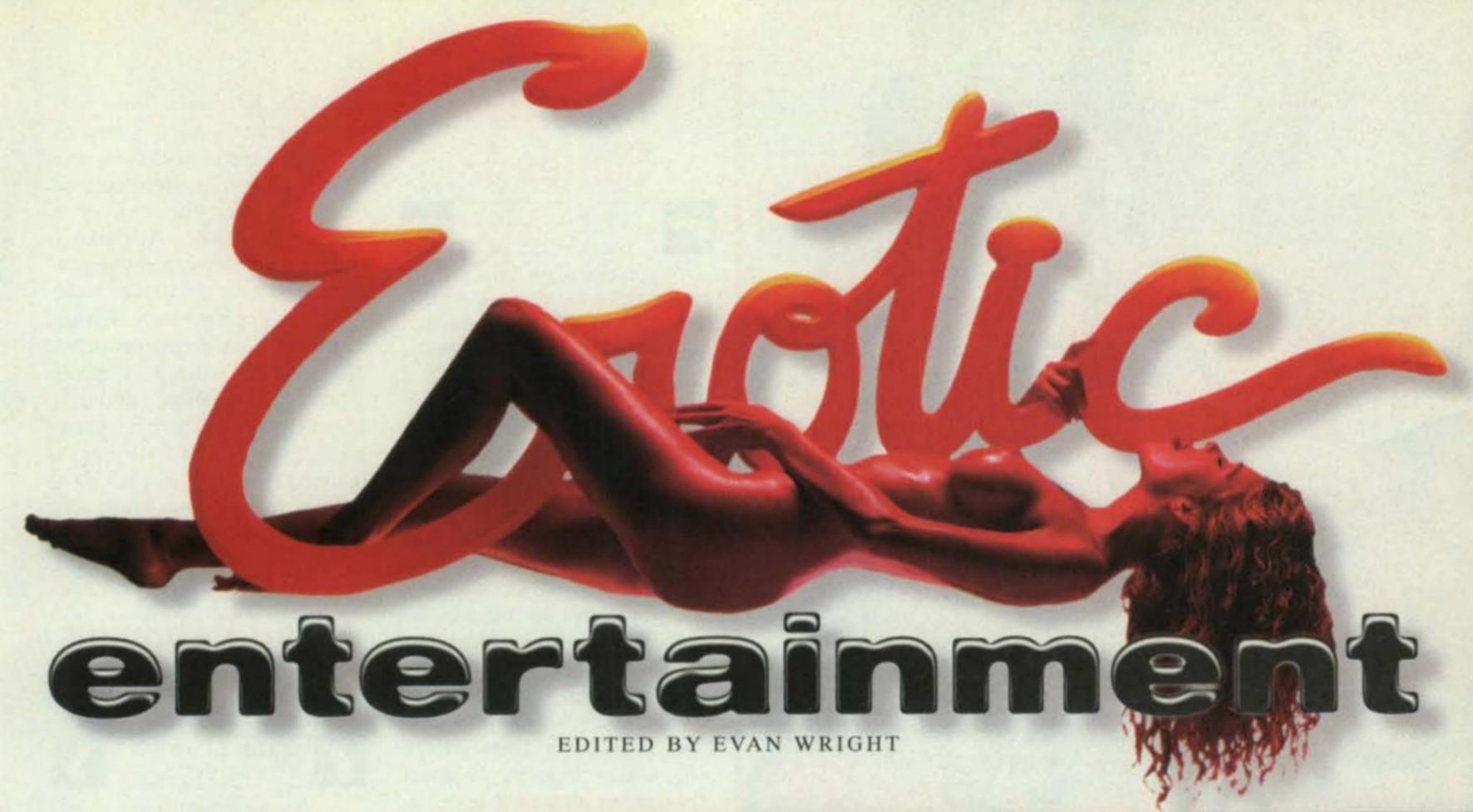
"Oh, he'll remember this shit," laughed the big bruiser upon pressing a point of hot steel to my twat lips. I threw my head back and gasped. The

dull, familiar pain brought a rush of endorphin, flooding my loins with pleasure. A drooling drip of intimate honey unashamedly leaked beneath my dark pubes. Before I could fully comprehend what was happening between my thighs, I climaxed several times. If only I had known vaginal tattoos are so powerful...I'd have the entire *Encyclopedia Britannica* on my snatch by now!

Eight hours later, Wolf finished the job, and I gave him a handsome tip. I couldn't help thinking about how much I'd like to receive his handsome tip in my bandaged, swollen girly hole. Fortunately for my fidelity, I wasn't allowed to stick anything up my flue until the twat tat healed. Then Burt could fuck all the dirty thoughts out of my sex-obsessed mind. I climbed on my Harley and screeched off to the bar (continued on page 43)



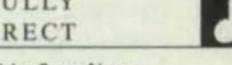




Gangbang **Auditions #1**



FULLY



Directed by Greg Alan; starring Inari Vachs, Caroline, Oceane, Marc Davis, Vince Vouyer, Brandon Iron, John West, Mickey G., Steve Taylor, Mr. Marcus, Earl Slate, Dave Hardman, J. J. Michaels and Lexington Steele. Videocassette: Diabolique Video.

Smoky-eyed, brunet vixen Inari Vachs hunches on her knees, tongue out, panting like a dog. The soles of her feet are dirty. A crooked barrette hangs from her disheveled, lube-matted hair. A pack of horndogs circles. A black mutt plunges dark blood sausage down Vachs's throat; retching sounds gurgle out as she slurps. Two misshapen white dudes divvy up Vachs's can. One sinks into her slash; the other cracks open her clenching brown nut. All five horndogs greedily feast on Vachs's holes, not fully satisfied until her smile is caked with scrum. Gang-banging done right is not pretty. Caroline warms up her clusterfuckers by descending schnozz-first into a succession of sweaty male ass cracks, scrubbing sphincters with her tongue; petite, beach-girl-blond Oceane endures two bones shoved into her squinch at once, not one time, but several, as every man takes turns joining a buddy in her painfully stretched vage. Gangbang Auditions #1 is grueling, cum-spattered -Mack Assarian and Fully Erect.



GANGBANG: Dogs horn in on Vachs.



GANGBANG: Caroline plays dirty.



GANGBANG: Oceane makes new friends.



But Don't Touch the Quim

Women who are paid to fuck guests at parties are customarily referred to as whores. Throw in a few video cameras, and hookers are transformed into porn stars. Such was the magic performed by Titman at a poolside barbecue on the grounds of a swank, rented mansion high atop the Simi Valley, California, mountains.

"Don't be late for the party," Titman's publicist warned. "You don't want to miss all that free booze and those beautiful babes giving lap dances. We're talking more than 25 hot chicks. It's going to be wild."

Titman's party was reached after a 45-minute drive out of Los Angeles, California, on the Ronald Reagan Highway. Partygoers left their cars at an Elks Club parking lot. A shuttle whisked them up a winding ride to the hired pleasure palace. Porn bitches, dressed only in smiles and suntan oil, gamboled across the manicured lawns, dipped in the pool and sucked chud in the shade of a gazebo.

Anal lube flowed like wine. Titman's camera crew hovered over clumps of tangled humans pawing, chewing and fornicating in the grass.

Behind the flowering birds of paradise, their blossoms nipping the sky like orange tongues, Ron Jeremy sat on his haunches pulling his pud. Three tramps awaited his erection. Guests, photographers and camera crew looked on. Jeremy resembled a surly bear caught in the woods, attempting to take a shit. The tool of his trade grew tumescent, and Jeremy poked various holes proffered by Tabitha Stevens, Sydnee Steele and newcomer redhead Rene LeRue.

"Ron has the biggest boobies of all of us," Stevens teased, squeezing a handful of Jeremy's fleshy man teat. "He's the real Titman."

What about those lap dances Titman promised to all partygoers?

"Don't touch me, you fucking asshole!" a squirmy blonde howled when a guest magazine editor attempted to invite her onto his lap by palming her nude butt cheeks.

Titman's invitation proved to be a scam. Nonperforming dupes were lured to stand around as party background props for the "spontaneous orgy" scenes.

No booze was served. No touching was allowed. *Titman Volume 2* and *Volume 3* will be released by Metro. Videotape of the party will no doubt surpass the real thing.

Jill Kelly, human party favor.



Perverted Stories 19



HALF



Directed by Jim Powers; starring Zoë, Cassidy, Molina, Dalny Magda, Jay Ashley, Buck Adams, Brian Surewood, Dave Hardman and J. J. Michaels. Videocassette: JM Productions.

Comprising four vignettes of varying vileness, Perverted Stories starts out strong, but quickly fizzles. The video's opening segment offers a compelling conundrum: Four woodsmen gather to gangbang a naked slut. Nothing unusual there, except for the fact that said slut's identity is hidden by a paper bag. Oh, and she's supposedly a sister of one of the choad warriors. Memories of The Gong Show's Unknown Comic mingle with uneasy thoughts of incest. The quartet descends upon the brown-bagged betty. Anonymity begets savagery. Savagery begets viewer gratification. A pair of pink bratwursts cram the faceless fuck doll's shit flume in a vicious double anal. The bag's mouth hole rends as cock after cock brusquely demands lip service. The viewer delights in being spared yet another bimbo's porn histrionics. Eventually, spunk supersaturates the bag. Sadly, the other three stories fail to meet this standard, making Perverted Stories 19 a tale of squandered potential.

-Shane Andalou

Cat Tails #4



HALF ERECT

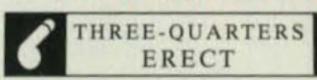


Directed by Dorian; starring Catalina L'Amour and an uncredited fucker. Videocassette: Midnight Video.

It takes balls to market a fuck film that presents one hour of solo cunt masturbation followed by just one scene of furious copulation. Catalina L'Amour is the entire female cast of Cat Tails #4, and this bitch does have balls, or near enough. Her pussy lips hang from her loins like a pair of gonads. New York steaks couldn't be bigger than L'Amour's beef

flaps. She lolls on a floral bedspread, jamming her humongous gash with ersatz cocks-a carrot, a hairbrush handle, a cucumber, a banana, the neck of a champagne bottle. A stalking male climbs through a window and sinks his blade into L'Amour's meat, then squirts white nut gravy across her belly. The assailant's head is never glimpsed. No dialogue intrudes. L'Amour at play in her mountainous vulva is all that's required to make Cat Tails #4 a private freak show worth the price of admission. -M.A.

Lewd Behavior 2nd Offense





Directed by Van Damage; starring Sierra Knight, Jessica Darlin, Elena, Mikki Taylor, Tiffany Mynx, Iroc, Van Damage and Luciano. Videocassette: Extreme Associates.

Equipped with a schween of average length and girth, director and principal woodsman Van Damage nonetheless displays an uncanny knack for stretching snatch and sphincters to pipeline proportions in Lewd Behavior. The key to this vid's spank worthiness, though, is the gritty sense of purpose that Van Damage brings to his human-speculum act. Flaxen-tressed fuck doll Sierra Knight boasts a coital coo as unrealistic as her surgically pumped sweater puppets. It's with comeuppance, then, that Van Damage displays her dick-distended turd trough for the camera. Sweeter still is the sight of Knight licking Van Damage's straight-from-the-shitter ramrod clean. Tight, toned blonde Elena sits poolside, cramming pulpy chunks of watermelon into her snatch. Van Damage metes out dirty anal punishment to fit the dirty deed. Balls collide with ass cheeks. Elena's face contorts in pain; she cries out as if she's just seen her puppy mowed down in traffic. Viewers reflexively open their zippers. Lewd Behavior 2nd Offense is juicy justice served.

-S. A.



STORIES: Brown-bag slut Magda.



CAT TAILS: L'Amour smiles for Mr. Meat.



LEWD BEHAVIOR: Damage wrecks Iroc and Mynx.

Porn World



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by J. J. Michaels; starring Roxanne Hall, Chloe, Inari Vachs, Nellie Pierce, Eve, Ember Haze, Marc Wallice, John Decker, Rick Masters, J. J. Michaels, Ron Jeremy and Kyle Stone. Videocassette: VCA Pictures.

At the entry to Porn World, Chloe grunts like a hog being slaughtered with a ball-peen hammer; Roxanne Hall chops at Chloe's gash with a plastic pud. It seems the glare of XXX klieg lights leaches out a woman's softness. Chloe and Hall, veterans of hundreds of adult videos, display the harsh, brittle and overly made-up femininity of preop transsexuals. Fortunately, Porn World offers some fresh squack, notably Nellie Pierce and Ember Haze. Pierce, a cushiony brunette with fluffy, fat-nerped chest pillows, takes a salami up the rump from an ape-faced pizza-delivery boy played by J. J. Michaels. Wiggly, wire-haired Haze also serves pink split to Pizza Boy, but the vid's most gripping moment occurs when AIDS case Marc Wallice buttfucks Inari Vachs without a condom. Vachs is not known to have caught the deadly virus from the infected woodman, but all is not well in Porn World. Viewers are exposed to lethal doses of boredom throughout. -M.A.

Sex Offenders #4



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT



Directed by Steve Drake; starring Amanda Hart, Alexandra Nice, Lauren Montgomery, Kelly Dean, Mandy Frost, Temptress, Sean Michaels, Tony Tedeschi, Frank Towers, Steve Drake, Tice Bune, Nick East and Herschel Savage.

Videocassette: Wicked/X-World Entertainment.

Sex Offenders #4 opens with a very special girl-Amanda Hartwith a very special talent: the ability to not only fully engulf Sean Michaels's forearm-length chocolate dingdong with her sphincters, but to do so while smiling with unmitigated glee. A compact brunette with full ass moons and the proud, protruding schnozz of a horny Jewess, Hart begins the ass stuffing by coating Michaels's schtup stick with saliva, sliming his staff with broad manual strokes while knob-bobbing Michaels's cap. The penetrating moment of anal consummation occurs. Hart assumes the reversecowgirl position. Inch after inch of Michaels's black adder disappears between Hart's mud flaps. As nuts touch ass cheeks, and Michaels manhandles Hart's delightfully natural milkers, a beaming smile of accomplishment appears beneath Hart's honker. One is reminded of the Apollo 13 moon launch; lumps rise in throats and zippers. Sex Offenders #4 is criminally satisfying. -S.A.



PORN WORLD: Haze assumes pretzel-fuck position.



SEX OFFENDERS: Dean feasts on Drake's lick stick.



Coming in Your Neighborhood Soon

Many dream of becoming a porn stud. What does it take?

Fuck your wife, girlfriend or hottie next door in front of your video cam. If your footage is chosen, HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt video offers 15 minutes of infamy, as well as 500 bucks, with a chance for the little woman to earn \$5,000 as a Grand Prize Finalist.

Are amateur babes sleazier than the pros? Each installment of HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt explores that question with juicy offerings from exhibitionistic wives, slutty students and prim, sweet chicks who

pass as quiet office girls, only to turn into cocksucking nymphos in front of the camera.

The stars of *Beaver Hunt* are selected from video submissions sent from across America. See details on how you can enter on page 112.

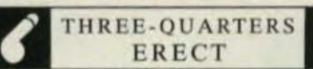
Perverts who would rather peep than participate can obtain HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt wherever finer XXX is sold or direct from HUSTLER Online at: www.hustler.com.

You have not coveted thy neighbor's wife until you have seen her husband's buddies gang-bang her in the den.

Man pleasers Harmony and Natalia in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt #4.



American Anal Association



Directed by Quasarman; starring Dee, Vanessa Del Rio, Elana, Sabrina Johnson, Chandler, Randi, Vince Vouyer, Marc Davis, Rob and Kyle. Videocassette: Metro.

From her ethereal chest orbs to her cloud-puff ass cheeks, Dee has the inhumanly perfect figure of a goddess. Even a goddess is built for pinching loaves. In American Anal Association, Dee employs her heavenly shit winker to pinch off several inches of dink belonging to a man with the size and physique of a small tree monkey. Monkey Man inspires. Though hung like a sea horse, he drills into Dee's poopy paradise with the intensity of a windup toy on the verge of popping its spring. You would too. Ass doesn't get any better than Dee's. Or does it? Association is bottom-heavy with high-grade butt-fuck sluts. Chandler is a cute, blue-eyed redhead with a dick-pump mouth and a crack as pretty as an angel's smile. The cameraman wisely cuts between shots of thunder stick slamming Chandler's colon and views of her face contorting sweetly as she claws the sheets. The players onscreen wear rubber, but a half dozen sublime keisterings in American Anal Association soak the viewer's palm. -M.A.

Pandora



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Directed by Jim Enright; starring Johnni Black, Syren, Kitten, Temptress, Chloe, Mandy Frost, Corinna Ann, Vince Vouyer, Jonathan Morgan, Tony Tedeschi, Steve Hatcher and Mr. Marcus. Videocassette: Wicked.

Just in time for the network revival of Fantasy Island, Pandora offers a similar premise of wish fulfillment and adorns the fantasy with cock-crammed conches and slop-spackled faces. Too bad Pandora is more shit-stained vinyl than rich Corinthian leather. Johnni Black plays a witch who, after inheriting her uncle's

abode (hefty tax lien included), opens a high-end whorehouse where the client's deepest desires are fulfilled. Looking very '80s with her blond, porn-poodle perm and trowel-applied makeup, Black displays a complete lack of enthusiasm for fucking. Tony Tedeschi attempts to ignite the languid fuck pig. Tedeschi ravages Black's crinkled shitpit with his flailing cudgel; for his efforts, he's rewarded with canned oohs and a 20-yard stare. Under Black's spell, her black-magic minions turn in similarly lackluster performances. Pandora is sold in a box that should remain unopened. -S.A.

Hungarian Sex Service

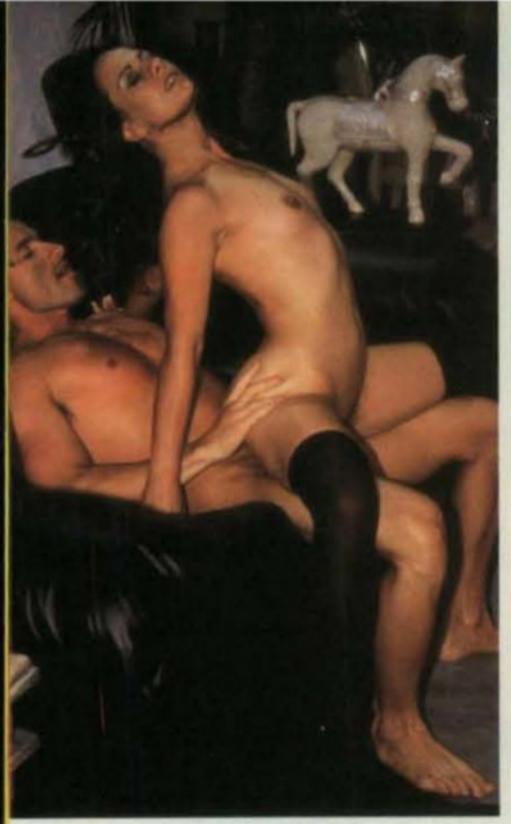


ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Kovi; starring Helen Duval, Reggie, Regina, Maria, Simona Osborn, Suzanna, Monica Horvath, Shinella, Steve Hard, Frank Mallone, John Walton and Andrew Youngman. Videocassette: VCA Pictures.

Hungarian Sex Service is a three-strike offender. Star cumdump Helen Duval dons a wedding dress. First strike: Duval's virgin-white gown does not hide the fact that she resembles an old whore; her gussied-up appearance as bride is an assault against viewer taste and credulity. Duval invites a plumber into her kitchen. Soon, he is jamming his pipe into her baby drain. Second strike: The plumber-snaking-the-woman-ofthe-house scenario predates the Bible and perhaps even the wrinkles on Duval's mug; it offends the jackoff's intelligence. Next, a repairman stumbles into a den of lezzies who writhe appealingly with interlocked limbs, gnawing one another's holes. Said repairman stands at the door gawking and massaging his putz. Third strike: Despite the proximity of three open trenches, the repairman splooges in his own hand and wipes the mess in his hair; his conduct is in clear violation of a XXX code that states that male ejaculate should be disposed of in a proper receptacle, such as a slut's mouth, cunt or eye socket. Hungarian Sex Service strikes out. -M.A.



AMERICAN ANAL: Del Rio rides Vouyer's shit rocket.



PANDORA: Corinna Ann opens Syren's box.

Back on the Prowl 2



HALF ERECT



Directed by Jamie Gillis; starring Bobbie Bliss, Wildcat, Becca, Joelani, Kiki, Kevin, Chuck, Joe College, Ramon and Victor. Videocassette: Vivid Raw.

The concept: Grizzled porn vet Jamie Gillis, armed with a camcorder and a gaggle of professional sluts, recruits adult-bookstore patrons to fuck said sluts in a nearby motel room. The results: mixed. Kiki, a plain but pretty brunette with aquamarine eyes, couples with a potbellied, mustachioed brother named Victor. Kiki arches back and exposes her moneymaker. Her rib cage protrudes like an Ethiopian's. Victor is clearly aching for a fuck. In pathetically short order, a jet of spuzz issues from Victor's nozzle and onto Kiki's belly. Gillis spices the stew with degradation. Pudgy, redheaded Becca parts the shit pillows of a goateed mook and eyes the hairy browneye before sliding her tongue onto turd base. Later, Kiki dutifully laps water from the motel toilet bowl. A refreshing flourish, but not enough to carry an entire video. Back on the Prowl 2 is only half on the mark. -S.A.



SEX SERVICE: Mallone and Hard pack Duval.



PROWL: Joelani in reverse-cowgirl howl.

STROKER'S GUIDE

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.

FUL

FULLY ERECT

HUSTLER Letters Volume 2 (Vivid Video)

Alyssa Love, Tera Hart, Jake Steed

Japanese Sex Tours (Samurai Video)

Masako Kato, Rina Tanigawa,

Rocky Ishibashi

Tom Byron: Lord of Asses (Extreme Associates) Chandler, Jessica Darlin, Tom Byron

Tatiana 3 (Private)
Tania Russof, Caroline, Andrew Youngman

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt #3 (Vivid)
Katie, Toni Reyes, Jasmine

Black Label (Private)
Bagheera, Anita, Alain Deloin

Freak (Vivid)
Lovette, Alexandra Silk, T. T. Boy

Rob Black's Friend to the Black Man (Extreme Associates) Peaches, Porsha, Tony Eveready

Hot Girls, Hard Sex (VCA Pictures) Helen Duval, Rikky Dix, Alberto Rey

Pornological 1 (Odyssey Group Video)

Claudia, Barett, Oscar

Sodomania 24: Tease Me...Please Me!
(Elegant Angel)
Raylin, Erika Bella, Earl Slate

HALF ERECT

Barefoot Confidential (Toe-to-Toe Video/Extreme) Timber, Roxanne Hall, Michael J. Coxx,

Best Friends (Vivid)
Lene, Johnni Black, Vince Vouyer

Erotic Obsessions (Sunshine Films)
Angelica Sin, Liza Harper, Eric Price

The Look (Vivid)
Tia Bella, Alyssa Love, Nick East

Players Video Magazine Volume 2 (Vivid) Naomi, Rachael St. Marie, Mr. Marcus

Sodomania 25: Spring Break in Budapest (Elegant Angel) Rachael Teez, Emanuel, Mike Foster

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Forever Night (VCA Pictures)
Stacy Valentine, Jill Kelly, Brick Majors

Nina Hartley's Guide to Sex Toys (FSO) Nina Hartley, Angelica Sin, Mark Anthony

In Your Face (Zane Entertainment)
Peris Bleu, Samantha, Keith

Sexual Outlaw (Vivid)
Lexus, Ruby, Brad Armstrong

TOTALLY

Volume 1 (Odyssey Group Video)

uncredited

Models (Sin City)
Nancy Vee, Tina Tyler, James Bonn

Vortex (VCA Pictures) Shayla LaVeaux, Nikita, Tony Tedeschi



OPEN WIDE: Black spreads pink.

Open Wide

TOTALLY

Directed by Toni English; starring Jenteal, Ruby, Johnni Black, Julie Rage, Felecia, Fozzie, Amy Tane, Ebony Dawn, Franco Armani, Jon Dough, Kyle Stone, Jack Huffman, Anthony Crane, Johnny Apollo, Reo Degenero, Marc Davis and Frank Towers. Videocassette: Vivid.

Described on its box cover as "a comedy with teeth," the dentistry-themed Open Wide plays a grim joke on unwitting strokers. Largely forsaking humping for half-assed humor, director Toni English unpardonably loads this clunker with lame slapstick and sight gags. Hapless dental-supply salesman Kyle Stone, retrieving his supplies from his car trunk, is repeatedly knocked on the head by the trunk door. Later, as a dentist, Stone extracts a belt and telephone cord from a patient's mouth. A pair of dim-witted janitors performs numerous pratfalls. Turned on yet? Occasionally the cast breaks from the laugh-a-thon to fuck. Sadly, the first sex scene, between Stone and the prematurely haggy Johnni Black, sets the tone for the rest of this illconceived vid; Stone is half flaccid; Black is dry as a bone. The worst part is that, with a cast crammed with grade-A ginch, Open Wide could have been a ball-bloating fuckfest. Instead, English opted for a yuckfest, and a damned unfunny one at that.

-S.A.



Grapplin' & Gropin' #2



TOTALLY LIMP

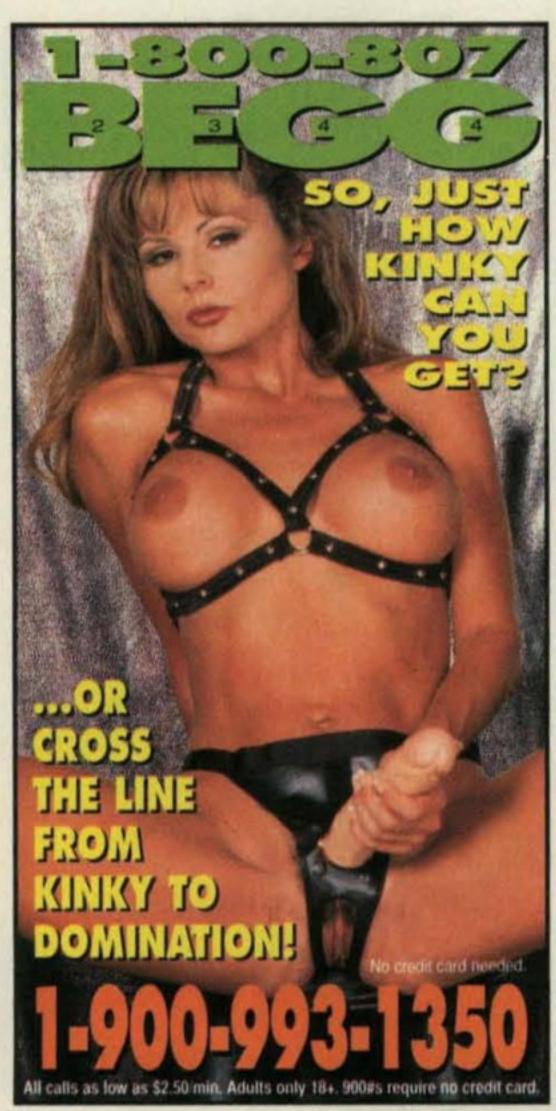


Directed by too ashamed to take credit; starring Champagne, Cee Cee, Jerrica Johns, Eric and Jake. Videocassette: Odyssey Group Video.

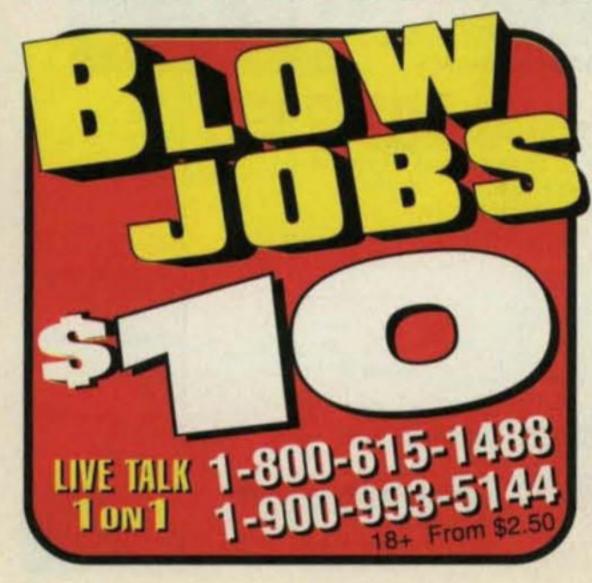
Grapplin'& Gropin'#2 is a popshot-free XXX. There is no fucking. Naked, runty boy-men chase large, topless skanks around a wrestling ring. Chocolate giant Champagne takes on a white pip-

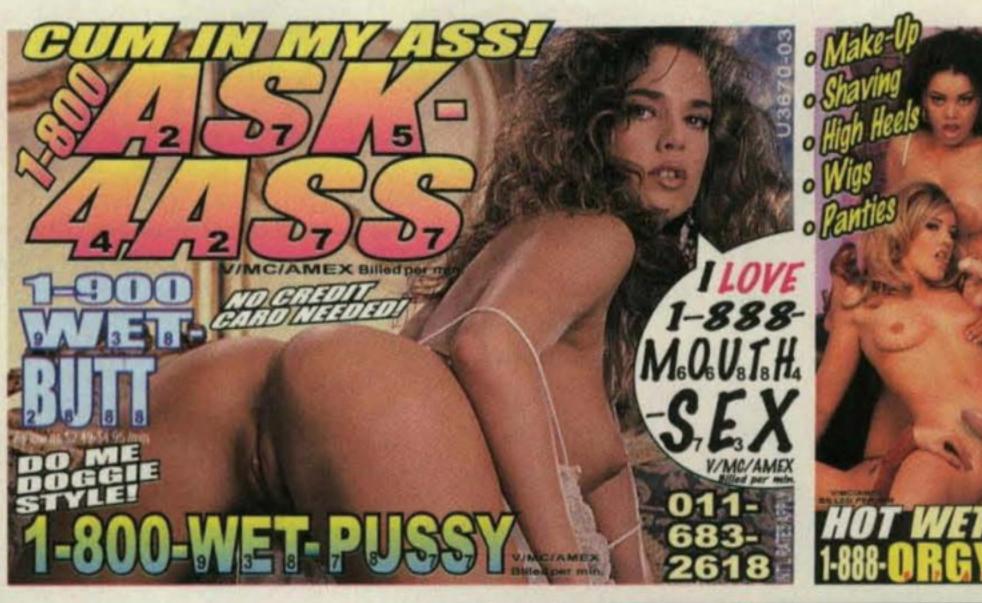
squeak named Eric. His pasty, midget-size legs kick helplessly as Champagne steamrolls him to the mat, crushing him beneath her brown chest bombs. By round three, Champagne takes Halfpint's wiener out and jacks it a couple of times, but the scene ends without copulation. Cee Cee strips and frequently displays her fuzzfringed ax wound as she wriggles on the floor with Jake. What happens next? Nada. Are retards being given rehabilitation-therapy programs to work as XXX directors? Grapplin' & Gropin' #2 seems to have been made by a congenital doofus. -M.A.













(continued from page 33)

Hot Letters My loudest howls were drowned out by the rabid crowd of drunks.

They screamed for rougher fucking, faster strokes—and most of all, for a crack at my crack.

where my old man and I agreed to meet.

Okay, so technically, I am a biker. But I'm not part of some ridiculous gangand I'm certainly not a skank! The engine's vibrations felt excruciating and heavenly to my inflamed crotch. When I pulled into the parking lot of the Lodge, I saw Burt's lonely Harley looking majestic in the moonlight. My genitalia twitched at the thought of the steely hog he packs below the belt.

Inside, Burt straddled a barstool with a bottle of Coors in one hand and a dozen roses in the other. The usual group of Lodge flies cheered my arrival. They must have been informed of our romantic evening, because even the most comatose rummies clapped excitedly when I planted tongue in Burt's mouth. I dragged the love of my life toward the Lodge's emergency exit, which leads to an alley we've porked in many times.

Burt's hand was already up my shirt and pinching my rubbery nipple when he asked, "Where's the very special Valentine you promised?" I smiled-not just because blood was rushing to one of my erogenous zones, but due to the surprise I unveiled when I popped my top.

The nerp that stood at such excited attention was surrounded by a ballpointpen-rendered heart, accompanied by the words, Suck on this. Meanwhile, a foot and a half away, the other melon was emblazoned with a heart that read, BITE ME. Burt continued to undress me. He was greeted by my flat stomach's request, COME HERE; the command above my ass, STUFF IT; and white panties that explained, PRIZE INSIDE. Those lacy underthings were practically torn from my body. I stood against the alley's dirty brick wall, nude but for the wrap and gauze around my sore gash.

"My pussy says, EAT ME," I whispered as Burt dropped his trousers and loosed his dangling johnson. "It's a permanent message from me to you. In two weeks I'll be all healed up; then you can look and lick." I was in the process of kneeling before that waggling turkey-neck when I felt Burt's body grow tense.

"Aww, shit," he groaned. "I thought you were just on the rag!" He reached down and tore off the bandage, grimacing at the bloody mess.

I purred, "I know you're disappointed, but my throat is still open for business." My tongue flicked forward and tickled Burt's log. Soon his erection stood at a 90-degree angle to his abdomen-just stiff enough for me to fully swallow. I savored the sweaty taste of my husband's man meat.

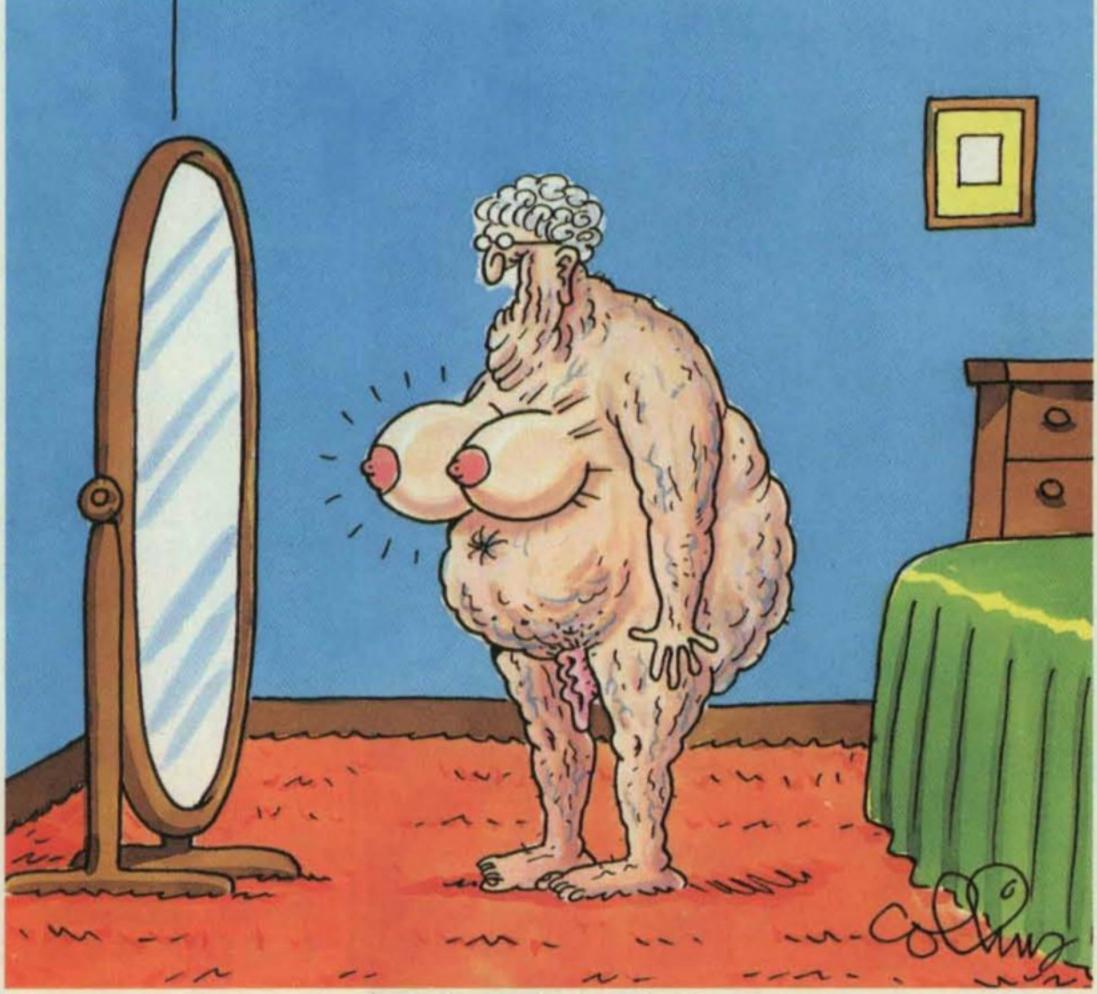
"You don't understand," sighed Burt. "Take a look at your Valentine's gift." I uncrossed my eyes and glanced into the alley's darkness. Approaching me with his very large, very rigid wiener in hand was Wolf! I nearly gagged with delight. This was just like that old, ironic story about the couple that bought each other gifts and had a sloppy threeway. Instantly, I puked out Burt's throbbing joint and applied lips to Wolf's hairy monster. A plan to bypass my battered cunt was already percolating in my perverted brain.

Only a moment of strategic positioning was necessary for me to sit on the supine Wolf's angry rod. I forced the head past my rectum, waited for my stubborn sphincters to relax, then anally gulped a few more inches. My slit audibly gurgled in sloppy ecstasy. At first I was embarrassed, but then the lap raspberry was lovingly echoed by enthralled Lodge patrons who spied from a bathroom window. No wonder they were so happy to see me walk in! Burt had certainly organized our kinkiest Heart Day ever.

Taking Wolf's entire cork up my bunghole was enough of a challenge. Now that my browneye had accomwanted to perform a double miracle by accepting Burt's turd burglar as well. Although he was initially concerned about the homoerotic connotations of rubbing dicks with Wolf in the steamy confines of my shitter, the Lodge gang lived up to their hangout's name by heckling Burt into my colon. He took a deep breath and wedged wang into my ravaged opening.

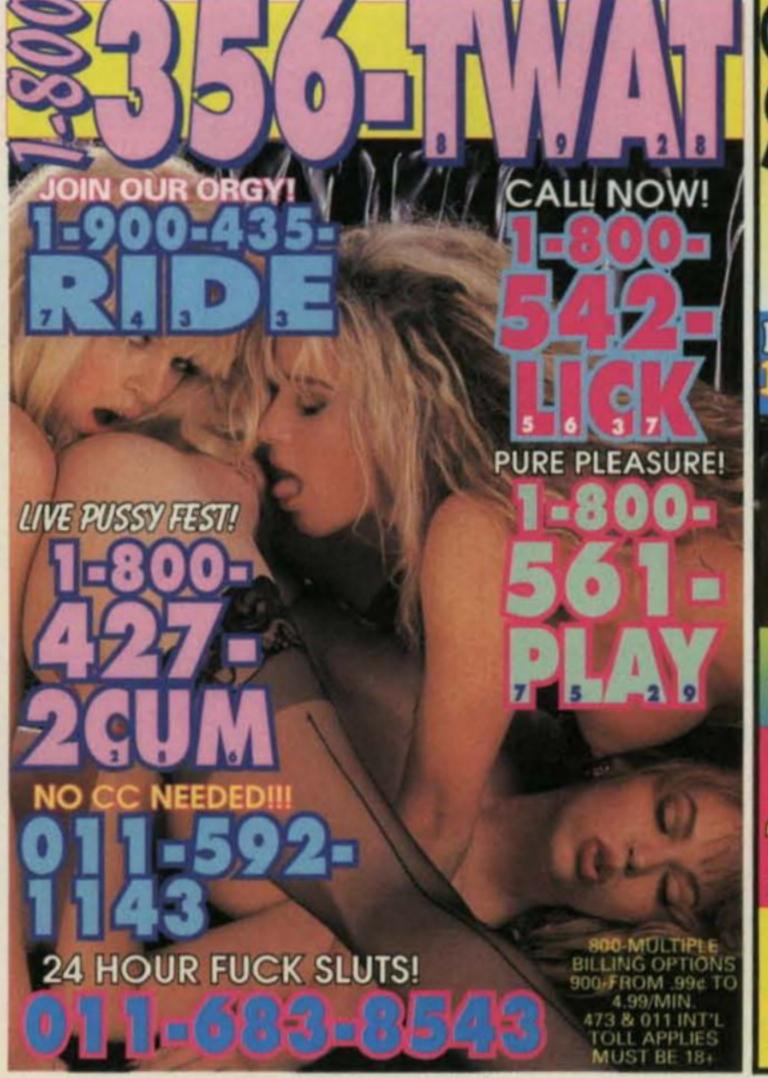
"Huuurrgh," I erupted, collapsing under the weight of Burt's mitts on my shoulders. I didn't care if I spent the rest of my life in Depends; the sensation of two pricks in my asshole was sensational. Perhaps the double stuffing was responsible for the burst of clotted, pinkish goo that left my vage and splattered onto Wolf's belly. There was such little room in my lower regions, I wouldn't have been surprised if my liver flew out my gash.

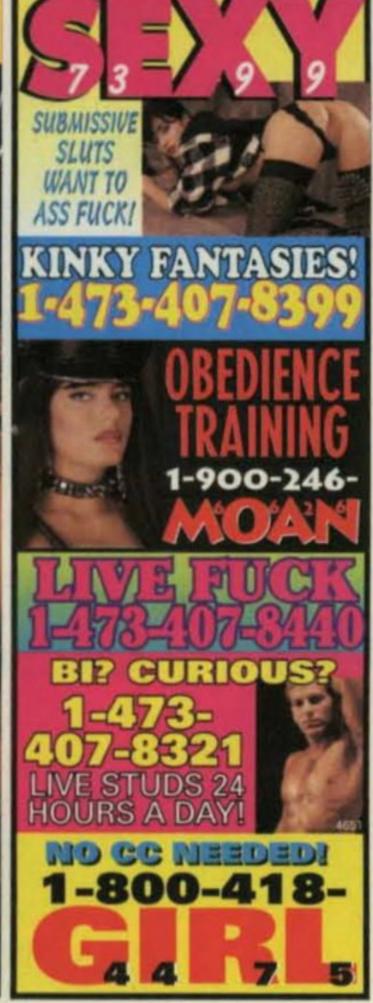
Wolf and Burt pumped hard, creating a friction that set a fire in my bowels. The heat was actually a little hard to take. However, neither stud would have listened if I begged for mercy; my loudest howls were drowned out by the rabid crowd of drunks. They screamed for rougher fucking, faster strokes-and most of all, for a crack at my crack. The plished the entire disappearing act, I sweat gushing from my every pore (continued on page 46)



Beauty fades, but implants last forever.







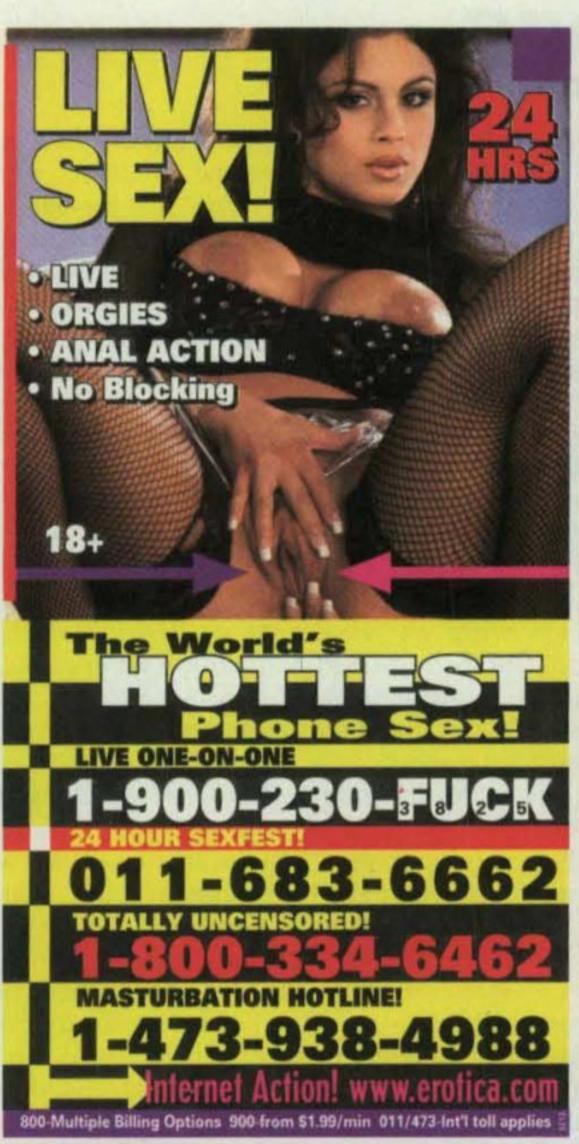


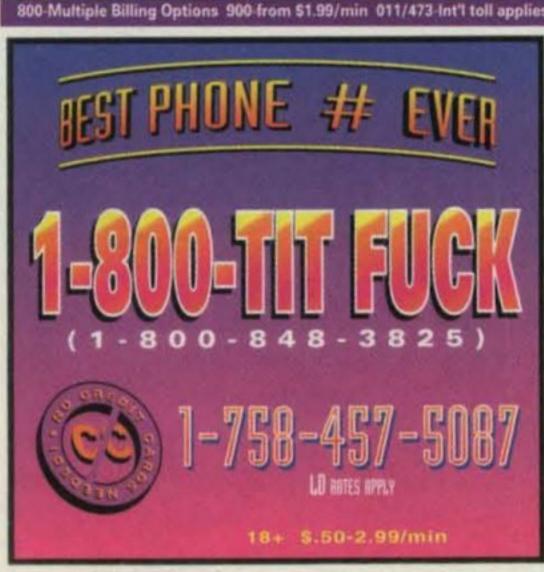


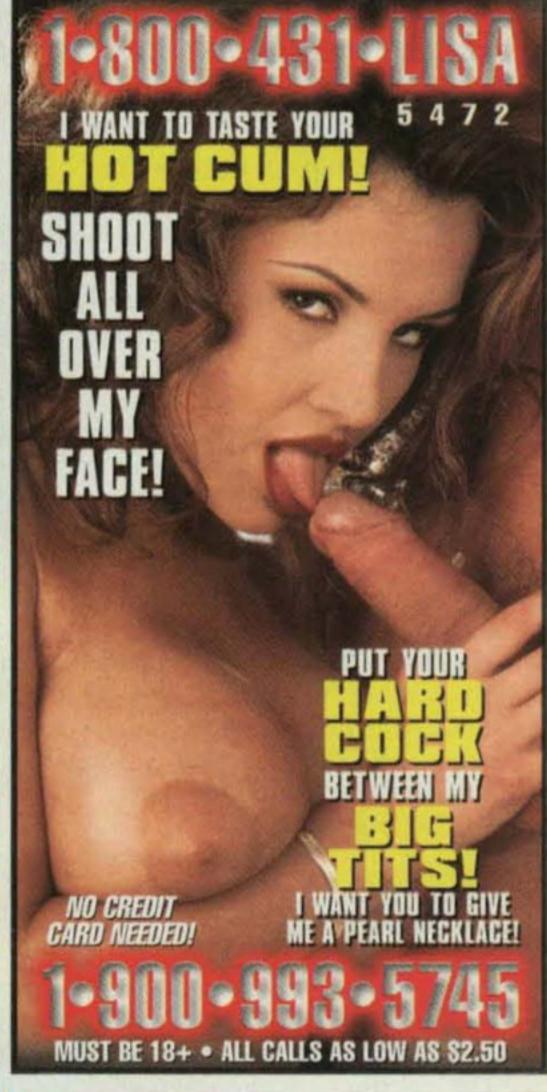




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(continued from page 43)

Hot Letters "You must be incredibly horny," she breathily intoned, "to think of

sticking your johnson down a dead trout's throat."

guaranteed those seconds would be very

sloppy indeed.

"Dude," barked Wolf in Burt's direction. "You'd better pull out. I'm about to come in your bitch's ass." Displaying the impeccable timing that makes me love him so much, Burt withdrew and aimed at my face just as his own stream of scum launched across my lips. I was gagging on the thick spew when a spermy enema bloated my colon. Wolf's plank shriveled inside me; I slid off his midsection and plopped my ass on the asphalt. Four guys had to help peel me off and carry me inside.

Unsurprisingly, the bartender called for an anal gang-bang, but I was simply too exhausted. I thanked the Lodge regulars for making Valentine's Day so memorable. Then Burt, Wolf and I crawled home and collapsed into bed together. I hope those two don't turn into a couple of fucking faggots. -H. E.

Independence, Missouri

RED-HOT SEXBOT

What do you think freakish computer nerds like Bill Gates and Stephen Hawking are really trying to develop? The perfect, technologically created pussy! Makes sense if you think about it.

46

Chicks never liked these dweebs in high school; so they became obsessed with technology as a means for fur-burger replication. In the meanwhile, these social retards become so rich, they can afford a wife, like Gates, or a nurse with big jugs, like Hawking. Then they give up the quest for fake quim, ruining life for the rest of us geeks.

Well, I set out to correct this masturbatory injustice. I managed to score a grant from my university for the pursuit of artificial intelligence (AI). If those academics only knew I'm on the trail of ATartificial tail! Hell, they even provided me with an assistant, a decent-looking brunette named Nora. She's an engineering major looking for extra credit. I invited her to my home laboratory on a Saturday afternoon.

"Wait a minute," said Nora, taking in the spectacle of my self-made clinical surroundings. "You mean to say this is just your parent's basement? And-what the fuck is this?" The source of Nora's outrage-which brought an appealing shade of red to her high cheekbones and pale skin-was the piece de résistance of my intensive research: a dead fish attached to electrodes and suspended by wires at groin level.

"This is our project," I explained, then

introduced Nora to the trout I like to call Linnea. My heavy-chested assistant acted mortified upon an explanation of the electric currents that cause the reanimated fish flesh to undulate and pulsate like a real vagina. Somehow, she also seemed a little excited.

"You must be incredibly horny," she breathily intoned, "to think of sticking your johnson down a dead trout's throat." Speaking of horny-Nora's nipples were threatening to rip open her lab coat! I always knew I could have an intoxicating effect on women if they could see past my unusual odor. Rather than waste the one chance at bumping uglies in my life, I plunged a hand down the front of Nora's jeans.

The tactile sensation of fingering a female was wonderful. She was much wetter than I ever imagined; I suppose I should have played with a few real pussies before attempting an emulation. Goddamn it, she was hot too. I withdrew my sticky fingers and took a long whiffall in the name of science, of course. The aroma was not in any way similar to Linnea. So much for that myth.

"You're raunchy," Nora squealed, delighted in a perverse way. My zipper fell victim to her grabbing, groping hands. She was squeezing my ass and shoving her tongue down my throat. Suddenly, my manhood was in her grasp. An embarrassing, high-pitched noise escaped the back of my throat when she slowly jacked me.

Nora ordered me to lie down, but for some reason would not let me take off my clothes. After she removed every stitch of her own clothing, Nora squatted over my agonizingly erect member. I had to avert my eyes from her astonishing, tight body and swinging udders. As if to regain my attention, she pressed one of the mammarian nozzles into my mouth. I suckled unabashedly.

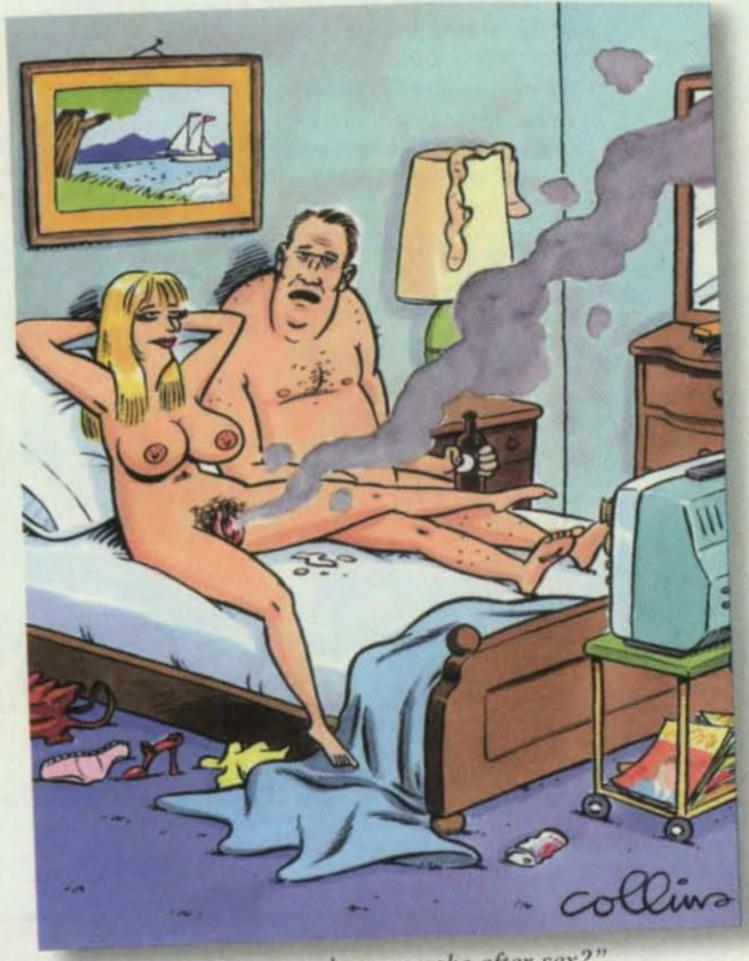
"Stick it in," she begged. I had quite a bit of trouble figuring out exactly how to enter Nora's sex, but she was kind enough to offer a helping hand. My length slid inside, and I felt her pubic hair mingle with mine. I came instantly.

Thank God Nora didn't seem to be caught off guard by my poor performance. She hopped off my softening tissue, licked off the stew of semen and joy juice and orally stimulated me to the state of raging bonerism. Satisfied, Nora climbed back aboard.

"Fuck, that's good," she cried, grinding against me. I held onto her oversized milk sacks for support, and Nora wailed, "I'm coming! This is the best orgasm of

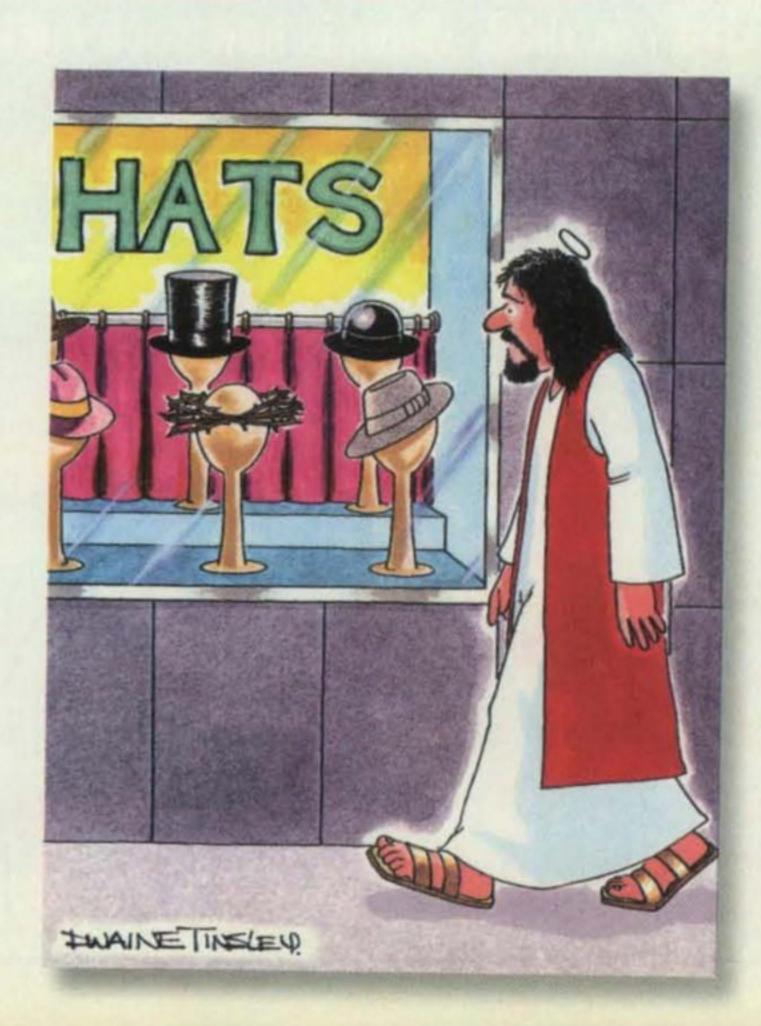


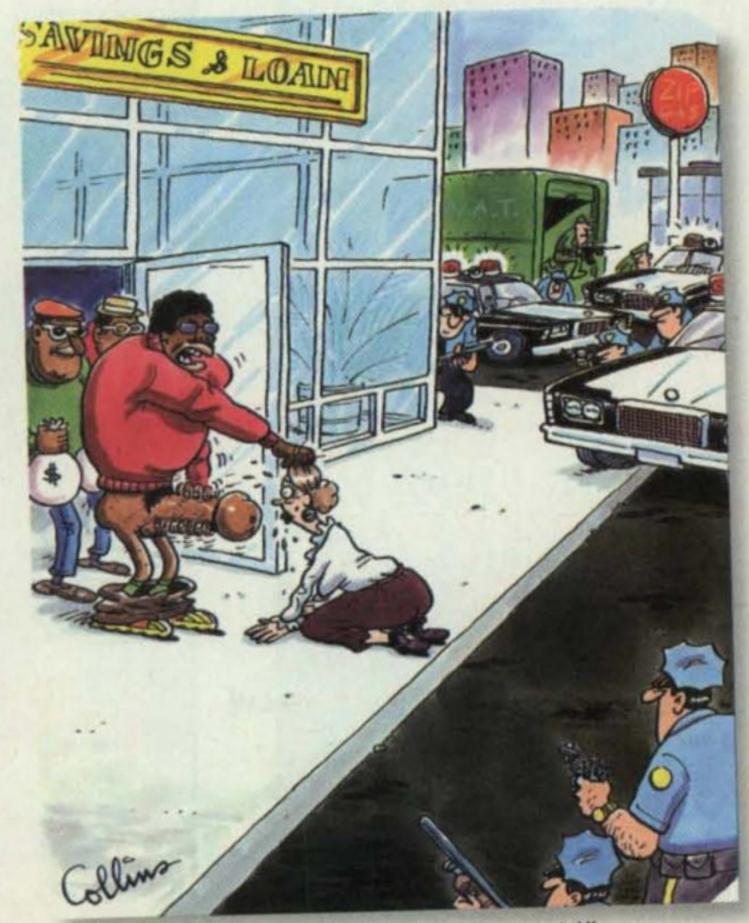
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"Do you always smoke after sex?"







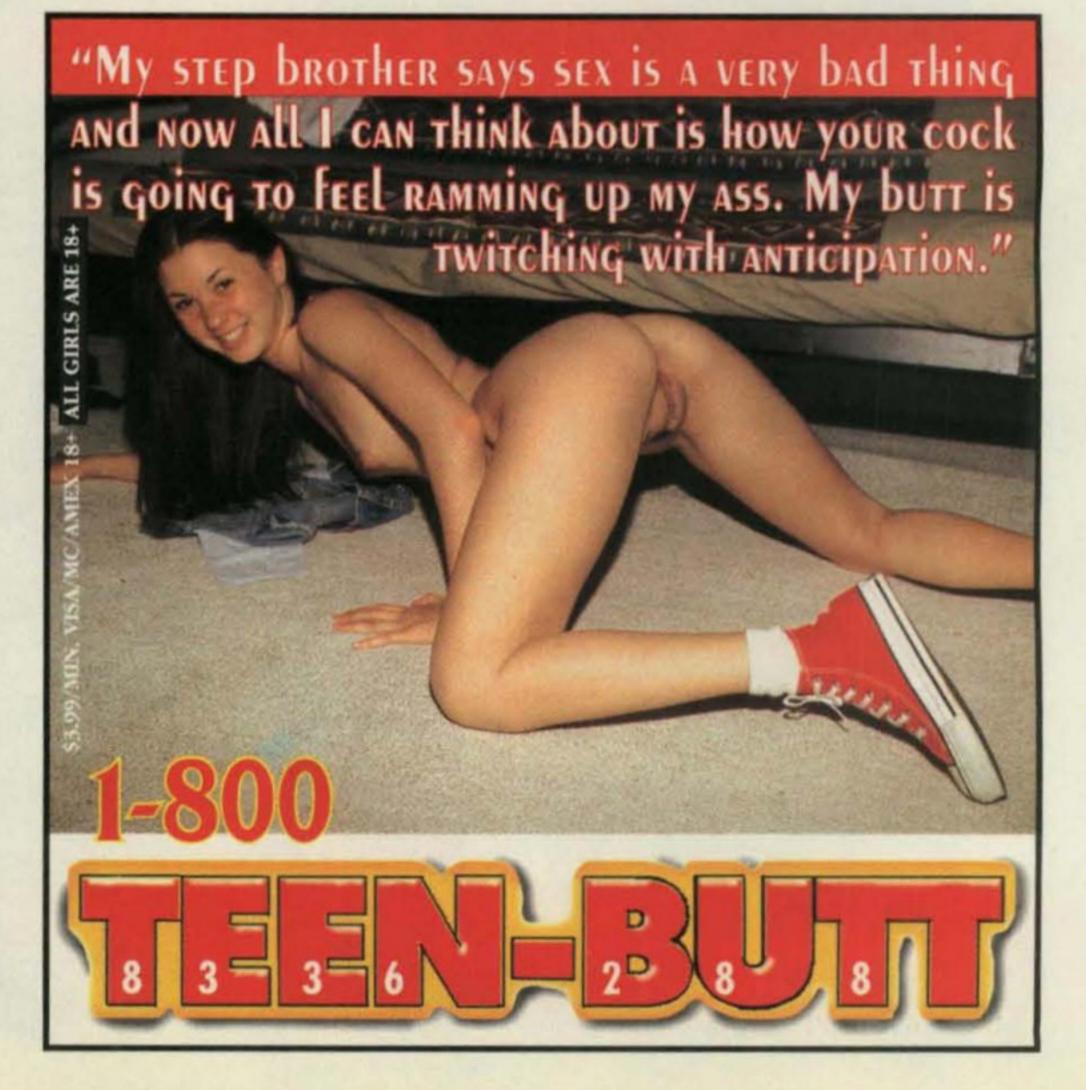
"Nobody move, or the lady gets it!"











Hot Letters I've never seen a man dive for scrunt the way that right-wing weasel went down! He was between my legs in a heartbeat, pulling aside my panties and snuffling like the pig he truly is.

my fucking life! Who would've thought Stinky Nelson would give me the greatest climahh...ahh, unngh!"

Nora and I have been banging each other on a regular basis since that fateful day. Of course, I'm still very concerned about my artificial-pussy project. I'll get back to it tonight...right after I come on Nora's tits. If I'm not too tired. —B. N.

Ann Arbor, Michigan

JIZZ FOR JESUS

Larry Flynt, you are a great American! I saw your offer of up to \$1,000,000 for evidence of an illicit affair with a highranking politician. Then I watched you eloquently discuss the booty bounty on television and heard your hyper-intelligent Editors interviewed on the radio. After carefully contemplating every side of the issue, I have decided that yours is the only way to point up the hypocrisy of Washington's power elite. Now I hope to provide a story that will serve to similarly crucify the Christian right wingers. Believe me, Clinton's not the only suit-and-tie guy who eats pussy like a champ.

I'm a 35-year-old television director. Most men say I look ten years younger. I wear smart suits and dresses that show off my bodacious assets without being trashy. The human body is nothing to be ashamed of; especially when the body in question sports D-cup hoots, like mine. I've been known to spend an entire weekend at home wearing nothing but my asslength blond hair. That tends to get a rise

out of my mailman!

My attitudes are pretty liberal, if you haven't guessed already. Therefore, I was utterly shocked to be hired for a 24-hour, Christian cable network. The station is owned by a troll-like former minister with political aspirations and a penchant for bad suits. He wears a big, shit-eating grin on camera, then scowls the moment I announce a break. As a matter of fact, the little shit is so unfriendly, he never said a single word to me—until the day he called me into his office.

"Sit down," he grumbled, barely bothering to look up from a paperback edition of the Bible. "I'll make this brief and to the point: I want to eat your pussy. And I'll pay you \$5,000."

I burst out laughing and then attempted to ask him calmly, "Excuse me, but is this

a joke?"

"The Lord is not a kidder," he pompously intoned, clearing photos of his wife and kids from a large, oak table. "You can accept my offering, or you can

turn and walk out the door...where no one will believe your story." The balding bastard had a point and quite a rap. Apparently, he's pulled these moves on quite a few Bible-thumping bimbos. Weighing my options—and considering the fact that I hadn't been laid in over a month—I sat my hind end on the hardwood's corner and lifted my gray skirt.

I've never seen a man dive for scrunt the way that right-wing weasel went down! He was between my legs in a heartbeat, pulling aside my panties and snuffling like the pig he truly is. I fought to stifle hysterical giggling at the sight of his quivering ass, raised to the ceiling like a jailhouse bitch. In an effort to contain the mirth, I slapped his raised rump.

"That's it, preacher man," I growled, grabbing what hair remains on his head and painting my yellow muff with his slobbering tongue. "You're a nasty little fucker, aren't you? Say you're my dirty dyke bitch." The humble servant buried in my beaver looked up with wildly enraptured eyes and a face soaked in love fluids.

"Umma dirty bitch," he mumbled, never removing mouth from my heated hole. I was surprised to find his humiliation totally arousing. I've never been the sadistic type—but with his flicking

tongue exploring my G-spot regions, I went all out for kink.

Smacking my cunnilingual victim in the side of the head, I shouted, "My cunt is satanic! Suck the unholy communion! Say, 'Hail, Satan!' Say it, dyke bitch!" Obviously, I wasn't the only one busting nuts over my inspired, evil rant. The televangelist's hindquarters were jerking uncontrollably. I realized he was creaming in his pants!

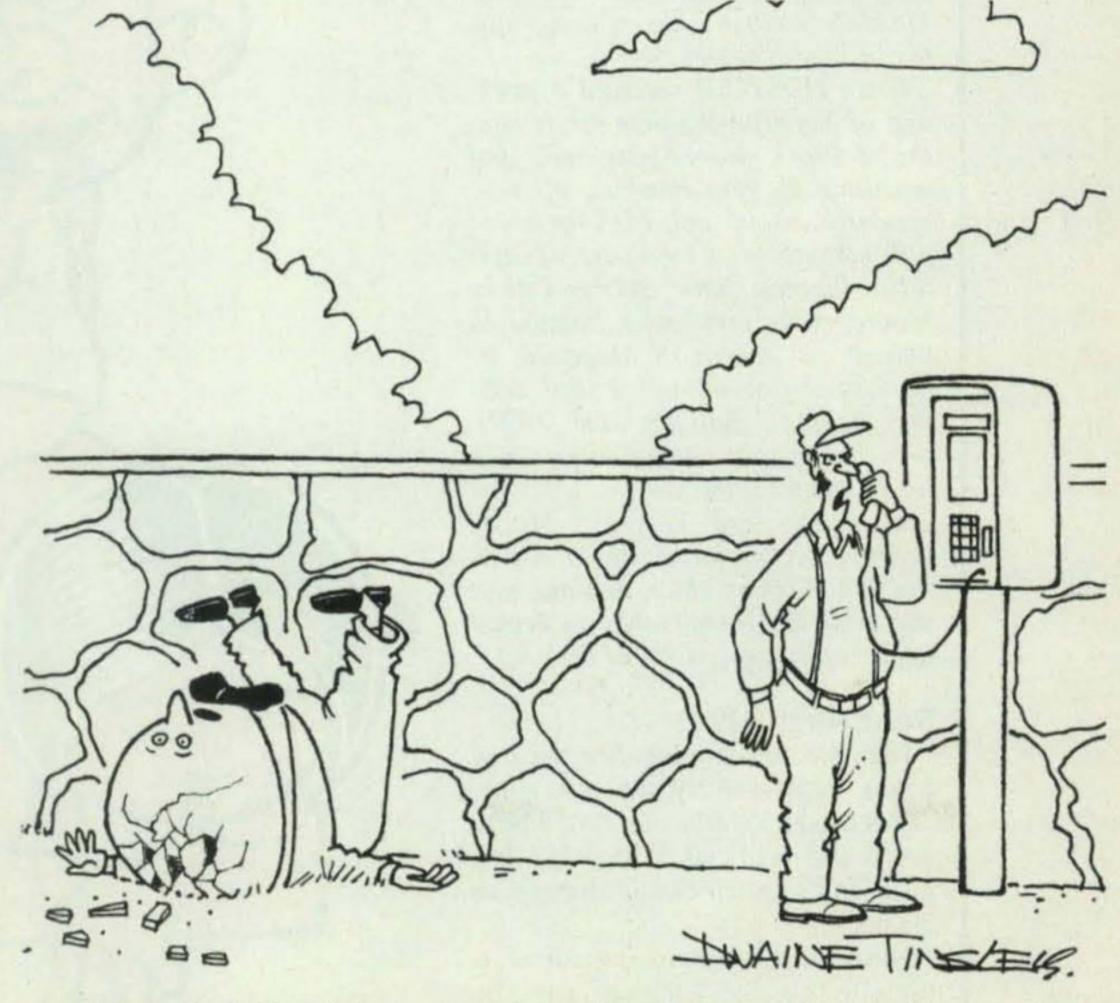
"Hail, Satan," he burbled, my briny leavings dribbling down his chin (or lack thereof). "I'm Satan's little girl!"

Having enjoyed a minor climax, I pushed him to the floor with my high heel and sneered, "That's right, dyke bitch." I adjusted my clothes and stood to leave. However, I couldn't help turning back for one last glimpse of that pillar of shit curled into a fetal position and softly sobbing. Sometimes I still wank myself to the memory.

Anyway, Larry, I hope you enjoyed my story—and I hope you figured out the secret identity of my holy roller. If not, I've enclosed a videotape. —K. J.

Portsmouth, Virginia

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER Hot Letters, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"Hello, Rush? I think I've uncovered something else we can blame on Clinton...."



Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

Herbal Erections

A REVIEW OF VIAGRA'S ALL-NATURAL RIVALS

BY CALVIN MOORE * ILLUSTRATION BY GIANT ONE

For millennia, cock doctors have turned to unlikely ingredients, such as oysters, ox blood, sheep testicles and rhino horn, to stiffen pricks. Until the corporate dweebs at Pfizer Inc. unleashed Viagra, nothing the limp-of-dick swallowed could be guaranteed to light a hot, crackling fire in soggy wood.

A group of San Francisco researchers believes that Mother Nature can match the feats of a top-flight team of chemical engineers; the holistic healers claim that their all-natural product line, the Xandria Collection, can resurrect dead dongs.

Unlike the penile panaceas of yesteryear, Xandria's colorfully packaged pills do not contain animal guts, blood or the testicles of an endangered species. Best of all, the "homeopathic formulas" of carefully selected vitamins and herbs are not likely to duplicate some of Viagra's nastier side effects—say, for instance, death.

When HUSTLER received a package of Xandria products for review, the Editors were intrigued, but unwilling to gulp handfuls of what appeared to be non-FDA-approved pills manufactured by a pack of capitalist hippies. Smut scribe Calvin Moore, who previously humiliated himself for America's Magazine by product testing inflatable love dolls (My Beautiful Balloon, June 1997), proved desperate and gullible enough to volunteer for the job.

"I don't need Viagra," Moore insists a bit too forcefully. "I'm dating this Mexican chick, Juanita, and she fucks like a chihuahua in heat. I hope Xandria can help me keep up."

Nutri-Surge, \$29.95

I sampled this product first because I was impressed by the box copy: "This product is free of yeast, wheat, dairy and artificial flavoring." My girlfriend's snatch cannot make such claims.

Nutri-Surge's active ingredient is dimethylglycine, which can be found in chewable vitamins. I popped two tablets under my tongue and waited for a flintstone to grow in my pants.

Nothing happened. I sat on the bed with my nude, masturbating girl-friend watching expectantly. Once in a while she peeked inside my boxers, looking for wood. Someone ought to bottle her insatiable appetite for cock and sell the potion to frigid chicks.

Twenty minutes later, Juanita had grown tired of waiting. I grew nothing. She popped a porn in the VCR and gnawed on my mushy man

iment's scientific purity, I did little to protest.

"Don't look at me," she said when my eyes cast over her midnight hair and ripe, coffee-colored rump. "I like watching you watch the movie." Unfortunately, a geriatric skank gumming Ron Jeremy's cheesy wang is a sight that could blunt any burgeoning boner. My nether regions, however, were Nutri-Surging with blood and scuzz. Sleeping beefy awoke.

Juanita spread her legs, and my throbbing salami homed in on her



HISTORICAL DRESSES DURING PRESIDENTIAL TRAGEDIES.

MARY TODD LINCOLN



JACQUELINE KENNEDY



MONICA LEWINSKY





 Black Beauty – Super-flexible 1" thick, 7" long black vibrator. Multi-speed vibes with clitoral stimulator. Now Only \$14.95

Item #1191 Was \$18.95 Soft Touch – Super soft, nontextured latex vibrator, 8 full inches.

Quiet multi-speed vibrations. Item #1475

Now Only \$14.95

3. Thin Jelly Vibe - This 8 1/2" long, 1 1/2" wide "jelly" vibe is super-flexible to satisfy your deepest desire! Soft, smooth, skin-like feel Multi-speed. Now Only \$14.95 Item #7482 Was \$24:95

4. The Corkscrew - Ridged pleasure for clitoris, vagina, anus. (9" long, 11/2" thick shaft. Multi-speed w/remote.

Was \$24.95

Now Only \$14.95 Was \$18.65 Item #2077 5. Big 10-Inch - Fill 'er up. Flexible 10-inch long, 2 thick latex phallus. Multi-speed. Now Only \$14.95 Item #2450

Mr. Satisfier – 10 full, soft latex inches. Soft veined surface increases stimulation. Was \$21.95 Now Only \$13.95 Item #2869

7. Black Tower - Soft ebony "foreskin" rolls back like an uncircumcised penis. 2" thick, 8 1/4" long. Multi-speed. Item #5050 Was \$22.95 Now Only \$14.95

More Organic Pleasure Products!



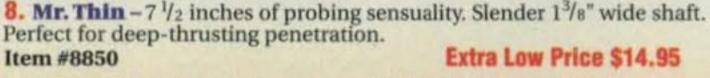
Save \$15.00!

The Virgin -Lube your hard penis and sink it into this 4" deep, fleshy latex lovepocket. The first time you enter The Virgin, you'll break the latex

"hymen" for that "first time" feeling. Multi-speed. Now Only \$19.95 Was \$34.95 Item #3830

Prolong Lubricator - For staying power she'll love you for. Just a dab of this special benzocaine formula can turn you into a marathon lover. Comes in a handsome 1 oz. jar. Now Only \$4.95 Item #7348 Was \$8.95

Slippery Stuff - This deluxe sex lube puts all others in second place! Specially formulated to feel like your own natural lubrication. You can even have sex in water without losing any lubrication. 8 oz. squeeze-top bottle. Now Only \$9.95 Was \$17.95 Item #1002



9. Thick Jelly Vibe - This super-flexible "jelly" vibe satisfies! Measures 8" long and 13/4"thick with nubby stimulators at the bulbous base. Multi-speed vibrations.

Now Only \$14.95 Item #7481 Was \$24.95

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Sex Play I settled for stuffing her cunt, spilled my soup and fell asleep to the sound of Juanita grumbling about wanting a real man. Isn't there a product that can make me want to screw more than once a night?

on her brown boobs.

Juanita wanted to fuck again an hour later. I said I was too tired. The Mexican minx rolled her eyes and gave Nutri-Surge the thumbs-down.

Peter North's Power Pills, \$19.95

I'm assuming this celebrity-endorsed groin remedy is for fags; only a homo would appreciate the beefcake shot of Pete that adorns each bottle.

"As you've seen in my movies," Pete writes in the box copy, "my performance on a shoot is tremendous." This is clever wordplay for a dim-witted porn stud known for his massive ejaculatory loads.

I looked forward to glazing Juanita's bottom like a hot-cross bun until I made the mistake of reading the ingredients: Male Prostate Glandular, 50 mg. That's right—each big, brown tablet appears to contain particles from inside a man's colon. I felt nauseous as I choked down two Power Pills.

That night, I tried to slip my shank into my girlfriend's asshole. She slapped away the mischievous turd burglar like a bad, one-eyed dog. I've aimed for Juanita's brown bull's-eye more times than I care to remember, with no success.

I settled for stuffing her cunt, spilled my soup and fell asleep to the sound of Juanita grumbling about wanting a real man. Isn't there a product that can make me want to screw more than once a night—or at least shut up my girlfriend?

Vigorex Instant Sex, \$19.95

Instant Sex is a clear, plastic tube containing ten purple and pink wafers the size of thick quarters. Each dose contains the magic of Avena Sativa—whatever the fuck that is. I think my Mexican girlfriend has a cousin by the same name.

Aside from Avena Sativa, the main ingredients listed are dextrose and glucose—that is, sugar. Once I realized the wafers were little more than grape- and cherry-flavored candies, I couldn't help eating the entire tube in one sitting—at my office. Then I crept to the restroom and jacked off. Factor in that I jack off every day at work, and Instant Sex is downright unimpressive.

Sexlust Formula, \$19.95

Finally, a product that delivered—and fucking how! Just in time too: Juanita was threatening to return to Mad Dog, her gang-member ex-boyfriend.

These 20 brown capsules—not quite as large as the Power Pill turd logs—contain Muira Puama, "the ancient herb

from Brazil." Unlike Avena Sativa, this shit works—just as it does for "local tribes to enhance virility in men and desire in women."

"I love this stuff," gushes satisfied customer Davis Masterson, a bald, bearded poindexter who appears on the back of the Sexlust box. "I feel 18 again!" he gloats. If Sexlust worked for this aging loser, I figured, my johnson was in for a jolt. Juanita and I each took two capsules.

We were watching the decidedly unarousing Drew Carey when Juanita turned to me and purred, "Play with my nipples." Her rubbery nerps were stiff enough to protrude through her black T-shirt. I wedged my other hand down her skintight short-shorts. It was tough going until my fingers encountered a puddle of pussy juice and slipped into her snatch. She was sopping wet! Either she's got a secret fetish for obese, crewcut comedians, or Muira Puama was working Brazilian mojo.

I eased her onto the couch and gobbled her chili *relleno* while my own groin begged for mercy. An orgasm convulsed the poontang pressed to my lips. While Juanita's body shook, I nibbled on her inner thigh.

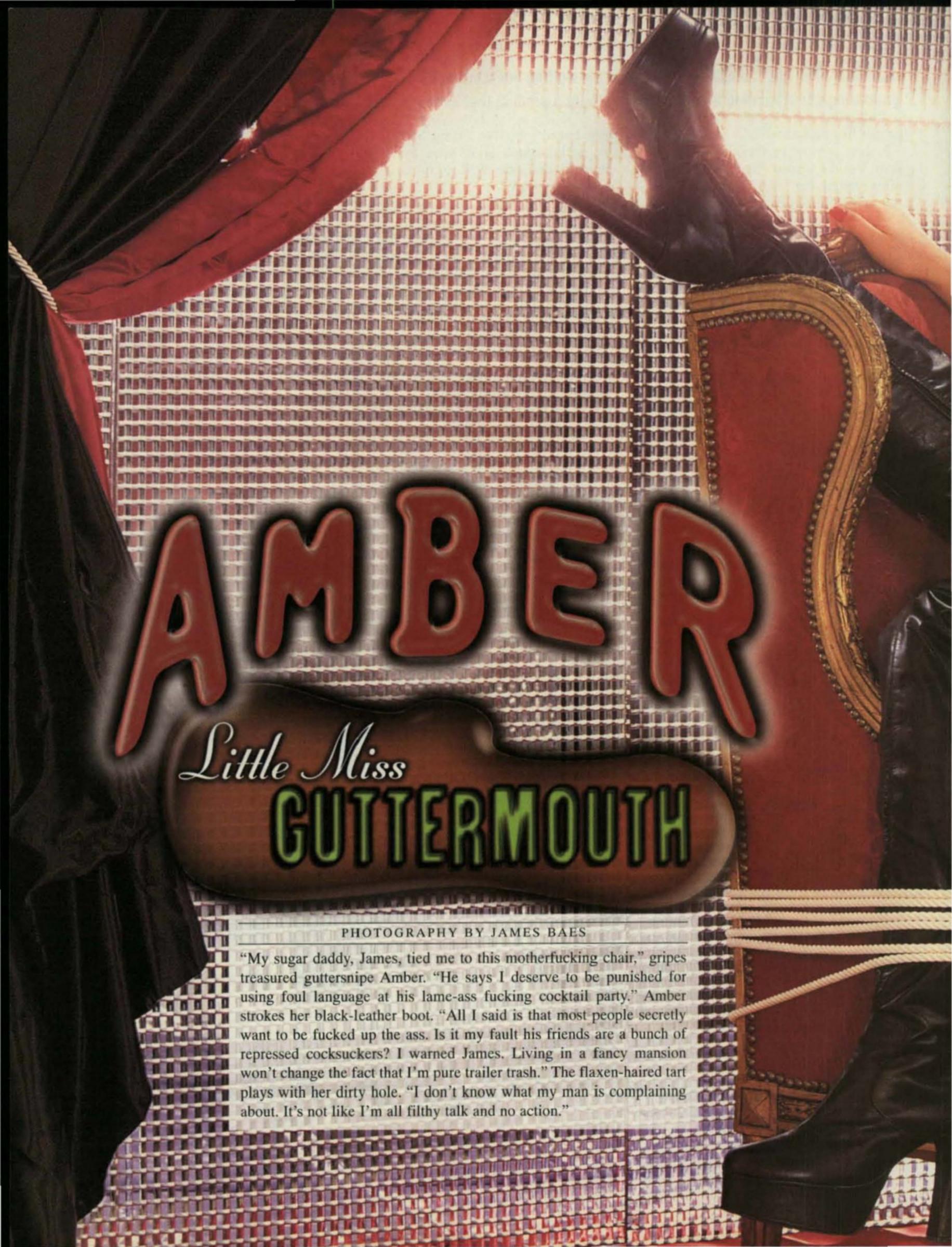
"Caramba!" she gasped. "Bite me like that again, and you might find a nice place to put your machete."

It didn't take a Spanish-to-English translator for me to realize she was inviting me over for a rump roast. I rubbed the swollen tip of my meat sword between her hams. Slowly, gradually, I pressed into her reluctant shitpit. She fingered herself to another quick climax, then decried my intrusions as "too intense." Hey, at least she tried—and at least she blew me immediately afterward.

Of all the herbal-Viagra knockoffs, Sexlust was the best. My girlfriend got off, I got in her ass, and I finally got her ass to fall asleep, but not before I splashed a second load of nut juice on her wagging tongue. I encourage readers to carry out their own Xandria Collection experiments—and to send HUSTLER the results—but I think I'll stick to the herb that's guaranteed to make Juanita horny: marijuana. I hope to get her so stoned, she can't tell the difference between a pussy reaming and a butt-fuck.

Flaccid readers of Moore's survey can order Xandria samples by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to P.O. Box 31564, San Francisco, CA 94131 or by phoning 1-415-468-3805.











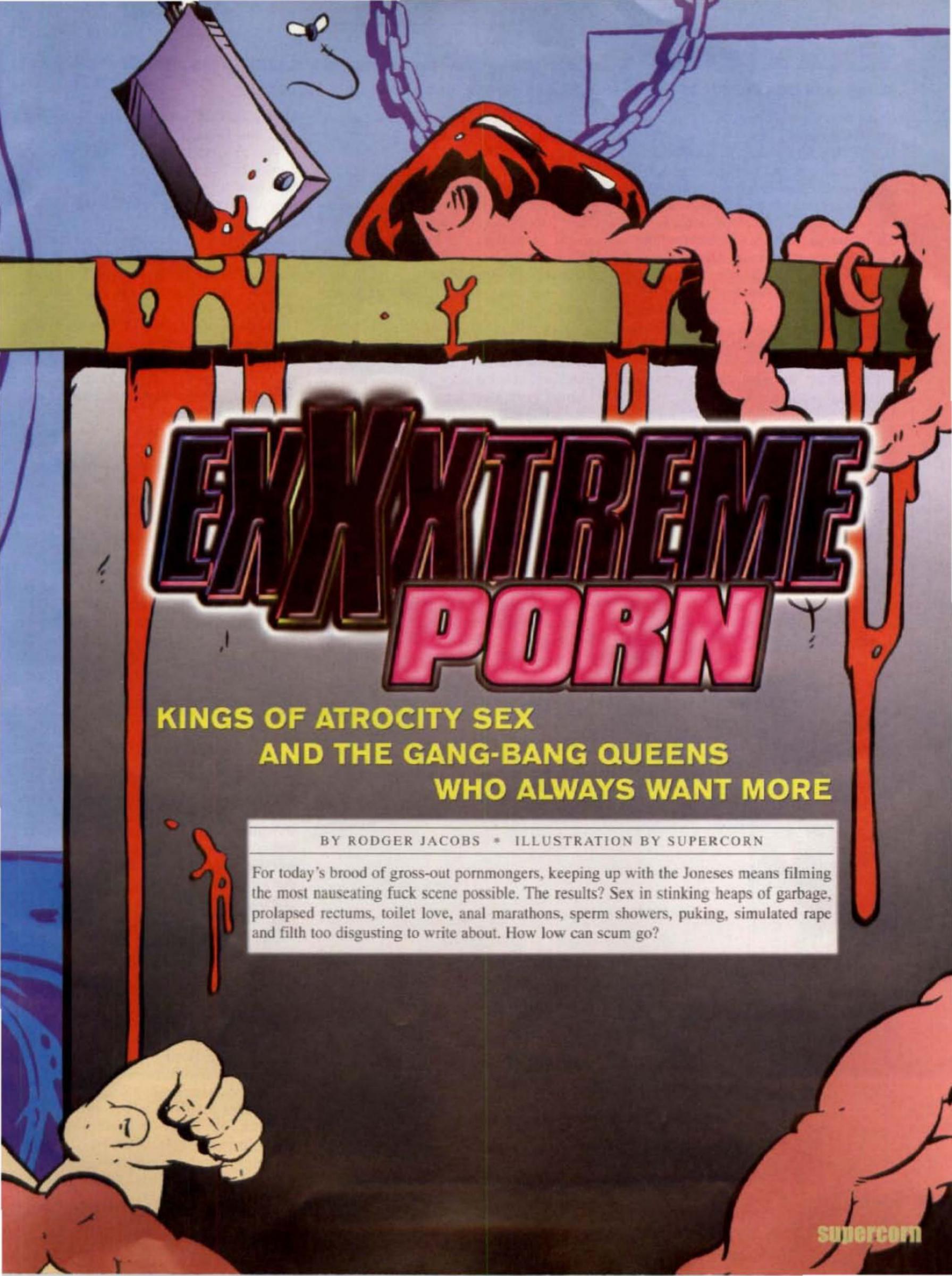












Exxitreme "The guy was covered in mustard and ketchup and all kinds of nasty things, and then I had to blow him with fucking cheese on his dick. I almost puked."

Brian Surewood chews on an apple and spits the chunks into Montana Gunn's face. When he finishes, he stuffs the core into her mouth and shoves her head into an oven. He flicks cigarette ash into her hair, cracks an egg onto her back and shoves a trayful of ice cubes up her ass. Gunn constricts her sphincters and shoots the cubes out of her anus. She sucks on the shit-smeared ice fragments, then slathers Surewood's cock with her spunky saliva. Thus lubricated, Surewood plunders Gunn's expectant ass. —Anal Ball

Directed by Tom Zupko

The desire to push the envelope of hard-core pornography until it explodes like a condom-bursting double-facial all over a porn strumpet's gasping gab is irresistible to the current crop of bestselling filmmakers.

Today's top-selling fuck flicks feature women being spat upon, slapped, cursed and choked. Porn sluts work to stretch their rectums to accommodate two cocks at one time, and scenarios involving rape, painful penetrations and crack-addicted prostitutes are commonplace.

"There are fewer taboos to break," says gossip columnist Luke Ford. "The

There's a huge demand for denigration, for watching the lions eating the Christians."

Gang-bangs have come to resemble sporting events. Jasmin St. Claire gangfucked 300 men in World's Biggest Gang-Bang 2 to shatter Annabel Chong's record of 251 men. Porn slut Houston will take on a record-setting 500 putzes in World's Biggest Gang-Bang 3, for a garish total of 1,051 schlongs against three very sore whores.

"We could put together a movie where we blow body parts all over the place," says filmmaker Ray Pistol. "It would be shocking, but is it sexy?"

Some porn sluts are appalled by what they are asked to do for the camera.

"The guy was covered in mustard and ketchup and all kinds of nasty things," 19-year-old Makayla Shore says with a shudder as she recalls her first hard-core scene, "and then I had to blow him with fucking cheese on his dick. I almost puked. I think that the guys who come up with the ideas to film this shit are fucking crazy."

Makayla's maiden voyage down the river of extreme porn was for Apocalypse Productions, a Las Vegas-based produc-X-rated-film makers today have to be tion company formed by Thomas Zupko ever nastier to bring about shock. ("a piece of garbage," according to

Makayla), rock musician Jay Stone and porn stud Brian Surewood.

"We call our company Apocalypse," Zupko boasts, "because we will shoot hard-core films that, as in the fall of Rome, will end modern civilization as we know it."

Apocalypse Production's first feature, Anal Ball, portrays five Vikings who are blasted into the future to "reap [sic] their barbaric carnal ways on the modern world."

"We have this setup with five nuns, and the nuns all get fucked in the ass," Zupko says excitedly. "[There's a] big cum-shot, and a dwarf comes along, drains the cum as it's dripping from their asses and makes them all drink it."

"If those guys are asking to be arrested, they're doing a good job of it," says veteran cameraman Predator, who worked on the first two Apocalypse releases. "They're pushing it about as far as they can push it."

"People have always been amazed by freak shows," says Rodney Johnson, the manager of an X-rated-video store in Los Angeles. "Hard-core porn these days is just filling the need that used to be satisfied by checking out two-headed babies and contortionists and midgets."

Apocalypse's splashy PR efforts exploit the same impulse that once packed circus sideshows and prompts motorists to tap the brakes when they pass a gory accident.

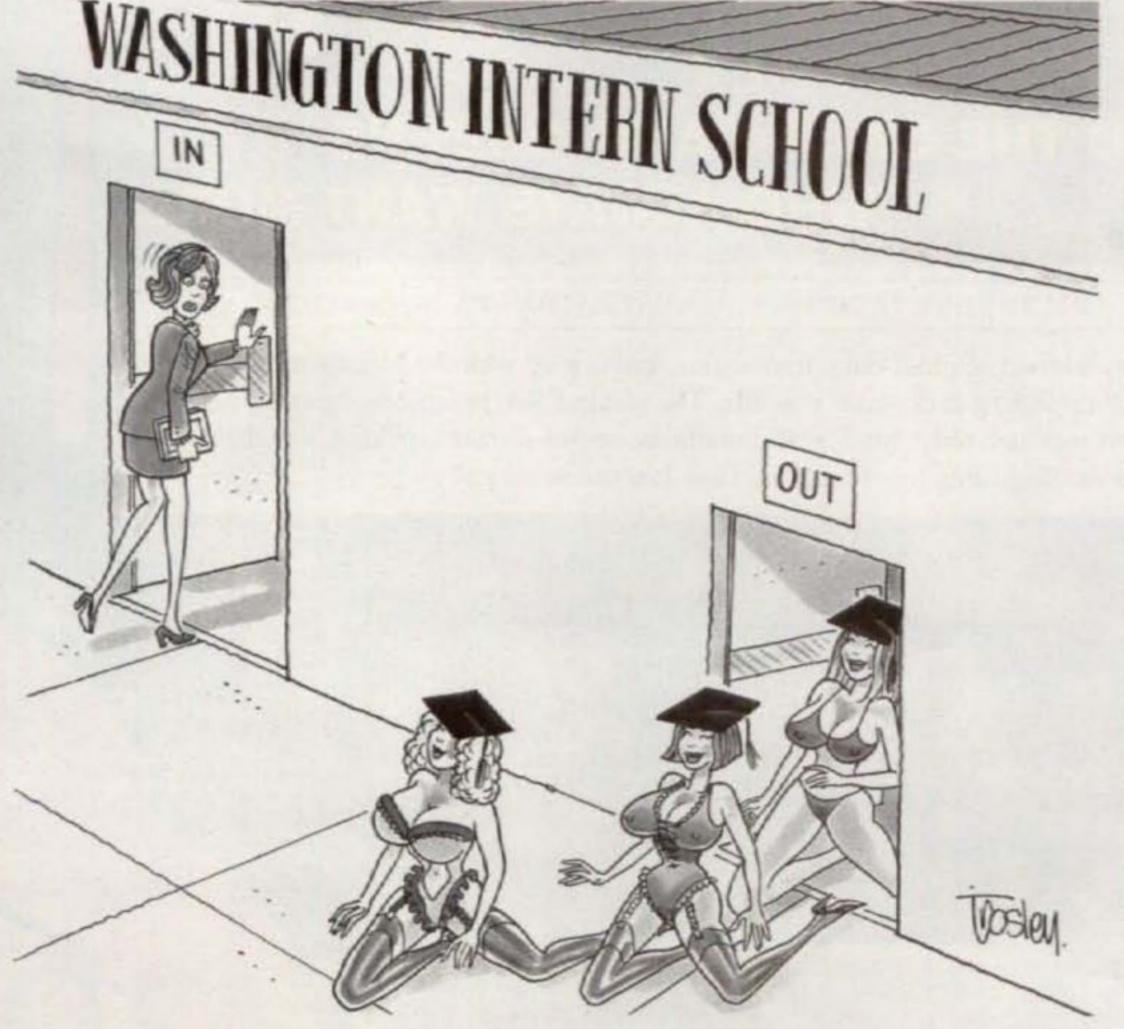
"The only limit we will have is the limit of our perverse, psychotic imaginations," proclaims an Apocalypse Productions press release. "Nothing is sacred!"

Extreme-porn producers are the most recent in a long line of businessmen/ showmen who know how to build a buzz and take it to the bank. The entrepreneurs amount to carnival barkers, who in days gone by could collar suckers by warning, "Ladies, avert your eyes-you may be shocked by what you are about to see."

Max Hardcore, consistently at the top of XXX sales charts, is, in his own words, "at the pointy edge of the more extreme porn in recent years." With his cowboy hat and camcorder, Max has made millions off his bad-boy image.

In the seventh installment of his Maxed Out series, Hardcore propositions a young German girl who is "foolish enough to agree to do a scene with me." He shoves his fist into her mouth, spits into her face, chokes her and calls her "a filthy little fuckhole." Finally, he jams a speculum into her pussy at the same time he reams her butthole. She moans in apparent agony.

(continued on page 74)





"Whoops, wrong cigar."



JOURNEY TO THE SISLE OF LESBOS PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT Lovers Polly and Jean make a pilgrimage to the fabled Greek mecca to discover the ancient roots of their modern pleasure. "Is this beautiful beach really where the first dykes invented fisting?" gushes Polly. "Yes," replies Jean, sliding her hand between Polly's thighs. "On these very sands, the lyric poetess Sappho first wrote rapturous odes to the joy of finger banging." "I feel so inspired," cries Polly. Jean drives her digits inside Polly's tunnel of wonder. "What could be more exhilarating than discovering the sacred tradition of snatch?"

















(continued from page 64)

Exxitene Millions of porn viewers masturbate while watching violent and misogynistic acts. They may hate themselves for digging atrocities, but scum clearly turns them on.

Rob Black, 25 years old, is another director at the top of the charts who is also widely credited with bringing porn to new lows. "Grabbing a girl by the fucking hair and spitting a big, fucking wet, snotty loogie right in her face is fucking filthy," he says. "It's hard to get a girl to do that." In addition to serving as spittoons, his female performers are porked in trash cans, on wheelchairs and under toilets.

"America in general likes the more graphic nature," he says, "and I believe that what I'm doing is just giving Americans what they want."

Is Black, in fact, using cheap shock and the promise of the grotesque to doubledog-dare consumers not to rent his amateurish, crudely made and otherwise unremarkable films? If so, it would not be the first time that someone with no talent parlayed hype into a fat bank account and a brand-new Porsche.

Brooke Ashley enters a refrigerated meat locker and finds Dave Hardman in a corner, stroking his penis with a raw hunk of top sirloin. Brooke drops to her knees and engorges herself on the Meatman's beef-stained prick. Next, Meatman reams Ashley's asshole as she clutches a rack of beef ribs.

When the Meatman is ready to pop his

load, he drops a 50-pound cow's liver onto Ashley's backside. Bovine blood streams down the slut's thighs as the Meatman deposits a shot of nut juice all over the dark-brown organ. Ashley's flesh-crazed fuckmate shoves his hands deep inside the liver and claws at the fresh cow innards, tearing out handfuls of the gooey organ and smearing blood and tissue matter across Brooke's tits.

> -Return of the Meatman Directed by Jim Powers

"Let's face it. People are watching this stuff as masturbatory material," says Internet blue-film critic Roger Pipe. "I have to wonder who gets off watching women raped, split open and beaten."

"Most guys are used to being rejected by girls their whole life," says filmmaker Thomas Zupko. "They want to get the girl, they want to slam her, they want to pop a load in her face and be degrading to her."

Zupko, who spent five years managing adult-book stores before moving into production, asserts that the more extreme the product, the greater the demand from the rental customer, the financial foundation of all adult-book and -video stores.

"These are guys who aren't getting laid regularly, or if they are getting laid, it's by someone they have lost all sexual interest in," he says. "They are misogynists. Over years of rejection, this is what they enjoy seeing."

Some experts feel that Zupko's explanation is far too simplistic for why extreme porn enjoys such widespread popularity.

"It has nothing to do with a man's true feelings about women and has everything to do with needing a place to feel power," says Dr. Howard Devore, Ph.D., a certified sex therapist based in San Francisco. "People in this society are obviously feeling more and more disempowered and out of control," he explains. "One way to balance that is to watch movies that are really extreme."

Millions of porn viewers masturbate while watching violent and misogynistic acts. They may hate themselves for digging atrocities, but scum clearly turns them on.

"You watch it, and you feel like shit," says Rob Black. "You think, I just jerked off to this? Why did I do it?

"People want from porn what they can't get anywhere else," explains Black. "They can't get a girl that they can slap, make her eat their fucking dirty, smelly ass, come in her fucking mouth, she guzzles it down, and she goes and makes fucking dinner."

Max Hardcore believes that the extreme edge of porn is not a reflection of a perverted audience; he seems to feel that the greed of producers is responsible for extreme content.

"It's clear to me lately that a few producers, in a seriously misguided effort to establish identity, earn market share and get a pat on the head by the boss, have gotten completely out of step with what the majority of the viewing public is interested in," he says.

Hardcore, whose latest innovation, the Cowboy Blow, involves shooting a snot rocket into a porn slut's face, is one to talk. Perhaps his comments reflect the heat he feels coming from young turks, such as Black and Zupko, who are moving in on the extreme turf Hardcore has laid claim to for much of the past decade.

Regardless of what the men who produce and consume extreme porn think about it, it is women who are subjected to most of its playacted violence and abuse. Unlike a Hollywood movie, which involves fakery and illusion, the physical acts depicted in porn really happen, even if the setups are make-believe.

Tina Tyler, an auburn-haired beauty who recently returned to performing in X-rated videos after an extended absence, has not been asked to do anything she would consider extreme since making her comeback.



"Do you mind, Nadine-I'm trying to propose here!"



"And I want all you female executives to know that I truly respect and welcome your opinions, even if you are just a bunch of fuckin' cunts."

Exxiteme "As for my opinion on the Rob Blacks and Max Hardcores of the world,

I'm honestly surprised that some militant feminist group hasn't assassinated or castrated both of them."

"Maybe that's because I don't present myself as someone who can be easily manipulated," Tina says.

Maybe it's just that she hasn't been back long enough.

"As for my opinion on the Rob Blacks and Max Hardcores of the world," Tyler says, "I'm honestly surprised that some militant feminist group headed by Andrea Dworkin hasn't assassinated or castrated both of them. It's just so obvious that they hate women."

"There's a point where you [as a performer] can say no, and a lot of girls who push it beyond that line just don't know when to say no," says pornstress Roxanne Hall, star of Elegant Angel's *Slutwoman* series. "I don't see the need for the degradation of women."

Others don't seem to mind.

"It's not like anyone's putting a gun to our head, saying, 'Do this, or your porn career is trashed,'" says Stryc-9, a 23-year-old contract girl with Extreme Associates. "We're walking onto the set, we're sitting in makeup; we know what we're doing, and we obviously like it." Stryc-9 draws a line at sex with horses.

"It's not degrading whatsoever," says Jasmin St. Claire, reflecting on her 300mook gang-bang. "Girls like me make it harder for other good-looking girls to get anywhere because they don't want to do the shit we do, and I want to. That's why I'm here."

Caroline Pierce made her XXX-video debut this year portraying a nun screwing the Pope in an Apocalypse Productions release. "I absolutely love things like that," Pierce gushes. "It's funny how people respond when I tell them about it—even though they're in porn, and they're open-minded, it still touches upon something that's a no-no."

"I get spit on and smacked," says 22year-old Jessica Darlin, a veteran of eight films, "but it turns me on. It's filthy, it's disgusting, it's nasty; I love it."

Houston, busy with promotional efforts for her upcoming gang-bang, broke into the business by performing in films geared toward the soft-core couples market. "I like this better," she says. "I'm doing what I do best.

"The gang-bang is freaky," she admits.

"What kind of person would do that? I
don't know. I'm a normal person."

Dollars, of course, are a factor. Though porn stars are reluctant to talk about how much money they make, Houston, who is also an exotic dancer, concedes that her dance rates will go up after her recordsetting gang-bang. "It's a big move for me," she says. "That's the way you do it—you do a gang-bang," says St. Claire. "I just did it for the shock value and the publicity and to put my name out there. I didn't do it for the pleasure."

Stephanie Swift surprises two drugaddicted thugs who are ransacking her house. The home invaders gag her with duct tape, then bind her hands and toss her into the swimming pool, where she sinks to the bottom and drowns. Thus begins an Xrated Alice in Wonderland fantasy wherein Stephanie drifts from one haunting scenario to another, including a sequence where she fellates two cocks through glory holes. Covered in semen at the scene's conclusion, Stephanie chants a mantra hypnotically: "I'm a filthy, slutty, dick-sucking whore...I'm a filthy, slutty, dick-sucking whore " -Miscreants

Directed by Rob Black Best Director, 1998 AVN awards

"If we put out a good, solid movie without having the shock value, we get slammed by the critics and potentially lose in the marketplace," says Ray Pistol of Arrow Productions. "If we do join them, we're just sticking our head in the noose."

Ray knows what it's like to have a noose around his neck, having been slapped with an obscenity suit in Las Vegas in 1995 for his film *Infamous Crimes Against Nature*.

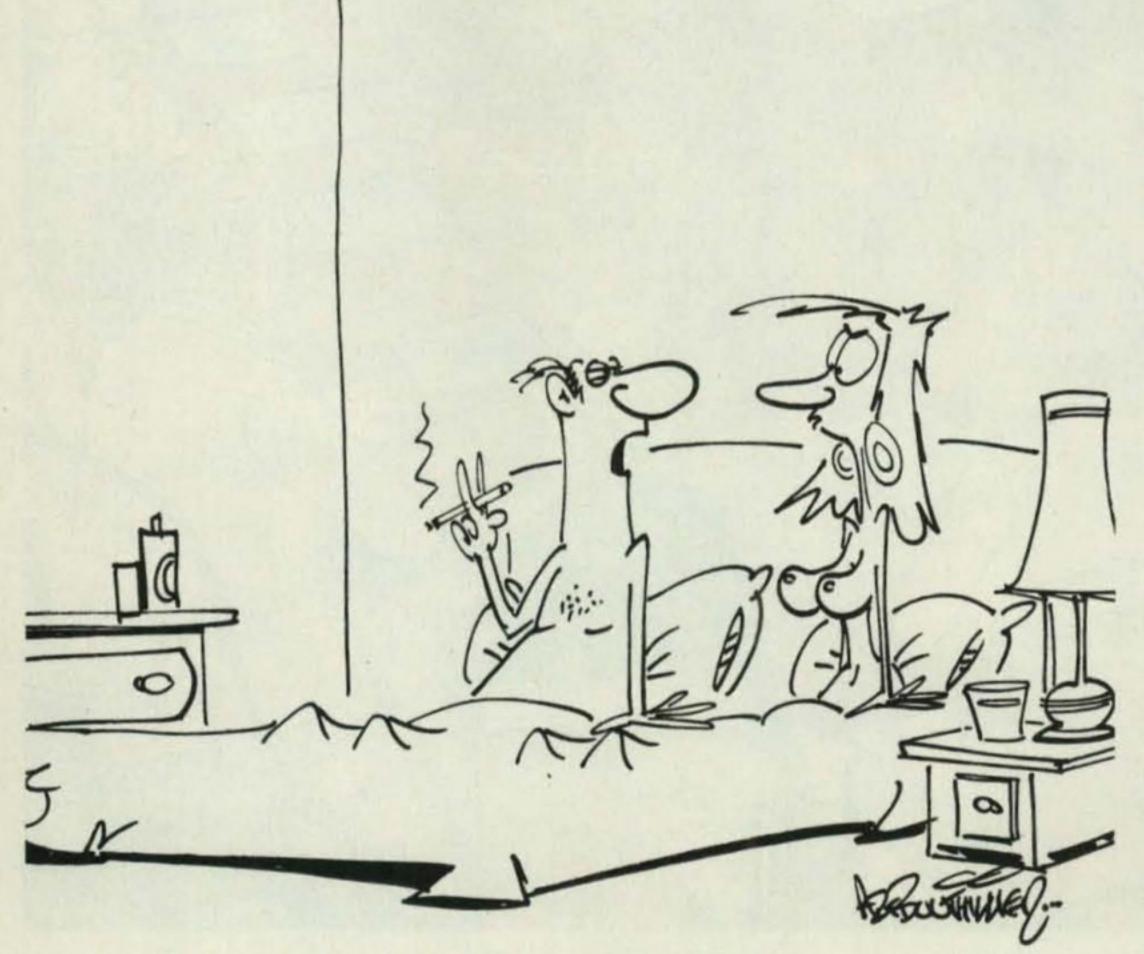
"We won in an hour and a half," he says, "but the thing is, even when you win, you lose because an obscenity battle is a quarter of a million dollars."

When the porn industry was in its infancy, skin flicks were lightly regulated. A proliferation of films depicting rape prompted a government crackdown on obscenity spearheaded by the Reagan White House. Obscenity was tacked onto antiracketeering laws (RICO), which were originally devised to target organized crime.

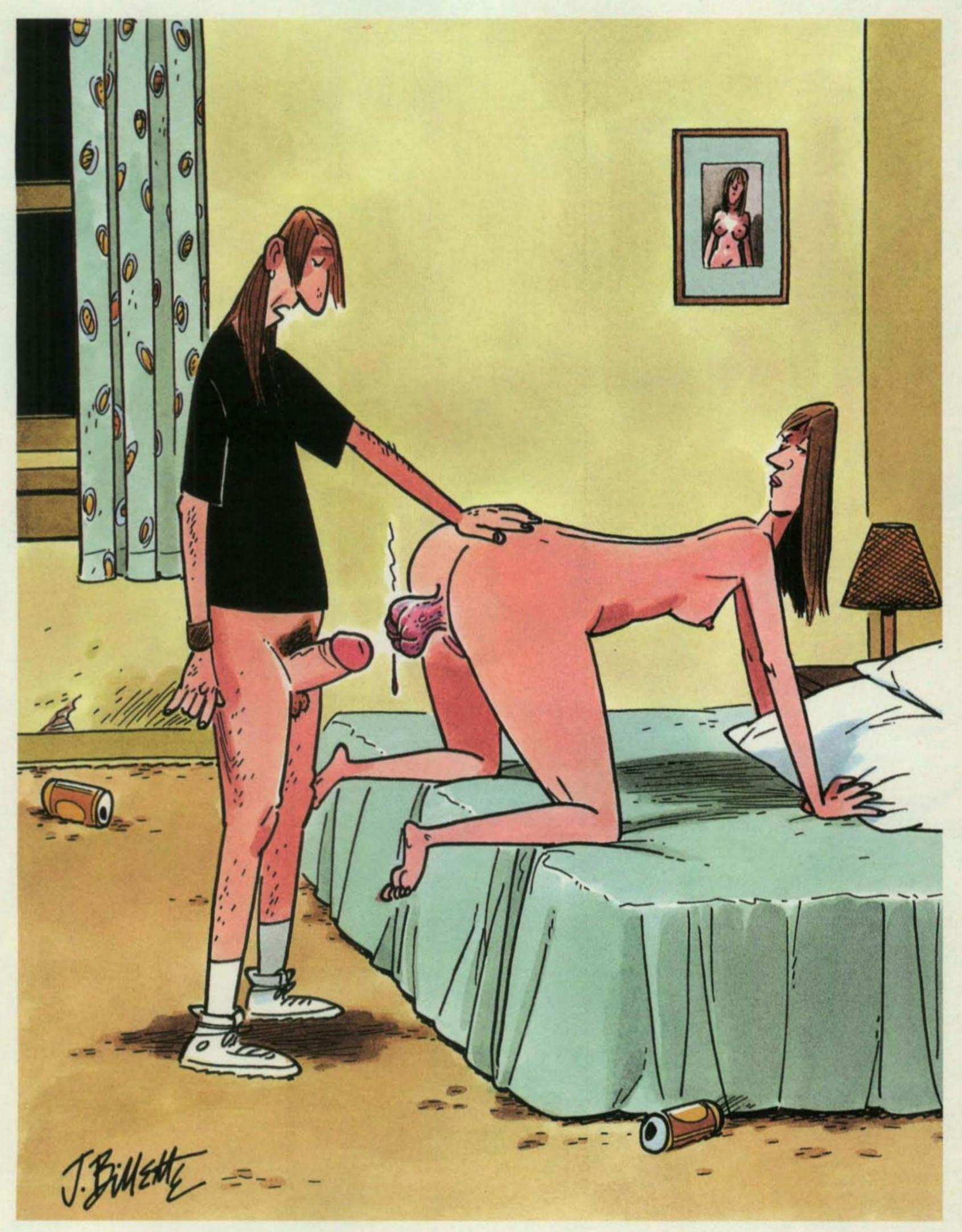
Russ Hampshire of VCA, a major distributor, was one of the filmmakers the Department of Justice sent to federal prison. He was busted in 1992 for interstate transportation of obscene materials, in his case, Gregory Dark's Let Me Tell You About Black Chicks.

"I have a better chance of defending my product today," he says, not because laws are different, but because VCA scrolled through its catalog and removed titles that were likely to offend, such as *Taboo American Style*, which involved incest.

As big-time film producers cooled out in prison, the porn industry itself decided (continued on page 152)

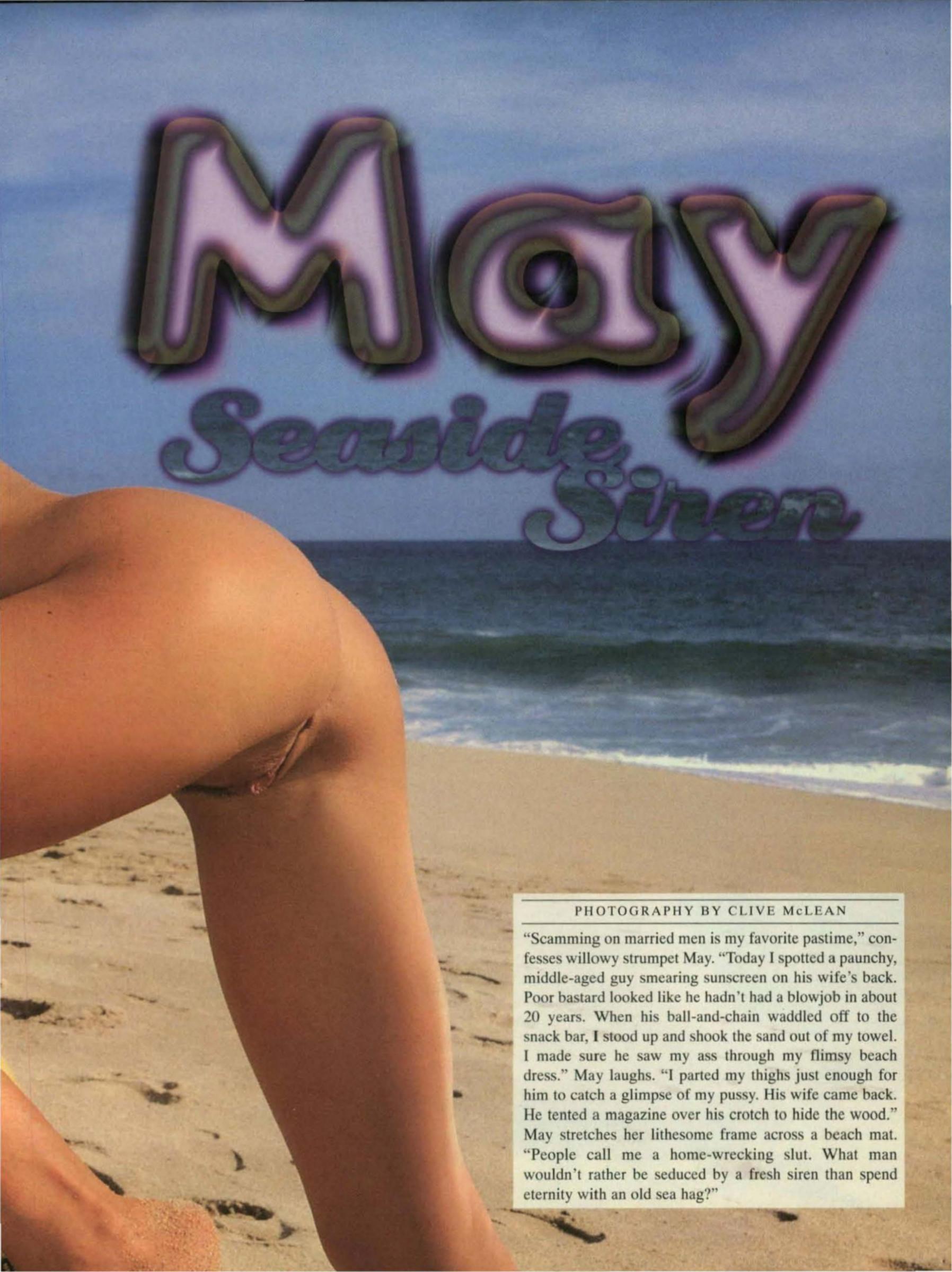


"You want an orgasm too? You're such a selfish bitch!"



"We gotta lay off the butt-fuckin', babe. You're getting some serious 'rhoids!"

























A West Virginia sheep farmer took a man to court for fucking one of his flock. The hired hand who'd seen the incident agreed to testify.

"Why don't you tell the jury exactly what you saw," the farmer's lawyer said to the farmhand.

"Well," the witness began nervously, "I was walking through farmer Johnson's meadow. I seen a sheep just standing there eating grass. All of a sudden, this fella walked up behind him, real quiet like. He unbuckled his pants and pulled the sheep close. They vibrated together a few times, then the sheep turned around and licked him on the mouth."

One juror leaned over to another and whispered, "You know, a good sheep will do that!"

Question: What do a gun and a wife have in common?

Answer: Keep one around the house long enough, and you'll want to shoot it.

Joe and Charlie were sitting around having a couple of beers after work.

"Hey, Joe," Charlie said, "if you went camping and woke up one morning with a bloody condom hanging out of your ass, would you tell anybody?"

"Hell, no," Joe replied.

"That's great!" Charlie enthused. "Do you want to go camping?"

Boss! Come quick!" exclaimed Fred, a dim-witted embalmer. "There's a problem with Mrs. Whitaker!"

"What happened?" the head mortician grumbled.

"I was cleaning her up when I noticed a jumbo shrimp sticking out of her pussy."

"That's impossible."

Fred led his boss to the corpse and flipped up the sheet.

"You idiot!" Fred's supervisor snarled. "That's not a jumbo shrimp! That's her clit."

"Her clit?" the thick-headed boy repeated. "It sure tasted like shrimp."

t was Billy's ninth birthday. He burst into the living room where his father sat watching television.

"Hey, Dad," Billy exclaimed, "guess how old I am today?"

"How old?" his father asked absently.

"Nine!" Billy proclaimed.

"That's just great."

Billy headed to the kitchen where his grandmother was baking cookies.

"Hey, Grandma," the young boy chirped, "guess how old I am today?"

"Come here." The old woman stuck her withered hand inside Billy's shorts and fondled his genitals.

"You're nine," the crone replied.

"How did you know?" the astonished boy asked.

"I heard you tell your father," his grandmother said.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines trust as: two cannibals in a 69.

Henry was fucking his incredibly obese wife when the phone rang.

Henry picked up the receiver. "Can I call you back?" he said. "I'm in the tub."

Rufus called up his best friend, Tyrone, one Saturday afternoon.

"Hey, Tyrone, wanna come over to my house and watch the football game?"

"I can't," Tyrone replied, "I'm layin' linoleum." Rufus paused. "She got a sister?"

Question: Why is American money green? Answer: Jews pick it before it's ripe.

ormented by his sexuality, Adrian finally decided to come out as a gay man to his mother.

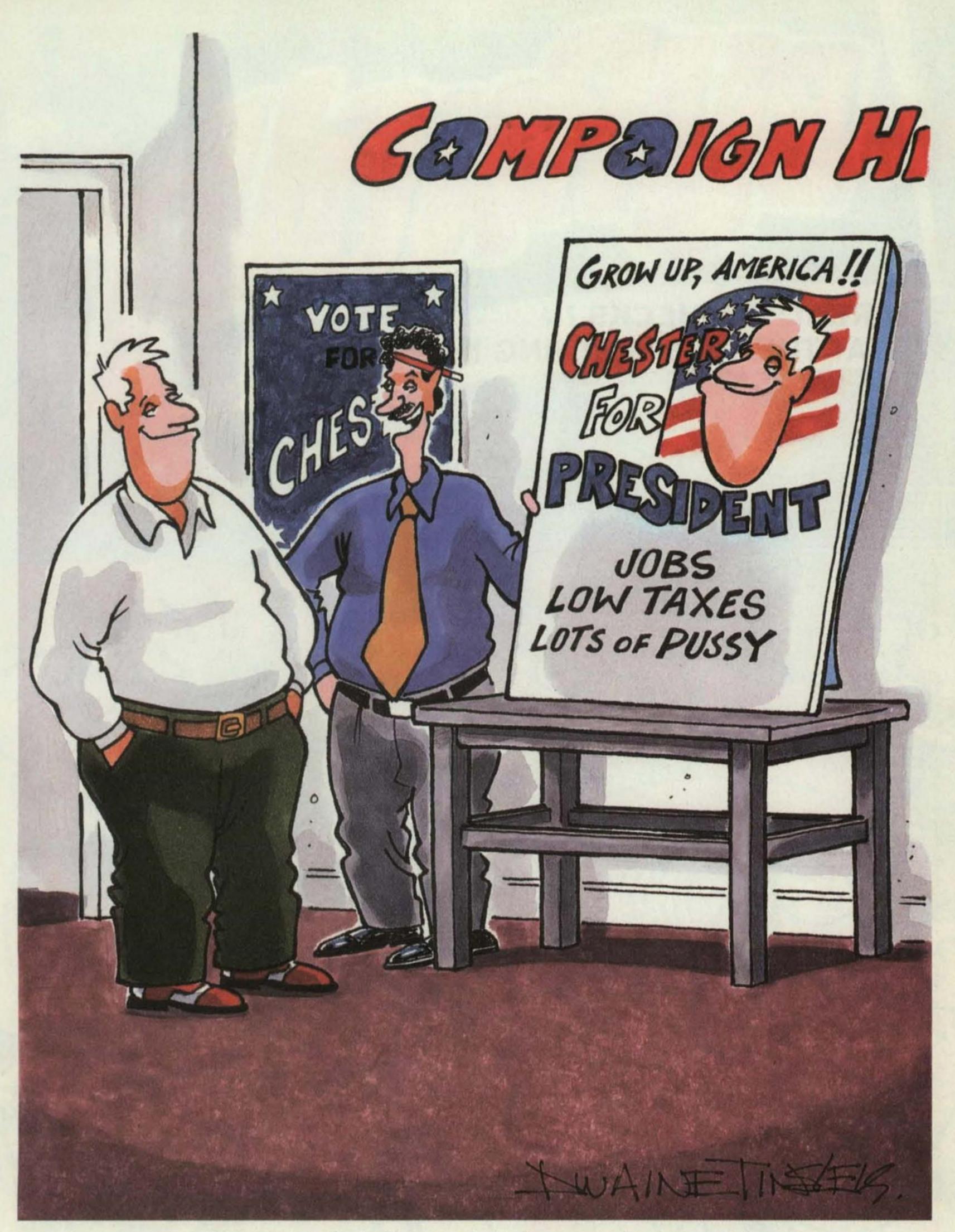
"Mother," Adrian began as they sat in the kitchen, "there's something I need to tell you. I'm a homosexual."

"Does that mean you suck other men's dicks?" his mother inquired.

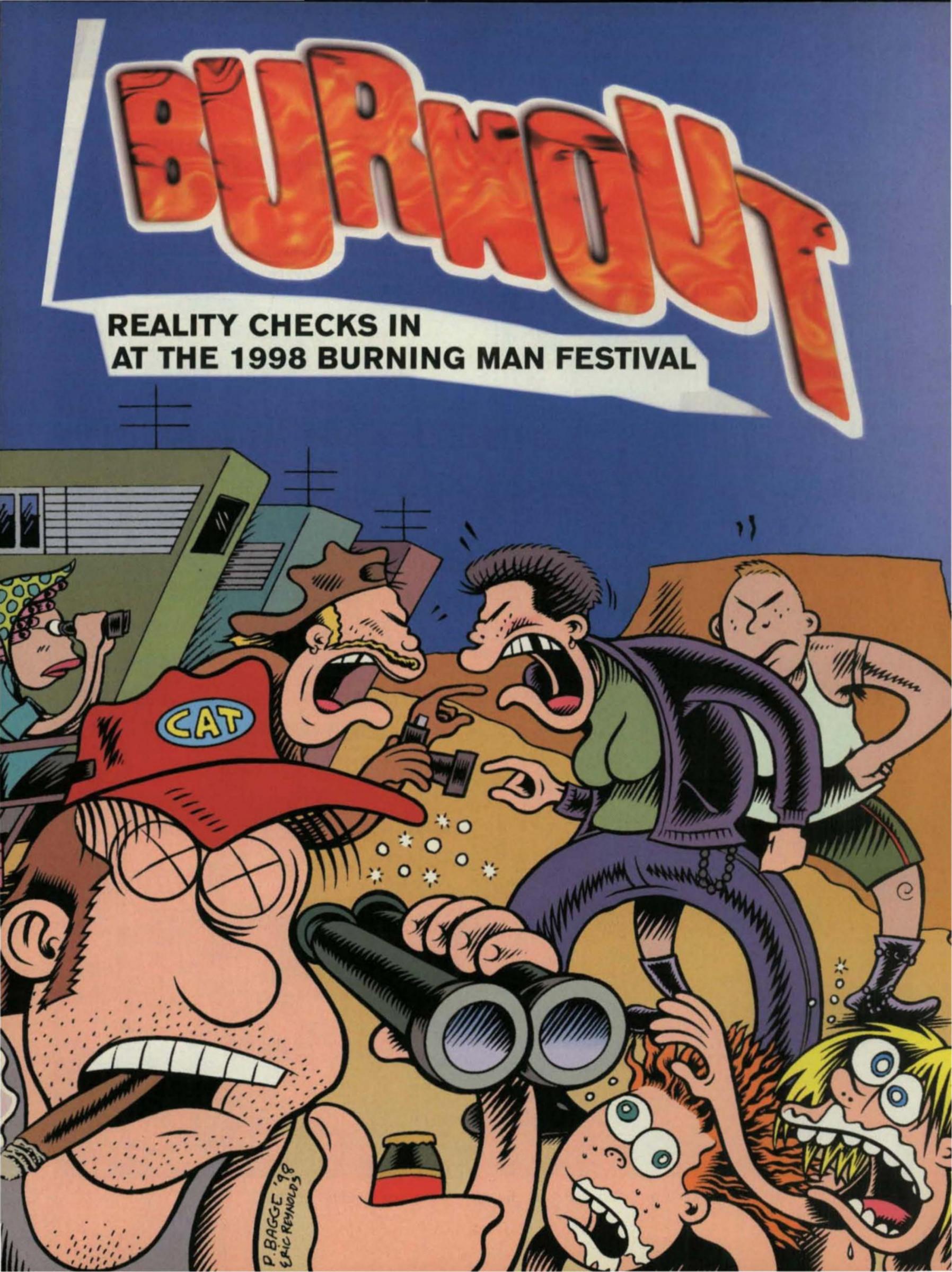
"Yes."

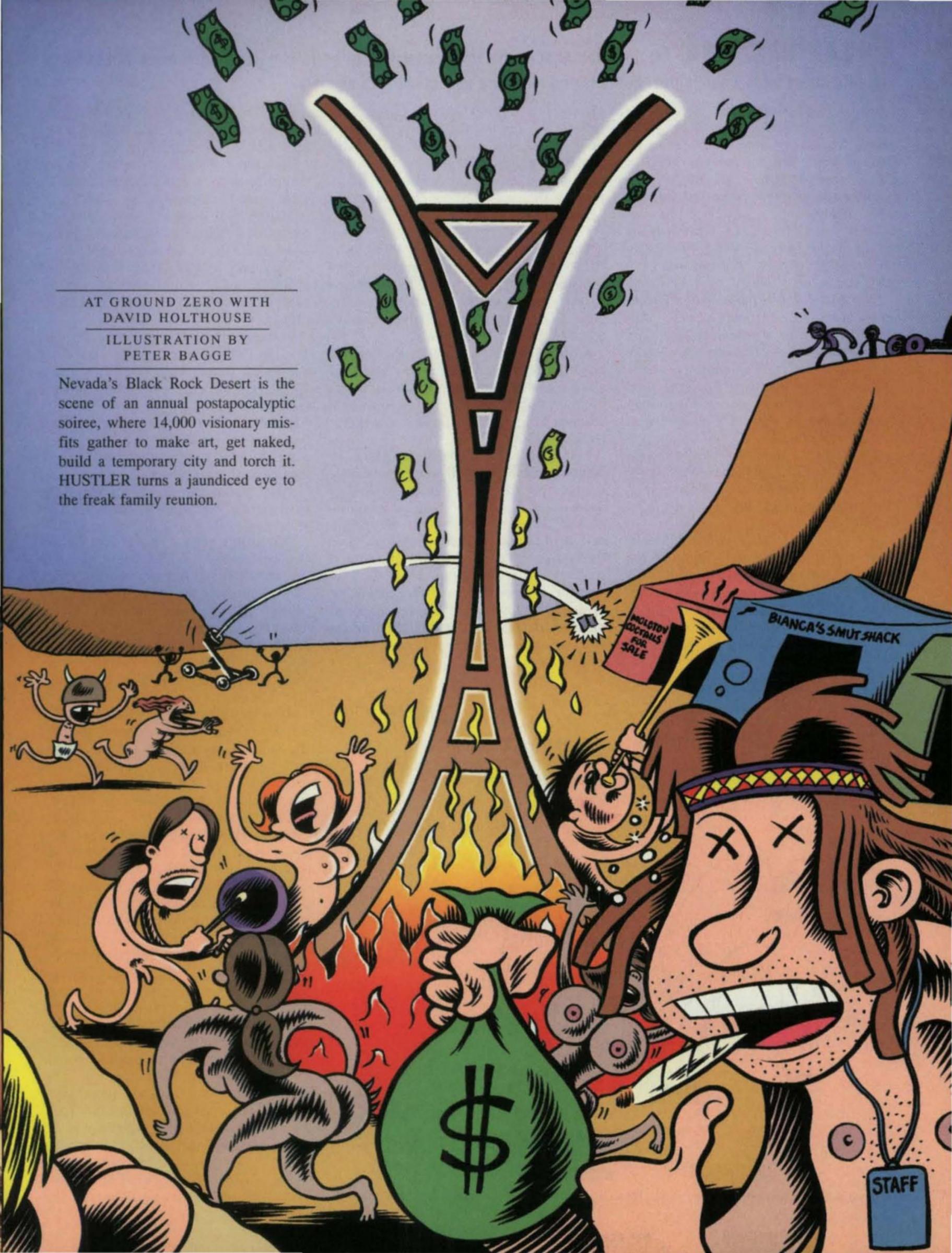
"Then don't ever complain about my cooking again."

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"It's simple, articulate and leaves no doubt where you stand on the issues...."





Burnout At the Alien Abduction camp, consisting of a trio of transparent domes, aliens in metallic-silver suits wear conical helmets and massage abductees with crystals.

Cyrus, a 45-year-old biker, clutches the threadbare cushions of a green-plaid couch, frozen in terror. Peaking on six tabs of acid, the leather-clad Harley man is transfixed by a flabby ass that pulsates like a jiggly, deep-sea amoeba before his eyes.

Cyrus knows that the most anyone should ever be forced to view of such an ass is three inches of crack above a refrigerator repairman's sagging jeans, but the entire flabby mass of butt cheeks slowly bobs and wavers for all to see. The ass is attached to a behemoth of a man. He slurps the cunt flaps of an equally large—an even larger woman.

Cyrus breaks his gaze from the anal apparition to survey the teetering, patchwork tent that he will later remember as "the bowels of hell."

Porky, sweaty, nude men shuffle around a collection of tacky furniture, trolling for stray pussy. The occasional woman is also birthday-suited, but no less abominable a sight.

An ancient man, clad only in bifocals, reads from a doctoral dissertation on the history of pornography, and a grainy '70s porn flickers on a white sheet. Skin magazines stand in stacks in every corner of the tent to inspire orgiastic acts.

"If they're naked, they're fat, and if

they're fat, they're naked," Cyrus later reflects of his experience at Bianca's Smut Shack, the Burning Man festival's storied orgy tent. "If they're fat, naked and hairy, then they're eating some whale's snatch on the couch next to you while you're tripping."

The much-hyped Burning Man festival—the self-proclaimed "most dangerous arts festival in the world," is trumpeted as the mother of all parties, an underground art, sex and explosives gala to usher in the end of the world.

A Mad Max-inspired be-in, the festival has been held every Labor Day weekend since founder Larry Harvey, in the aftermath of a shattered love affair, burned a wooden effigy on San Francisco's Baker Beach in 1986.

This year, on a desolate plain in Nevada's Black Rock Desert, where day-time temperatures soar into the triple digits, a naked Jesus zips about on a motorized cross, and an ice-cream truck trudges across the desert floor, tingling "The Entertainer" and dispensing frozen snacks.

At the Alien Abduction camp, consisting of a trio of transparent domes, aliens in metallic-silver suits wear conical helmets and massage abductees with crystals. Stilt walkers move in packs through the grid of encampments, and nudists travel in style on an assortment of bicycles, horses and camels. A motorized wet bar, complete with stools, shuttles casually from place to place.

Artists rig bicycles with neon-lit, mechanical butterflies, which flit gracefully across the desert every night.

Wary parents steer their jailbait-aged children away from bondage theme camps, strip shows and lecherous drunks.

Attendees themselves provide the carnival's entertainment: The price of admission covers basic facilities and a spectacular fireworks show, but does not include food.

In the center of the carnival city stands the Burning Man himself, a 50-foot figure made of wood and lighted with neon. Packed with explosives, the Man gazes blankly across the desert, awaiting the final night of the gala when he will be set aflame.

"We call it Black Rock City," says Walter Hendricks, a CPA who trekked to the Nevada desert from Cincinnati, Ohio. "It's a temporary autonomous zone at the edge of reality," he says, sounding like a travel brochure. Hendricks, a rotund man, is mercifully fully attired. He is one of dozens of men in red-and-white Santa Claus outfits that run in a pack chanting, "Ho! Ho! Ho!"

Major news outlets, such as CNN and the Washington Post, covered the '97 Burning Man event. Media brouhaha has brought 14,000 people to this year's event, 10,000 of them, it seems, card-carrying, mini-cam-toting journalists hyping an experimental city in the desert where creativity flows like Dionysian wine, gorgeous nymphs walk naked, and good sex is easier to come by than bunk drugs.

Bolstering the festival's notoriety considerably was evangelist Pat Robertson's 1994 assertion that the gala was a form of devil worship.

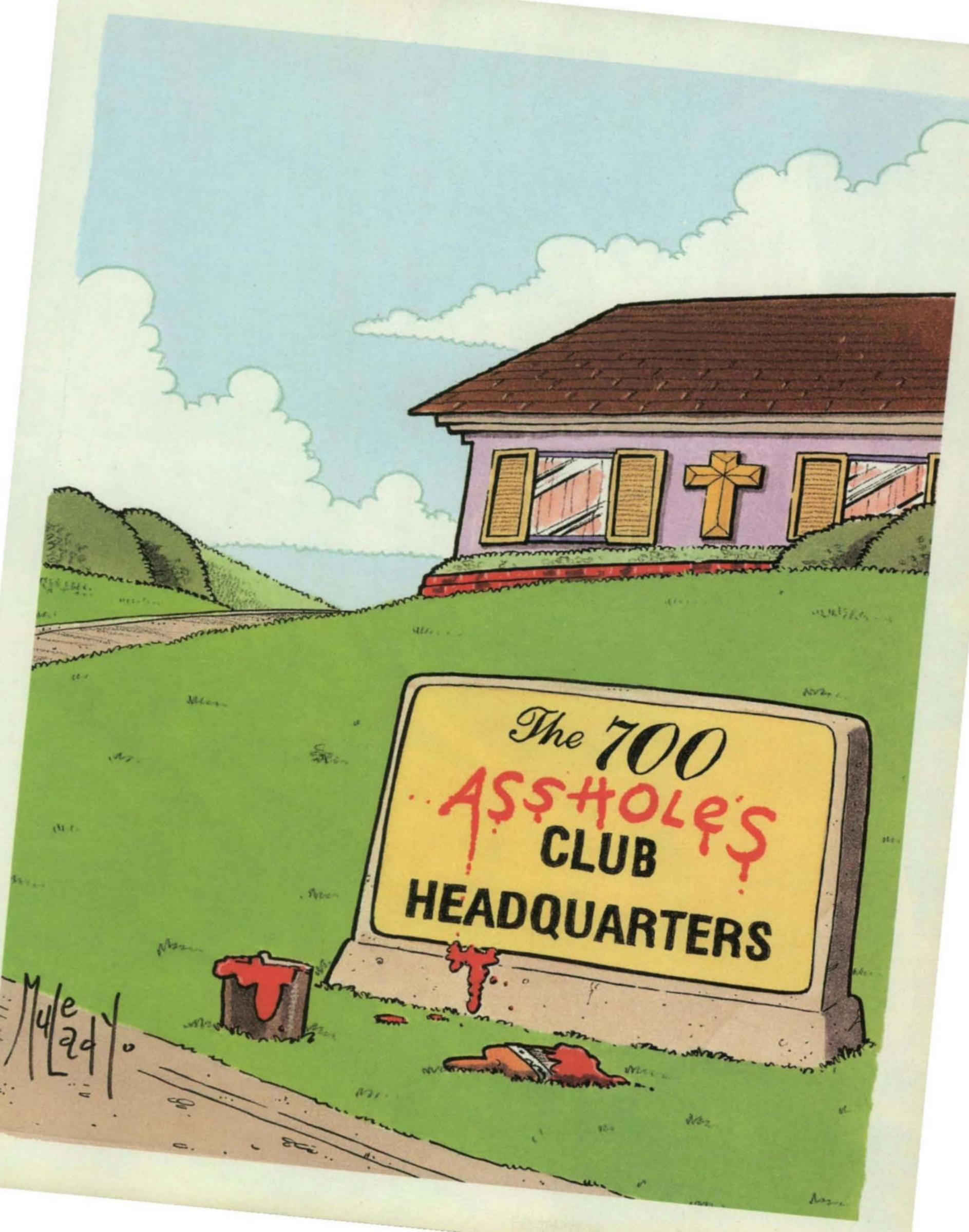
Revelers wear Halloween costumes and garish body paint, and clever engineers test-drive motorized couches and truck-mounted flamethrowers; all jostle for a spot in front of the camera. The unwritten rule: Whoever gets the most press wins.

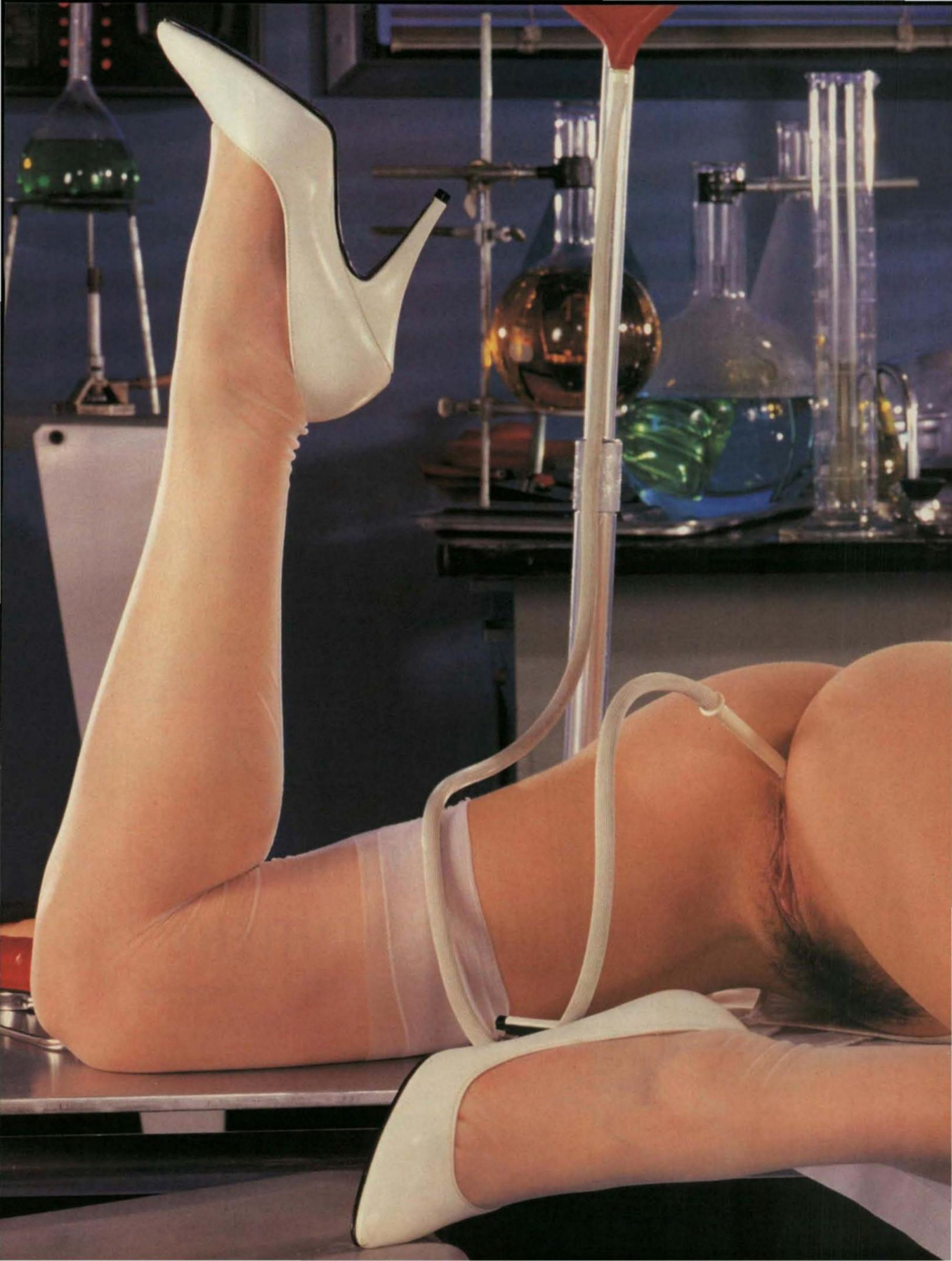
Summer Breeze, a massage therapist from Portland, Oregon, tramps across the desert wastes in a red-satin prom dress studded with nails and carries a lace parasol. She describes the '98 festival as, "Like, sort of this futuristic, postapocalyptic, cyberpunk, pyro-fetishist, Utopiameets-the-Road-Warrior kind of thing.

(continued on page 102)



"What a jokester, saying he made Linda Tripp ugly just to see if something would fuck her!"



















Burnout "When you can't sell a freakin' herb that grows out of the ground at a place like this, that's called a grade-A sellout. I smoke up with the cops in Oakland; they're cool. This place is hella lame."

"And it's all totally anticorporate," she adds, nodding sagely.

The fiercely anticorporate spirit is evident upon arrival at the entrance gate. The price of admission to Utopia? One Ben Franklin—a hundred bucks.

At the Will-Call window, a middle-aged hippie paces back and forth.

"They're telling me I have to buy a ticket for my dog," he fumes, pointing to a panting, grinning, black-and-white border collie at his feet.

A Black Rock ranger, a member of the Burning Man festival's private goon squad, soon arrives in response to the report of a most unhappy camper at the gate.

"What seems to be the problem?" asks the ranger, a bull-necked bouncer type dressed in a cop's khaki shorts and a hippie's tie-dye.

"The problem is, I'm not paying \$100 for my fucking dog."

The ranger puts his hands together in a pious, nonconfrontational bow.

"Well, sir, then I'm afraid you and your animal companion can't come in. We regard all living creatures as residents of Black Rock City, and every resident must tithe to ensure the continued survival of our community."

"What if I brought a cat?" demands the hippie.

It is becoming difficult for the thug to maintain his police-state-of-love composure. "The cat would also be a resident, sir," he says through a forced smile.

"What about a fucking hamster? You gonna charge me \$100 for a hamster?"

A vein in the goon's neck twitches, and a bead of sweat rolls down his forehead. "Okay, sir, we try to be all-inclusive," he stammers, on the verge of a 'roid rage, "but I think you may want to rethink your commitment to our experiment in community."

In Burning Man-speak, that means, "Get the fuck out of Nevada before I break you in two, you shit-eating bitch."

"Fuck you," the hippie says, obviously not conversant in Burning Man-speak. "I'm gonna take my \$200 and my dog, ride back to Reno, check into Circus Circus and call a hooker to my room, because at least they're honest about fucking you out of your money."

With that, the pissed-off peacenik disappears in the swirling desert winds.

Burning Man founder Larry Harvey is routinely browbeaten for the festival's mercenary prices and what skeptics view as its blatant hypocrisy.

"This is one huge protest against convenience culture, and we really don't want it to be too convenient," says Harvey. "We don't want people coming who can't take care of themselves. If someone can't gather that much money, well...."

"These bastards would sell their own grandmother for a buck," says Rodger Loomis, a computer programmer from nearby Carson City, Nevada. Sunning himself in a beach chair by his RV, Loomis adds, "I went on a beer run and had to fork over 20 bucks just to get back in."

Harvey claims that staging the festival costs \$1 million and that it has never turned a profit.

Some quick math shows that at \$100 each, 14,000 paying customers comes to \$1.4 million.

Add reentry fees, coffee-shop revenue, official Burning Man video, T-shirt, cap, poster and coffee-table-book sales, and Burning Man pockets a tidy sum in its valiant protest against consumer culture.

In its passionate endeavor to build a society without money, the festival has borrowed a page from Bill Gates's book of cutthroat corporate capitalism: Invite 14,000 people to the desert, prohibit competitive vending and charge the suckers for the commodity that is most indemand: ice.

To discourage freeloaders, organizers selected a festival site located on a hardpan alkali basin surrounded by softer ground, with one entrance. What amounts to a sand-trap moat around the event stops even 4 x 4s, which, stuck up to their axles in soft sand, stand as mute reminders that there is no such thing as a free Utopia.

Organizers have even been accused of turning snitch to protect their event's reputation and moneymaking potential.

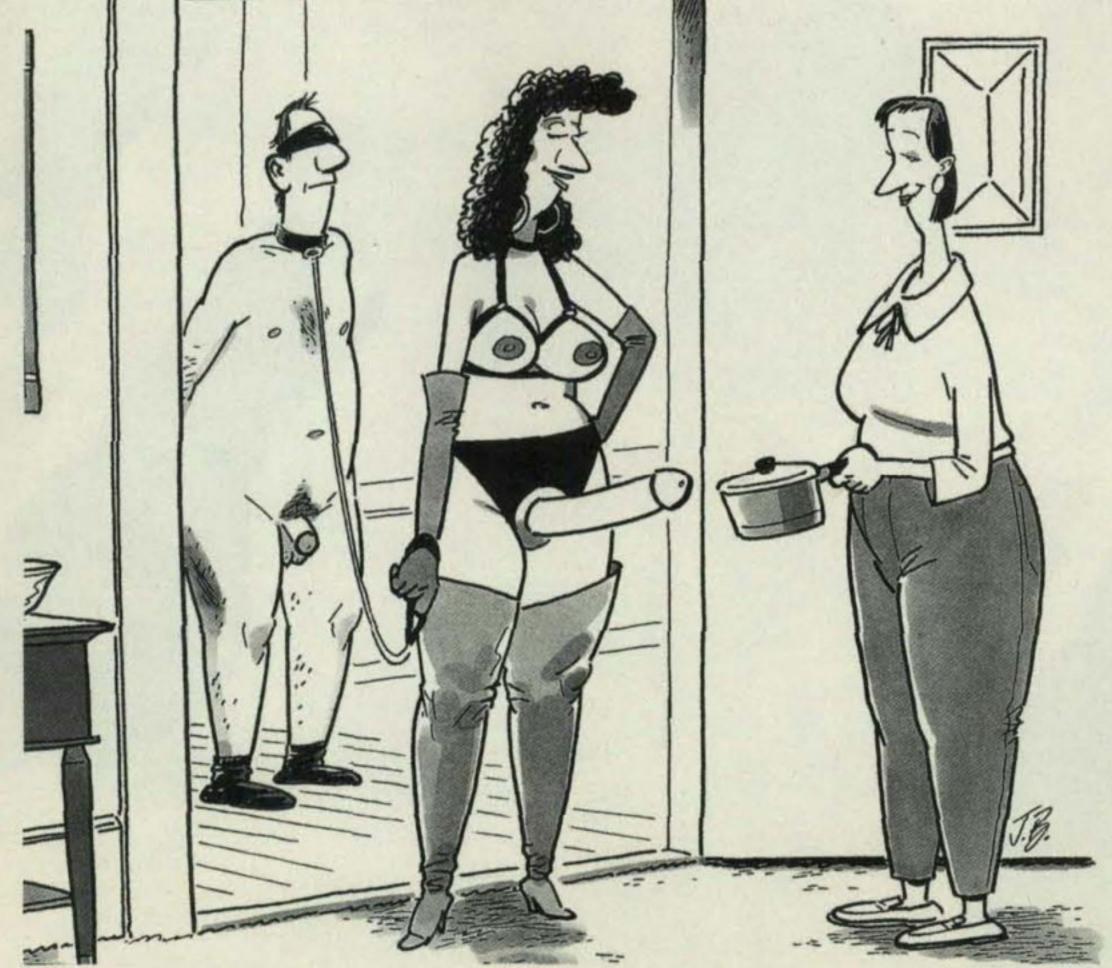
Nevada police made six drug arrests at this year's event, and the antiestablishment festival's own Black Rock rangers apparently narced the dopers out.

"The rangers worked extremely well with us this year," says Bob Towery, Washoe County Sheriff's Department spokesman. "In fact, they were the ones that brought it to our attention that people were selling hallucinogens."

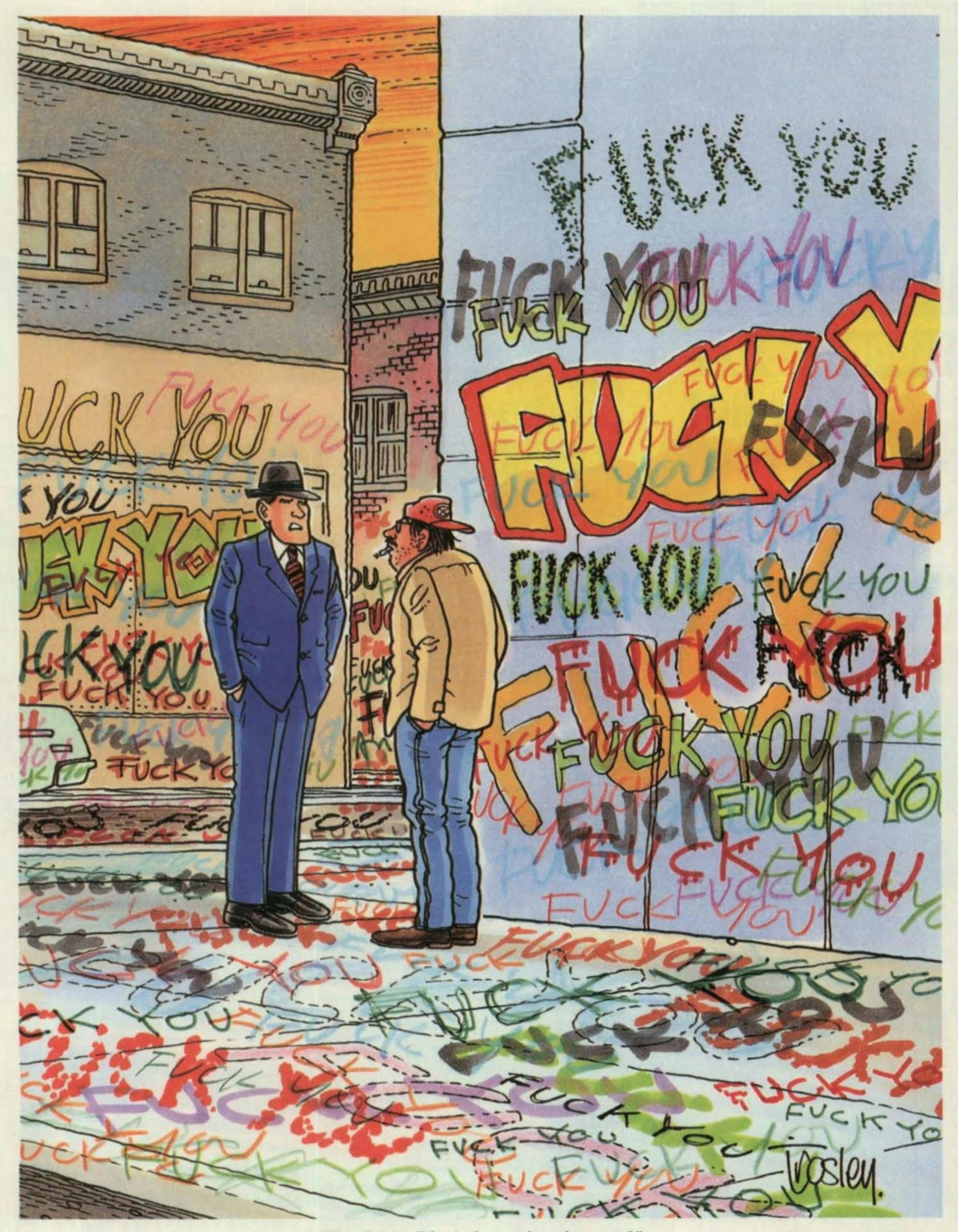
"When you can't sell a freakin' herb that grows out of the ground at a place like this, that's called a grade-A sellout," says J. J., a San Francisco-based drug dealer. "I smoke up with the cops in Oakland; they're cool. This place is hella lame."

"I got busted for wearing a Nike Tshirt," complains Lewis Brock, a journalist covering the festival for an Arizona newspaper. "The goon squad made me

(continued on page 110)



"I hate to trouble you, Vivian, but do you have some butt lube I can borrow?"



"Hey, Louie. What's the word on the street?"

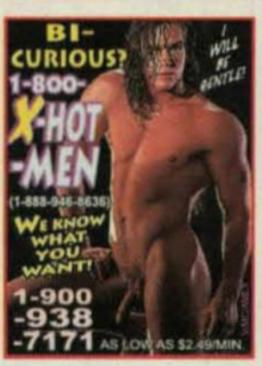








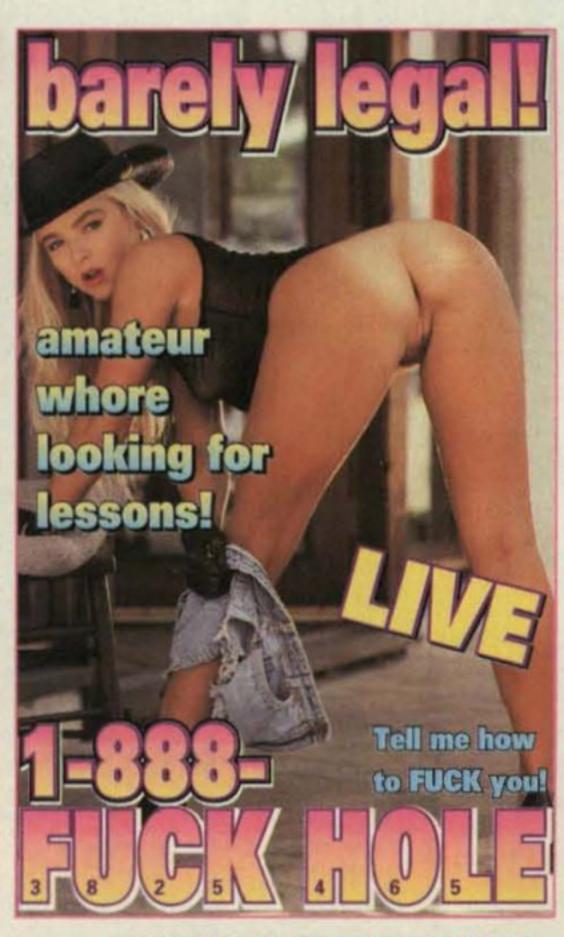




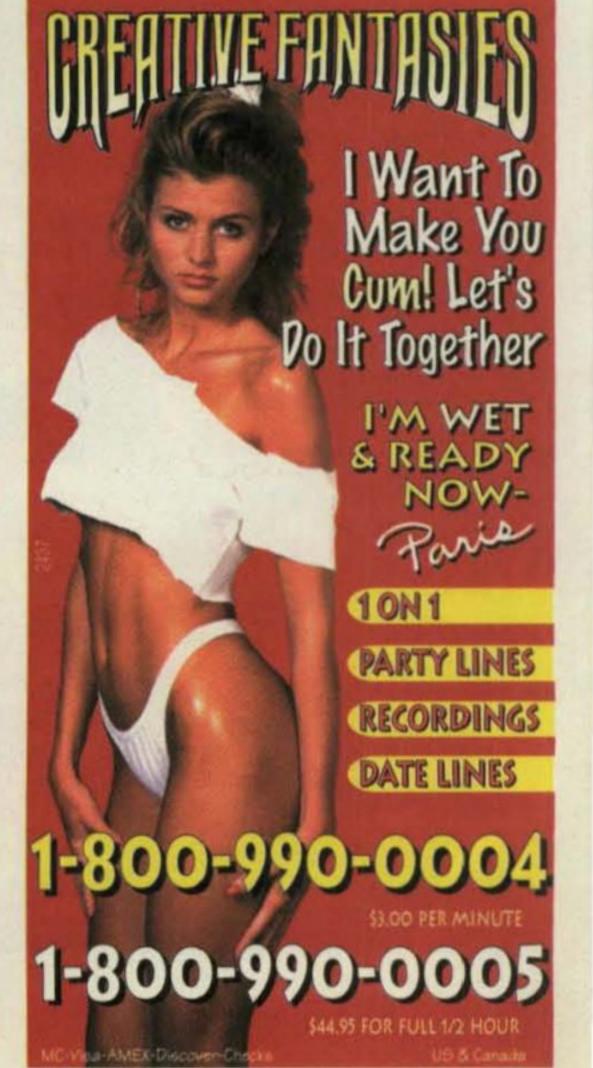










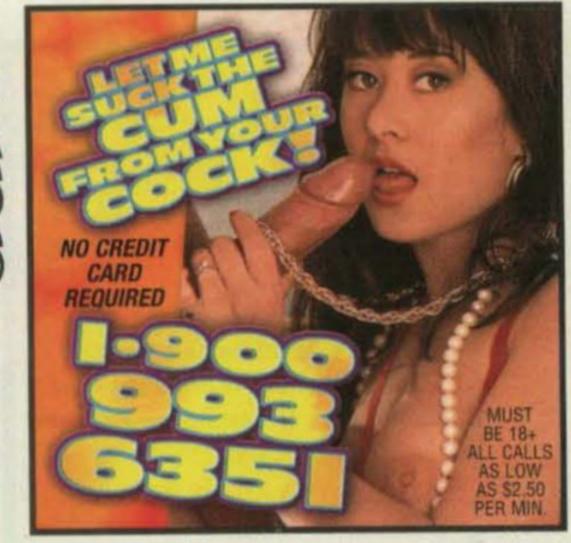














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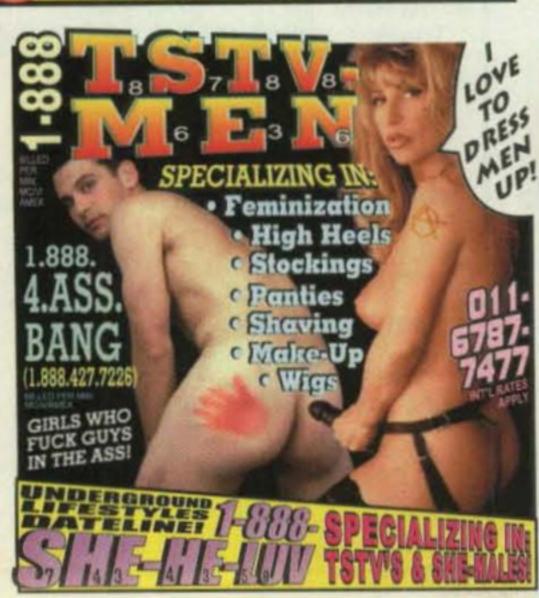
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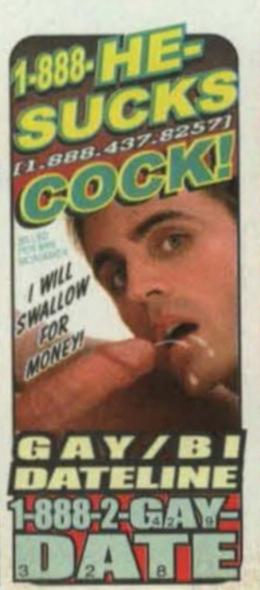


















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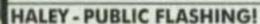
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See her juices gush & drench her
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ejaculates "through" her panties!
3. Bath: She showers, Shaves Her Legs (& Lips!) 4. Lotion massage: More shocking close-ups of her pulled open butt & coochie! 5. Masturbates & gushes a 4th time! \$42.00 #1407KR





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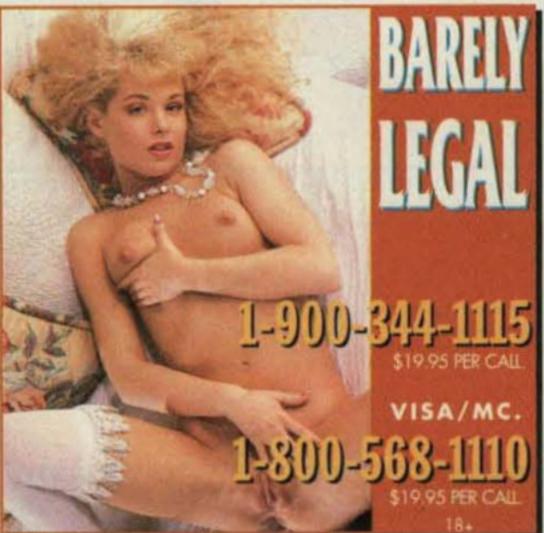
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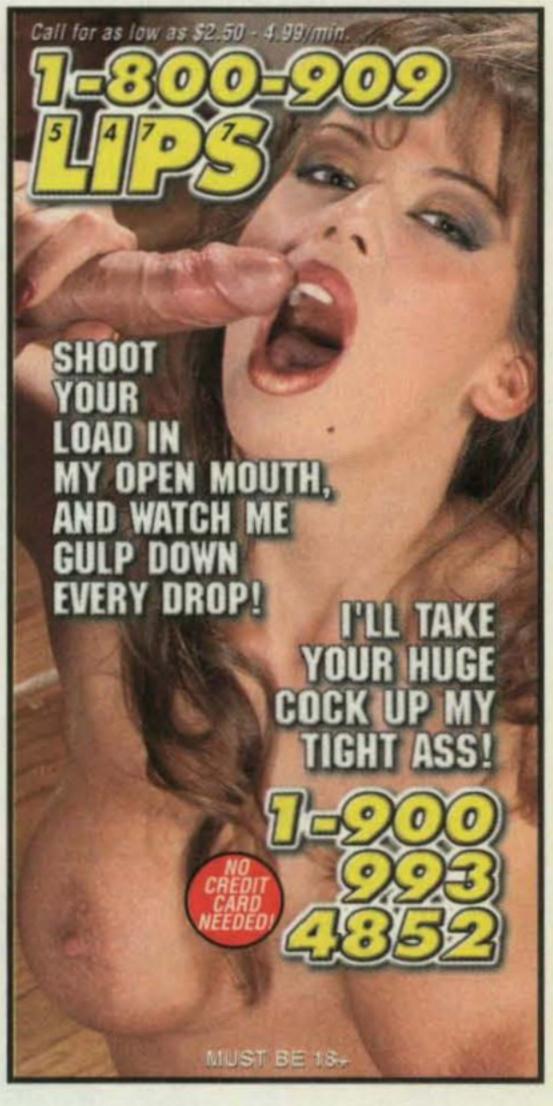








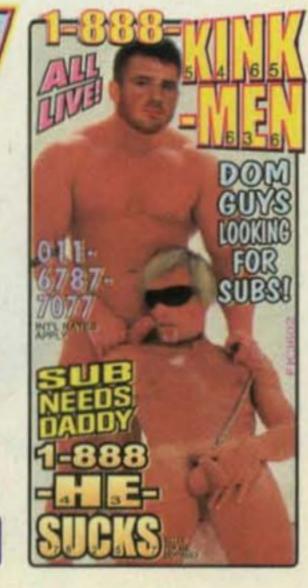












Burnout The Man's arms raise mechanically. A gasp goes up from the thousands of onlookers tripping on hallucinogens. Within minutes, the Man's head explodes, rocketing sheets of flame skyward.

put tape over the swoop."

Nike, an emblem of corporate exploitation and sweatshop labor, is the most subversive thing to wear to a peace-loving, techno-pagan freakfest.

Cops and Black Rock rangers aren't the only entities enforcing Burning Man doctrines this year: The most widely feared goon squad in the desert is a band of topless, butch lesbians.

At one of the many body-painting tents, a young, sinewy, Asian chick has her lightly muscled arms and small, pert breasts covered in metallic-silver paint, leaving only her jet-black pubic hair unpainted. One of the ubiquitous shutterbugs asks to snap a photo, and the silver girl responds by posing, bending over and pouting her lips, pointing a finger at the lens and grinning. Her antics draw a crowd of lonely, balding executive types shooting away with expensive cameras.

The silvery beauty obviously doesn't mind the attention, but the dyke squad does. Breasts flapping and slapping against their bellies, the vigilantes stampede the hard-up voyeurs, who scatter like rats. "Shame! Shame!" cries the hit squad. One butch militant, perhaps jealous of the nubile girl's petite physique, jabs a finger inches from her face and says, "You too. You should be ashamed of yourself."

The Asian chick stands her ground, responding to the dyke with a doublefisted, "Fuck you."

Burning Man purists are spoon-fed festival ideology from the Black Rock City Gazette, the official organ of the Burning Man Ministry of Information and the equivalent of Pravda during the height of Soviet totalitarianism. However, key information relating to logistics is lacking from the Gazette.

"I had to wander all over the camp before I found a bathroom," says Ham Hock, a performance artist and a devout Christian working primarily with pork products, "and then I had to wait on line for an hour.

"When I finally burst into a shitter, I nearly pass out," says Hock. "It is 200° inside and smells so bad, I can't breath. It's a green-plastic torture chamber of sunbaked puke and piss and shit."

A first-aid tent treats cases of heat prostration and severe sunburn, some of them presumably suffered while waiting to take a crap.

Bathing facilities are located at a mud pit near the center of the festival. The hygiene-conscious can rub mud all over one another's bodies and rinse from a man-made stream that ingeniously recirculates used water. By the seventh day of the festival, the stream is murky with mud, sweat and other bodily fluids.

"I don't want to get clean that badly," says Jonno Cash, a fire breather from Tempe, Arizona, his eyebrows singed and his arms smudged with soot. "I'll wait till I get home to take a shower."

Burning Man organizers devised a sophisticated sanitation scheme to deal with a week's worth of refuse from a small army of 14,000 people.

Garbage bags emblazoned with the Burning Man stick-figure logo and the phrase Leave No Trace were distributed for free.

According to the Nevada Department of Transportation, Burning Man's sanitation scheme left no trace all over Nevada, including a huge pile of refuse on I-80.

"I'm gonna be waiting for 'em next year," says Hazel Geary, a longtime resident of Gerlach, the first town at the edge of the Black Rock Desert.

Geary found a mountain of LEAVE NO TRACE bags in front of her home by the highway. "I pay taxes!" she says. "Those people don't even pay taxes." Geary urges a national boycott of the Burning Man festival.

On the event's final night, festivalgoers form a circle with a 150-foot safety radius around the Burning Man effigy. A busty woman dances erotically toward the base of the statue and torches a man wearing a Mylar suit. He gyrates like a puppet, then touches a fuse on the Burning Man's leg and sprints out of range to drop and roll, snuffing the flames.

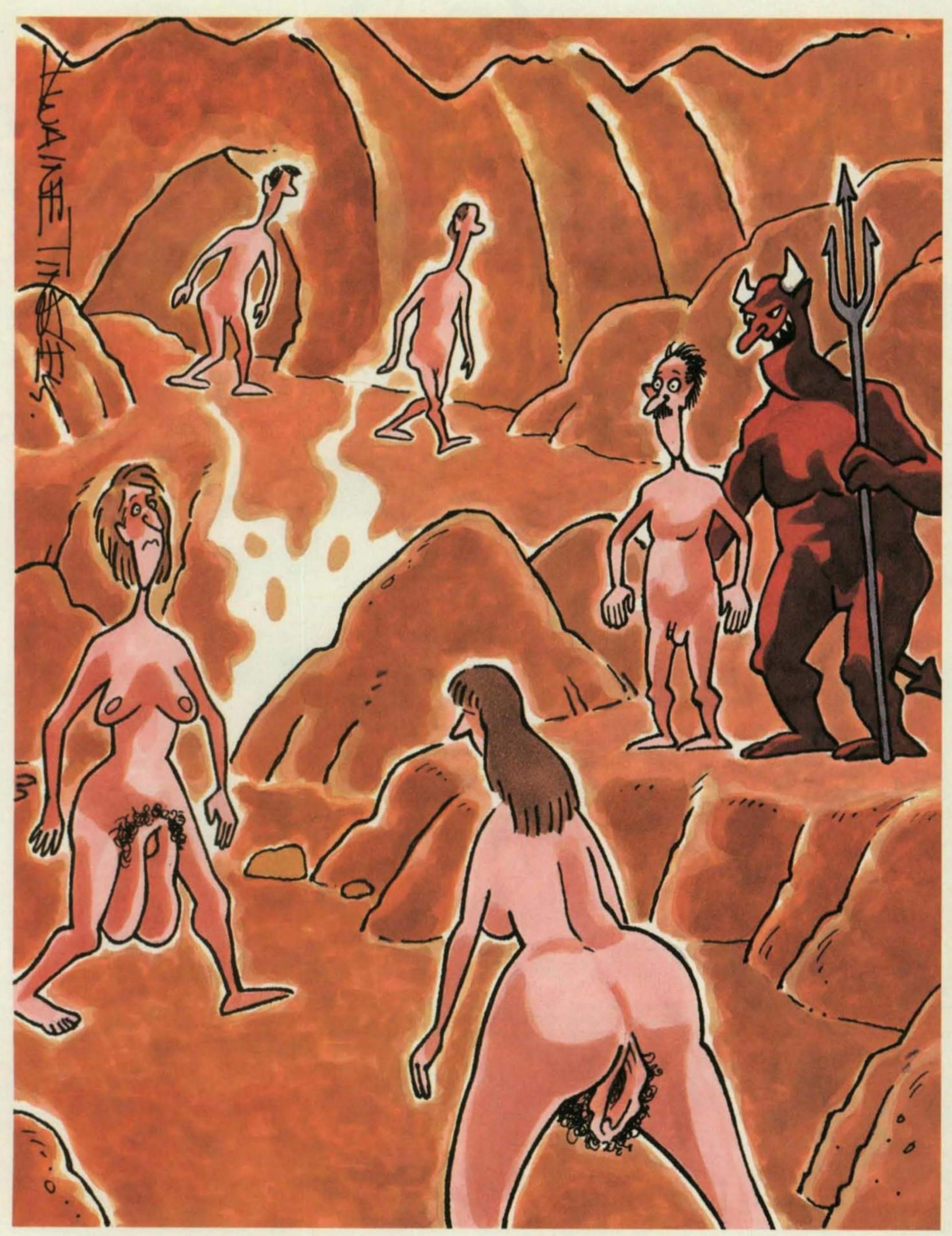
Fire blasts from the feet and hands of the effigy, then creeps up the torso to his arms, setting off a rainbow of green and blue star bursts. The Man's arms raise mechanically. A gasp goes up from the thousands of onlookers tripping on hallucinogens. Within minutes, the Man's head explodes, rocketing sheets of flame skyward.

A claque of trust-fund hippies watches, hooting and whooping as the Man settles into a slow burn; a huge chunk of magnesium sears a white fire in the chest cavity. In minutes, the Man does a wobbly, drunken dance and collapses in a shower of sparks.

"Think of the Burning Man as a collective 'I am,' " says Scooter, a trustifarian with manicured orange dreads, his voice full of awe.

Sort of like, I am a chump for schlepping out to the desert to lay out a hundred bucks and extra for ice to just get a really bad sunburn.





"This is hell, sport—none of the women have tight pussies around here!"

Beaverson

This shy flower is Flor Angela of Miami, Florida. The 23year-old student is always looking for new ways to get off. Flor Angela yearns to have her scruples conquered by "a bunch of muscular strangers on video." After all, depravity is the spice of life.

Photo by Friend

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Why go all the way to Paris, France, to find a fancy foreign lady? French Kiss, a 28-year-old dancer from Quebec City, Quebec, proves that there are more exotic things in Canada than Mounties and bacon. French Kiss dreams of having sex at 20,000 feet. Better find yourself a lusty yodeler or a surefooted goatherd.

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Summer is a 25-year-old business student from Denver, Colorado. Summer likes riding horses, dancing and participating in group sex. Doing business with Summer is undoubtedly a pleasure.
Photo by Boyfriend

Brittany of San Diego, California, describes herself as "very ambitious." A woman of simple needs, 28year-old Brittany enjoys hockey and would like to someday have sex on the beach. We can think of a few cocky jocks who need to spend time in this saucy lady's penalty box. Photo by Friend



Shyann of Rolla, Missouri, hopes to become a police officer. In the meantime, the 24-year-old beauty enjoys sculpture, painting and sex. Shyann plans to use a few strokes from her perverted palette to paint herself and her man in bright colors and "make" mad, passionate love." Remember, Shyann, there's a fine line between art and obscenity.

Photo by Husband



Pauline of New York, New York, is a 26-year-old dancer who lists one of her hobbies as being "an exhibitionist at music concerts." Were you the one blowing the scalper at the Mötley Crüe show, Pauline?

Photo by Friend





Faith of Memphis, Tennessee, likes water sports and flirting. The intriguing 28-year-old would love to take on two men at once and lists her present occupation as "none." Looks like hedonism is a full-time job.

Photo by Friend



Helen of Boulder, Colorado, is a 21-year-old student who likes camping and in-line skating and would love to have sex with a spy. Pussy such as Helen's may be the biggest threat to our national security.

Photo by Boyfriend



Give a hearty Beaver Hunt welcome to 22-year-old
Heather Minx from San Diego, California. The on-the-go
nurse likes naked horseback riding and volleyball.
heather Minx would love to be spanked by another
Heather Minx would love to be spanked by another
female. Any stern task mistresses care to volunteer?

Photo by Husband





Red-hot Morgan is a 29-year-old disc jockey from Tulsa, Oklahoma. Hot, steamy sex with another redhead in the pages of HUSTLER is this decadent Okie's dearest wish. Until then, Morgan is content to have a passionate encounter in a glass elevator at the height of rush hour. Overcome your crippling shyness, and we'll see about that centerfold, Morgan.

Photo by Friend

Brandie is a homemaker from Union, Missouri, whose hobbies include "fishing, walking and taking care of my daughter." The 24-year-old mother would also like to make love to her girlfriend while her husband watches. Since when is sexual degradation an American family value?

Photo by Husband





Brazen Beaver Alex is a car-rental agent in Tacoma, Washington. The 25-year-old hottie wants to appear in HUSTLER so "my man can show me off, and my ex realizes what he is missing." Don't forget about making your parents proud.

Photo by Boyfriend



Melanie of Medford, Oregon, is a budding massage therapist.

Camping, skinny-dipping and playing pool take up the 21-yearold's leisure time. Melanie confesses that the woods brings out
the animal in her. Your wild inner beast wouldn't happen to be a
furry mammal with big buck teeth, would it, Melanie?

Photo by Boyfriend

Kimberly of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, is a 19-year-old student with an appeal to bi-curious females of America.

Kimberly is looking for a woman to share her bed, husband and life with.

"No butches need apply," Kimberly writes. "Femmes only!" Lower your standards, or raise your awareness, Kimberly. Swingers can't be choosers.

Photo by Husband



Terri of Los Angeles, California, is into public sex, weight lifting and "wrassling" with her lover. The spirited, 35-year-old hardbody confesses to nurturing a fantasy involving "phallic fruits." Your fantasy sounds like a healthy obsession, Terri, but remember: Sometimes a banana is just a banana.

Photo by Boyfriend



Miss Spanky lives in Chicago, Illinois. The 24-year-old nurse dreams of participating in an orgy with several other beautiful women. Stay tuned for another wacky episode of Spanky and Our Gang Bang.

Photo by Friend

Jolene hails from Fergus Falls,
Minnesota. The 24-year-old sales clerk
spends her free time writing poetry
and driving fast cars. The lead-footed
poetess finds the idea of fucking two
men very inspiring. Life in Fergus
Falls may never be the same.

Photo by Friend







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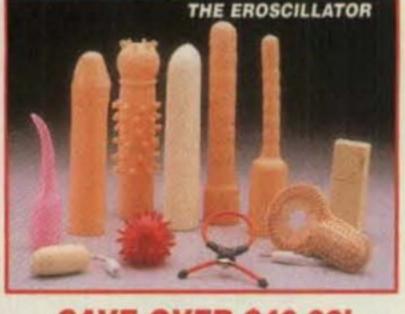
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#2450......Was \$24.95 Now Only \$16.95

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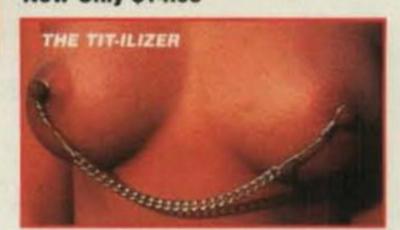
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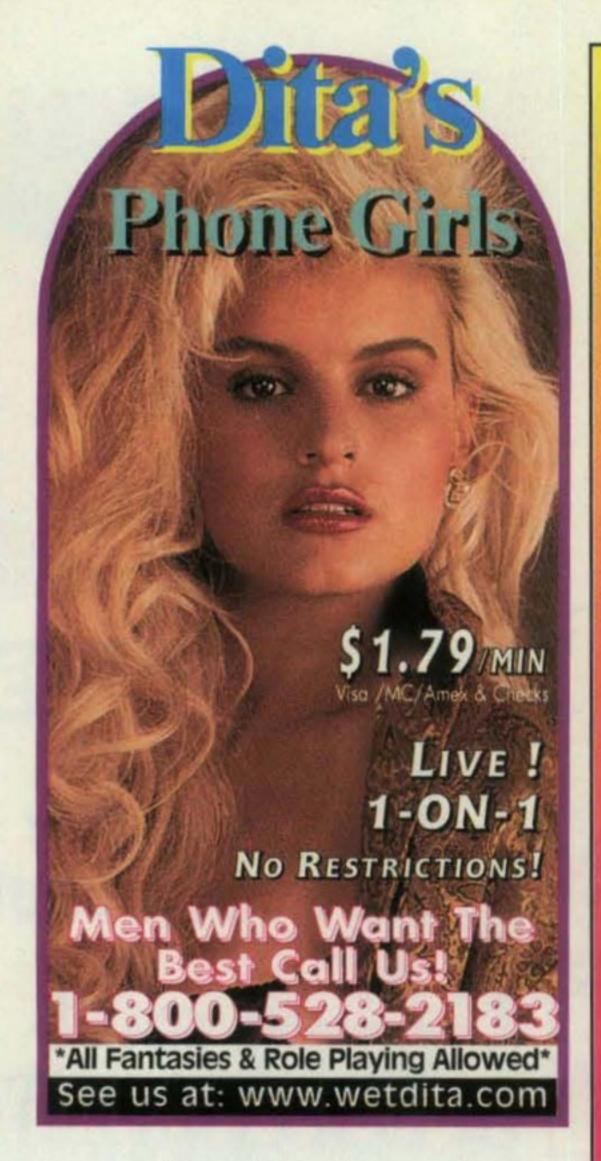
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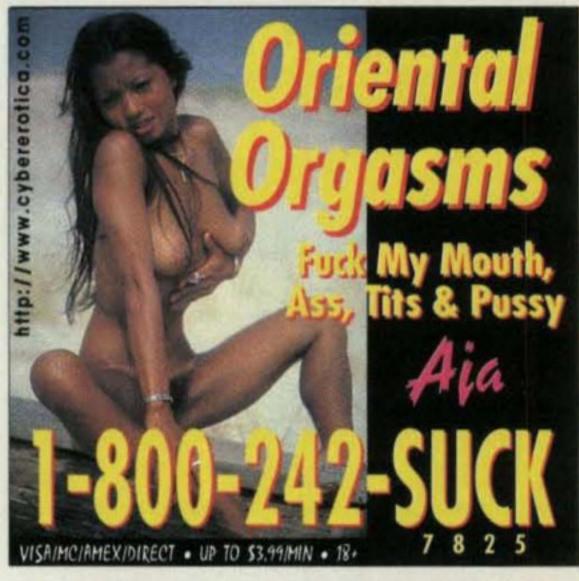
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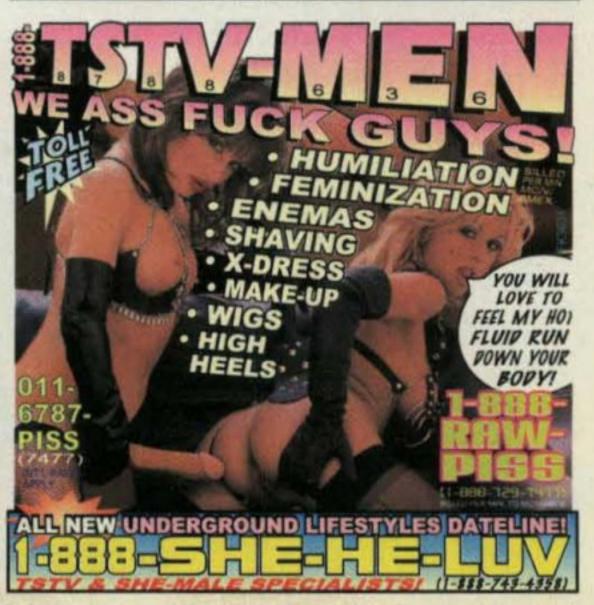




















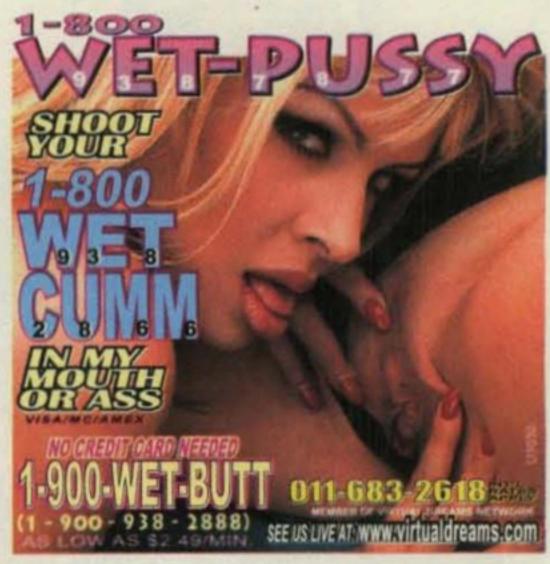




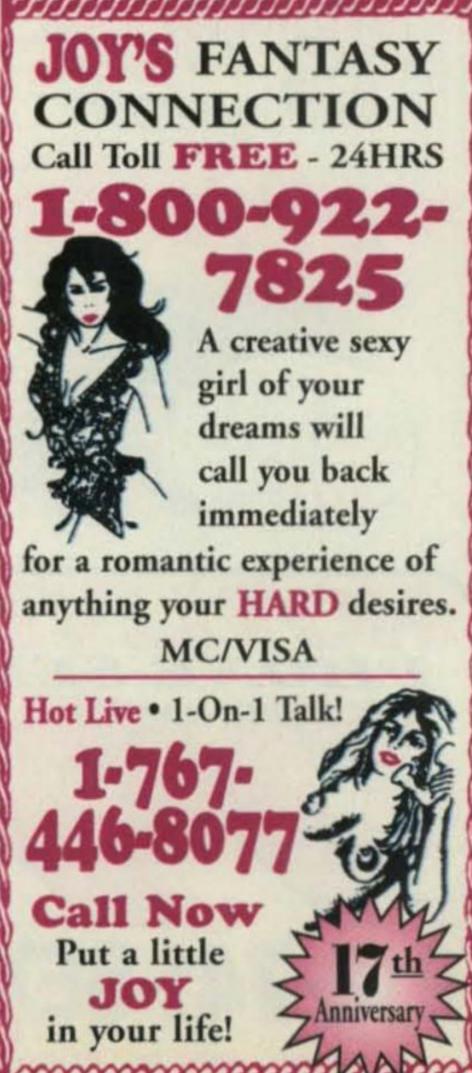
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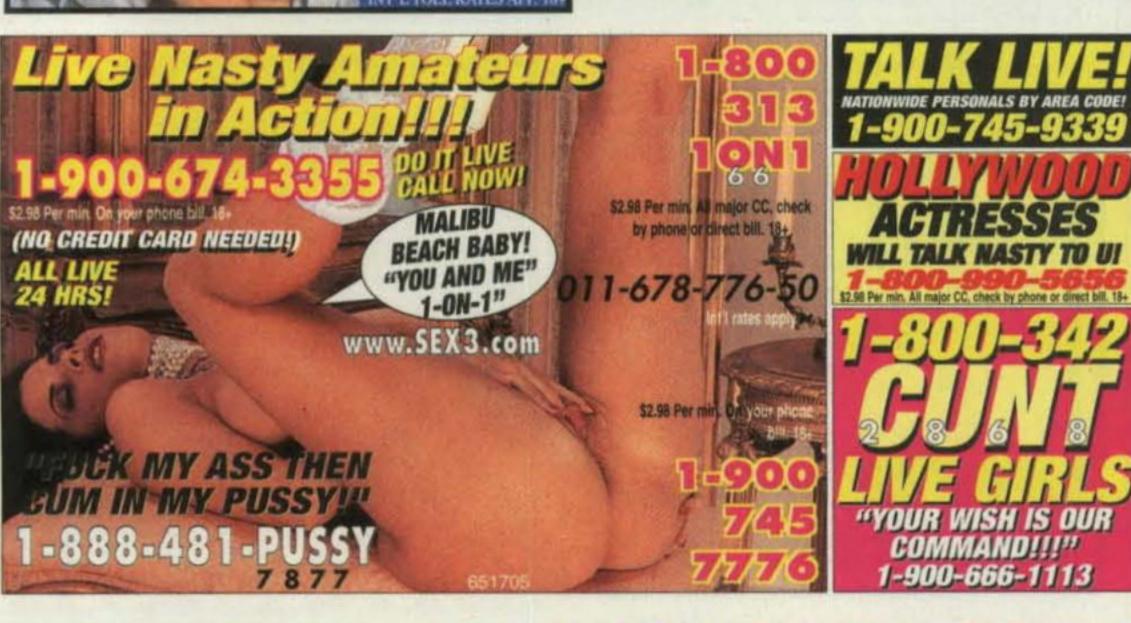
















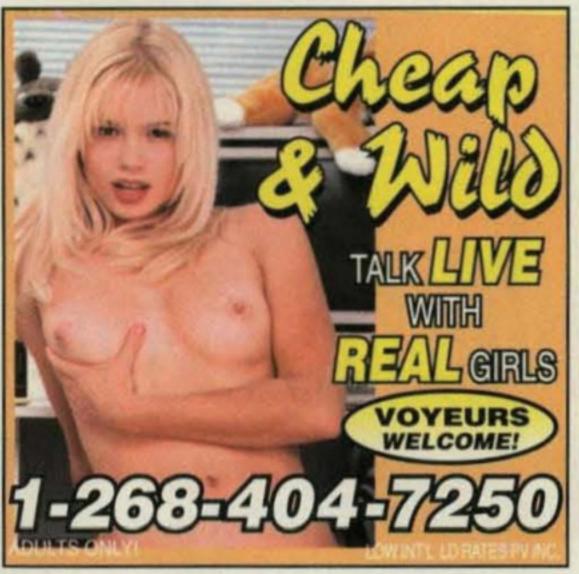






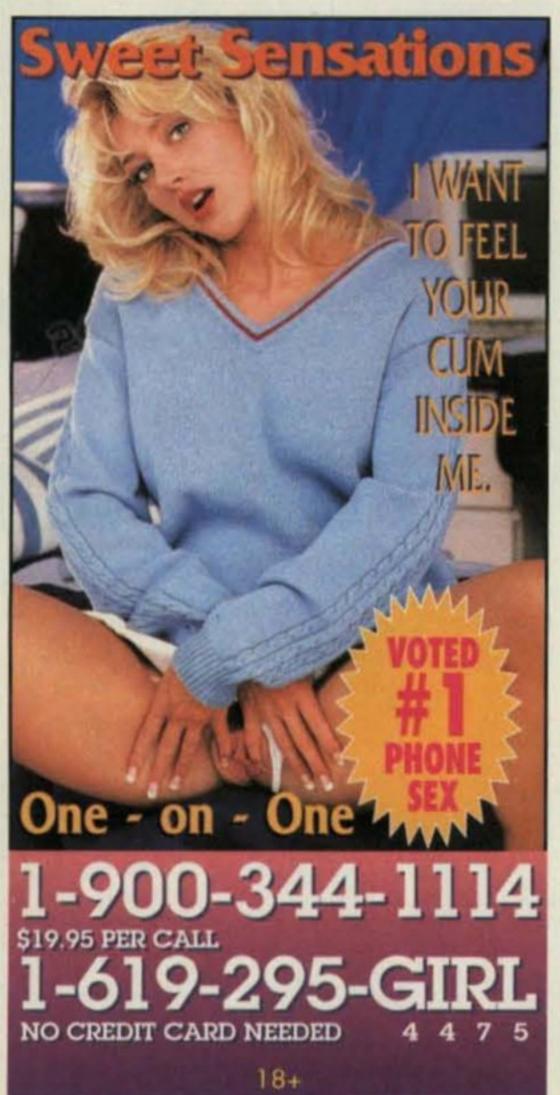


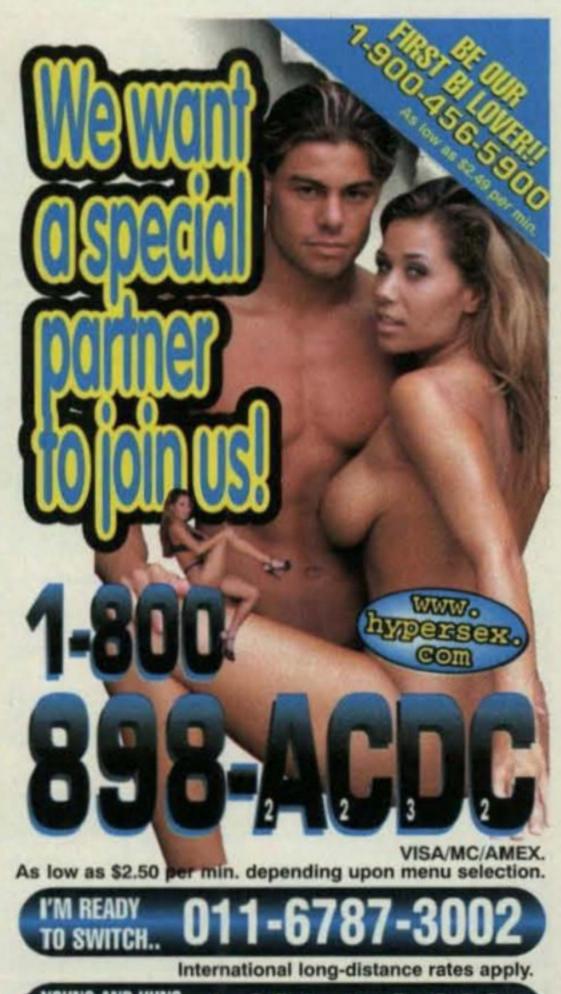






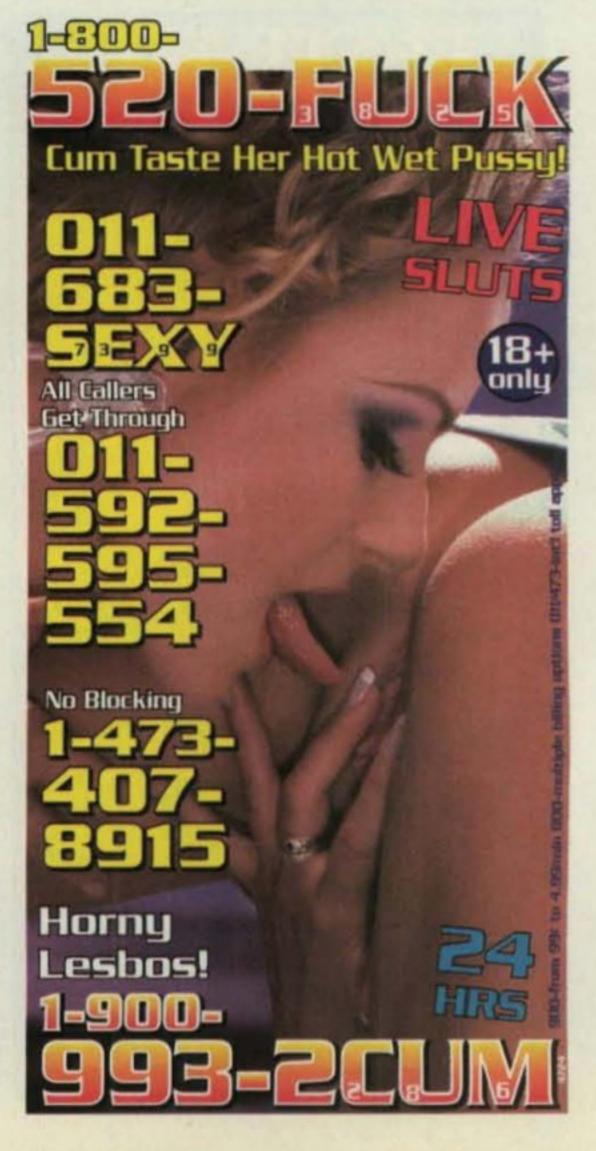






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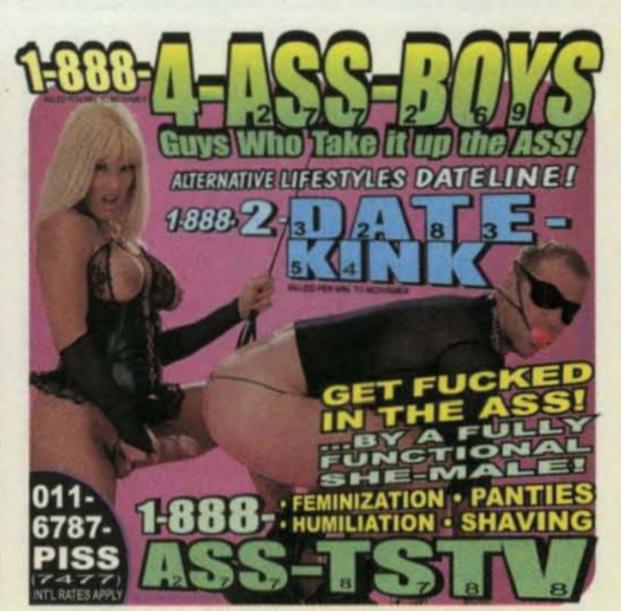


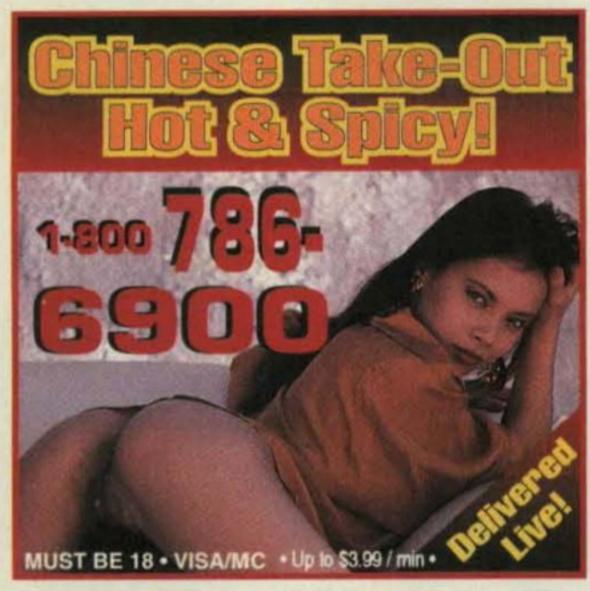




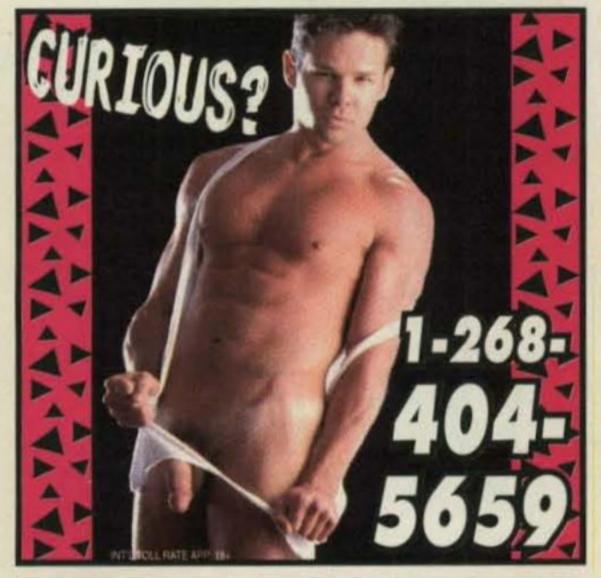


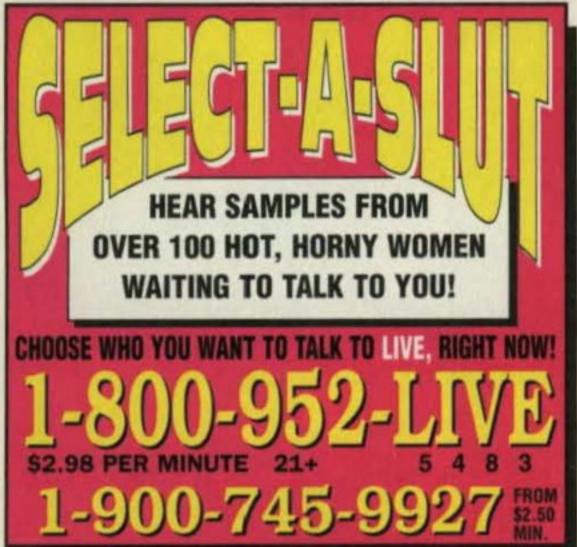






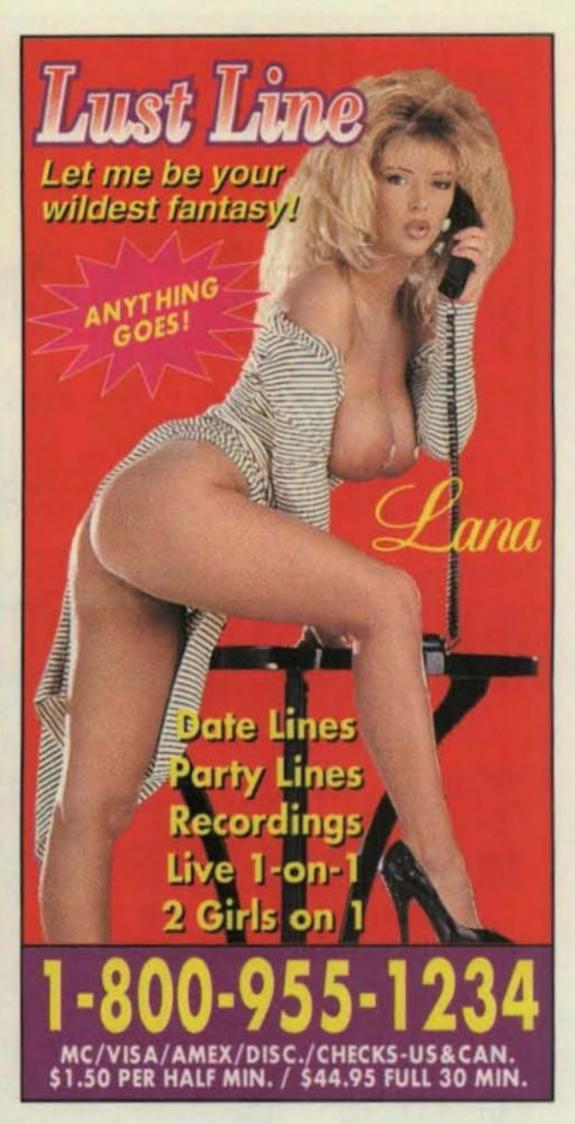










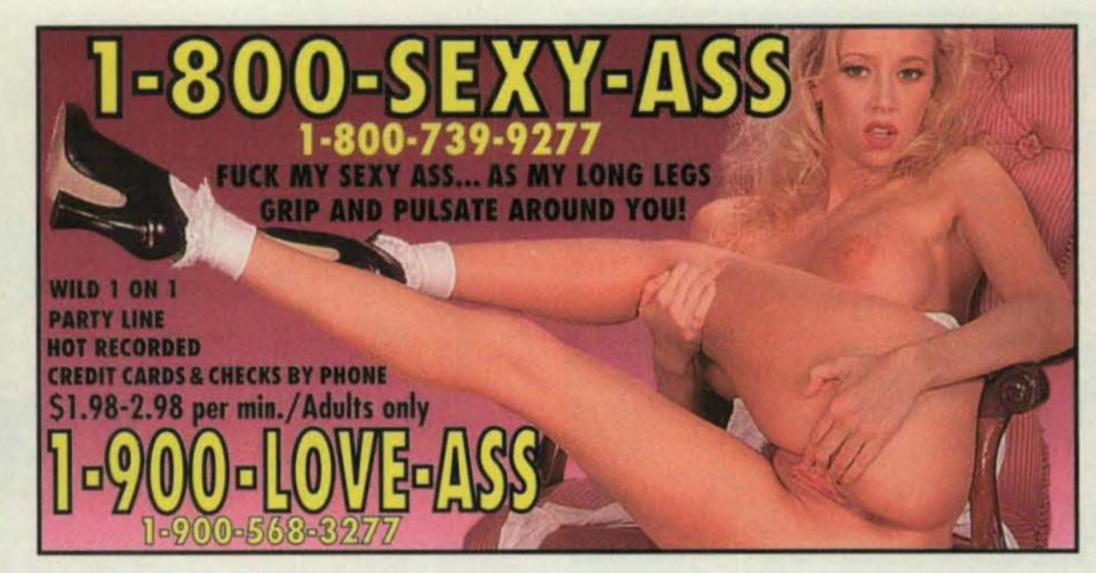




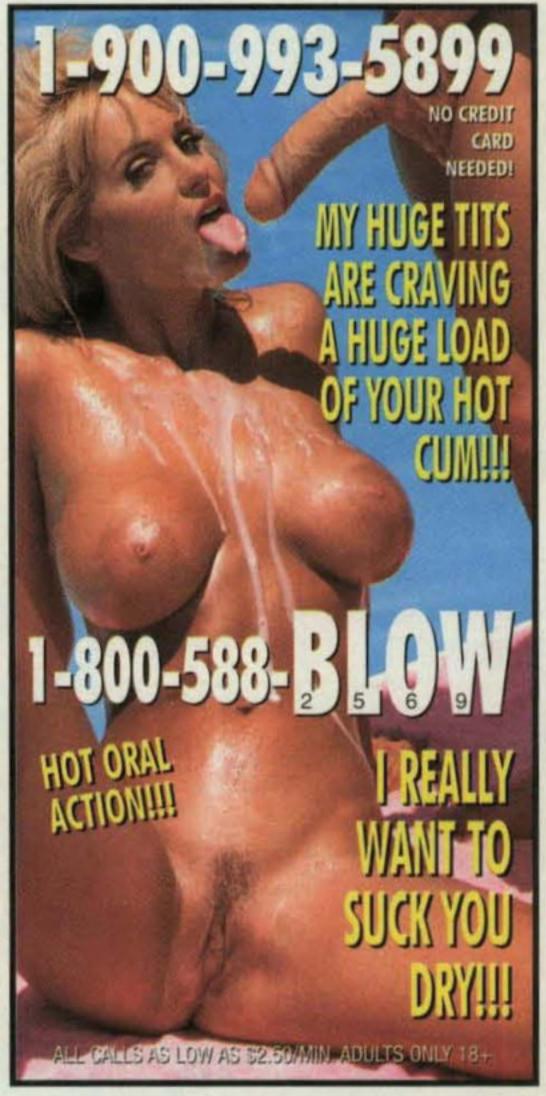








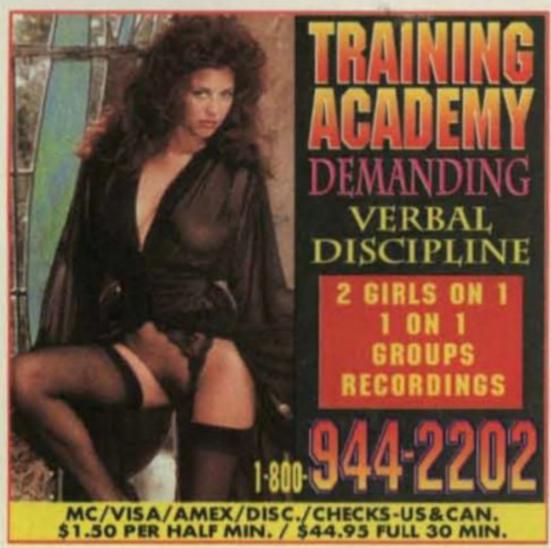
















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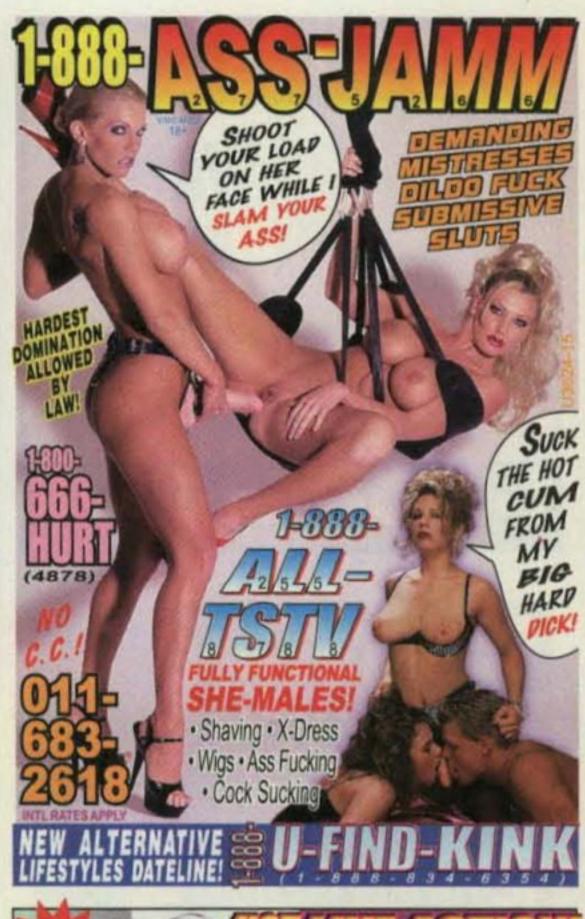








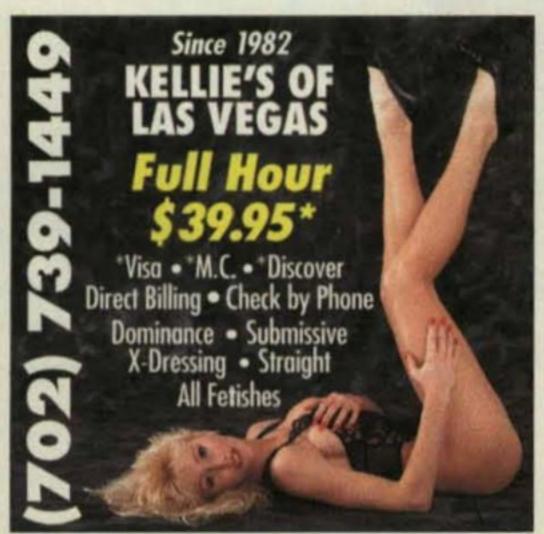










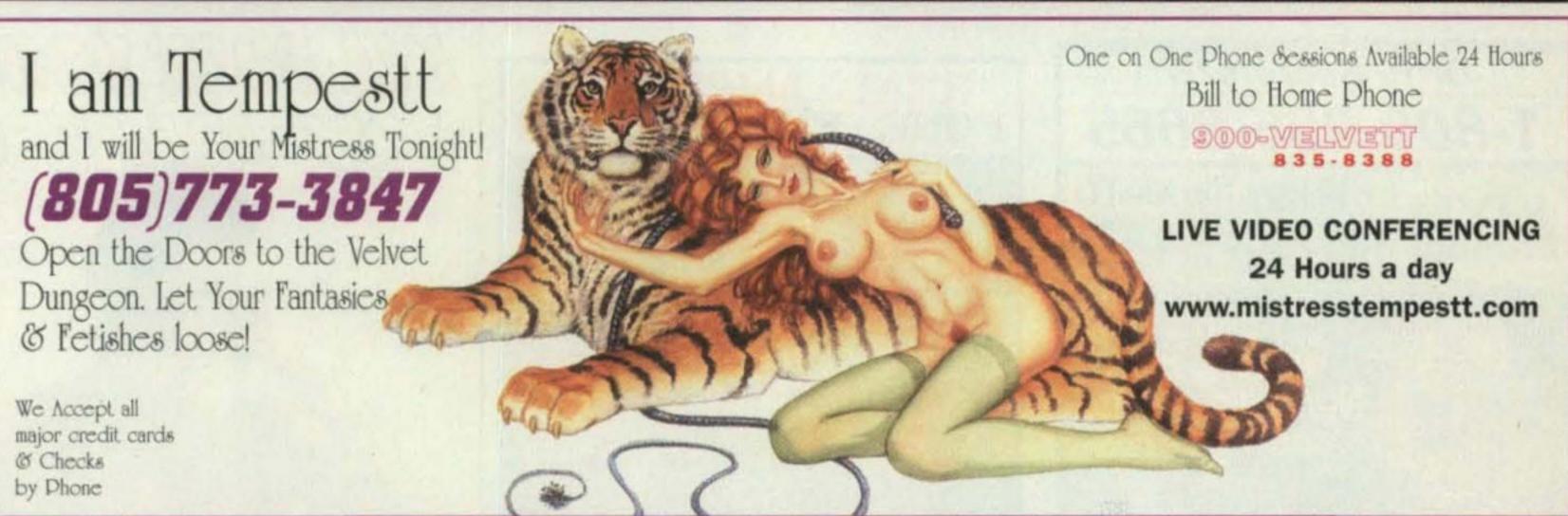


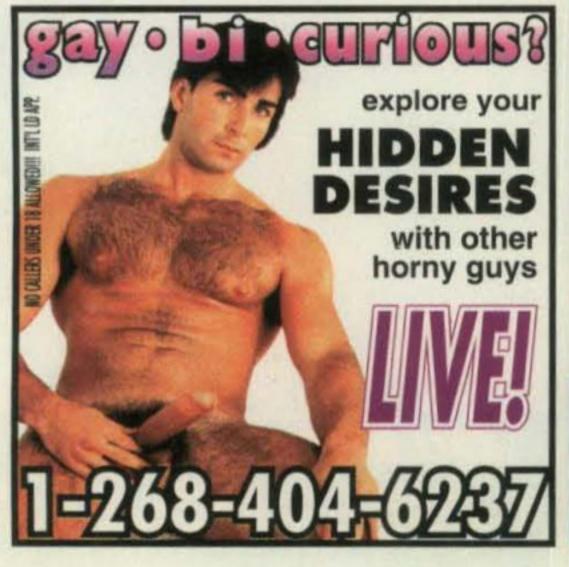




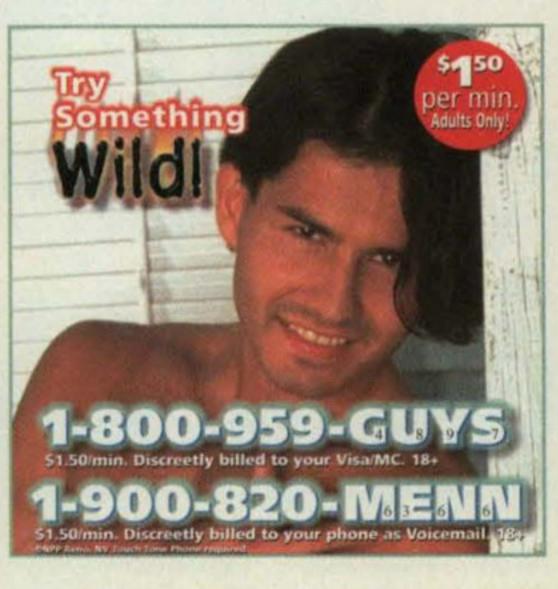










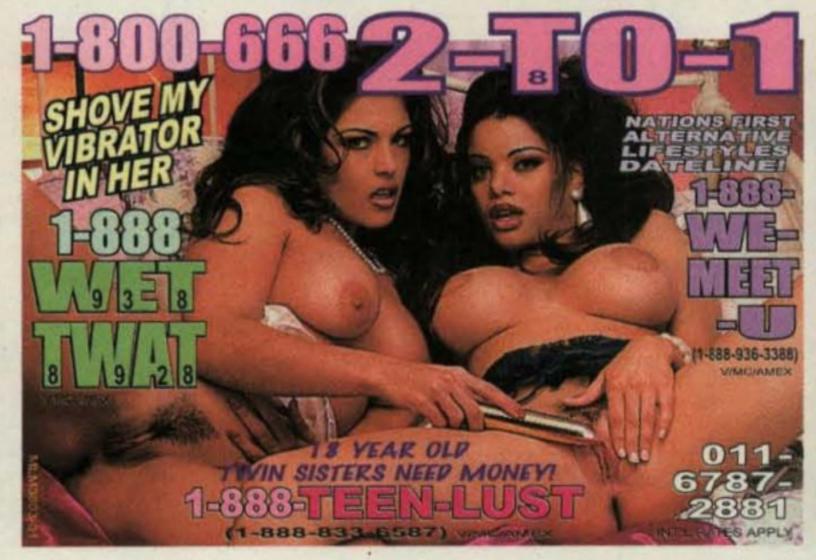












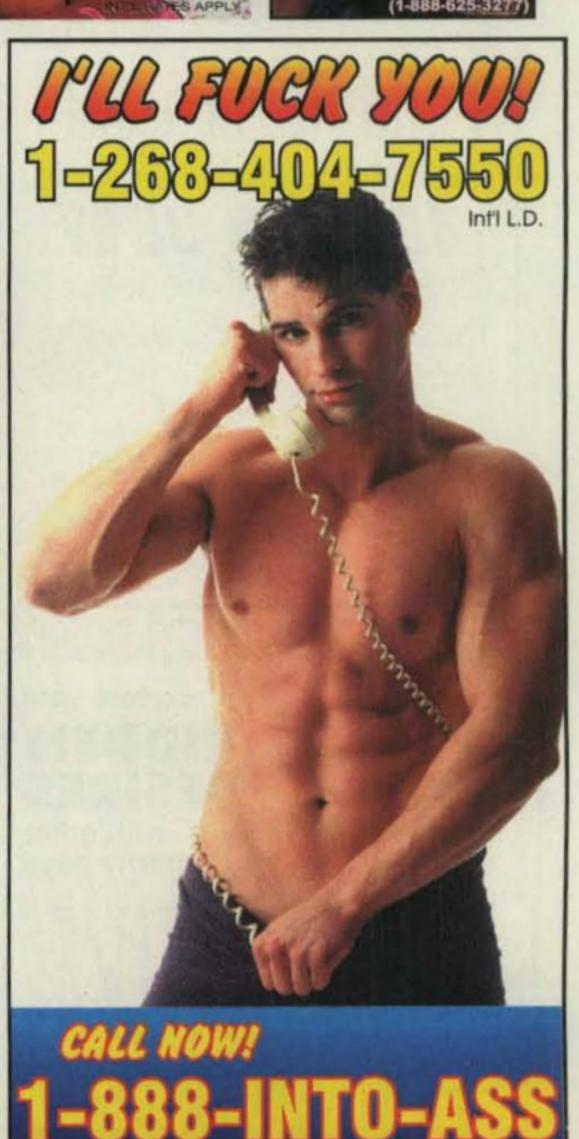






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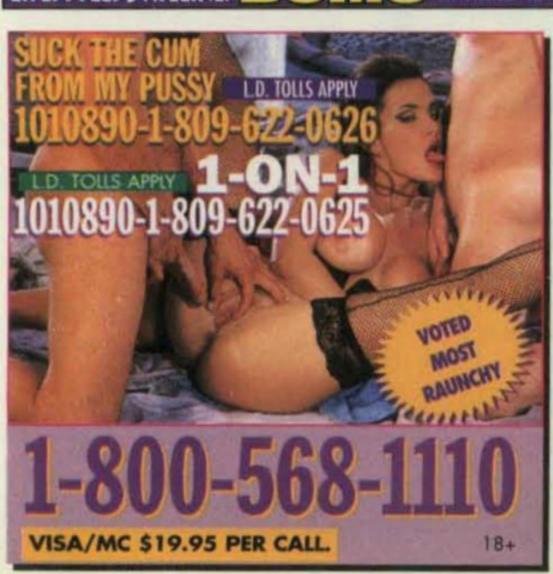














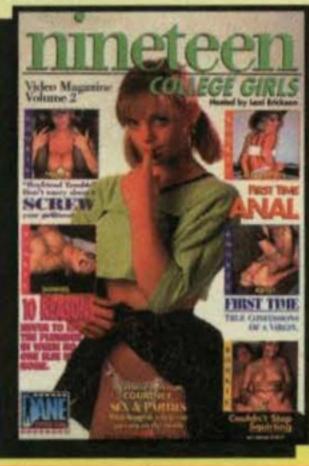


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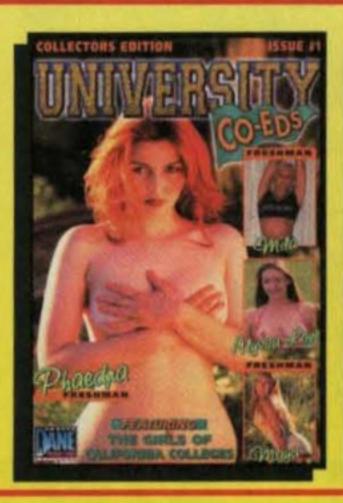
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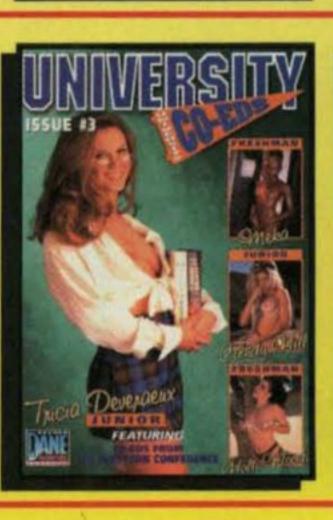
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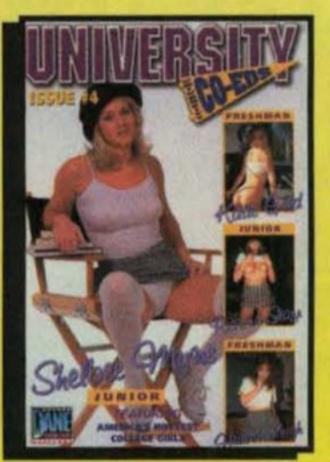
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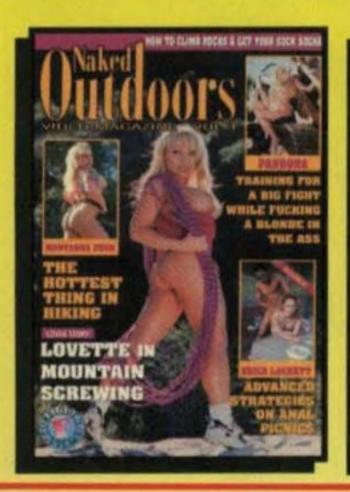
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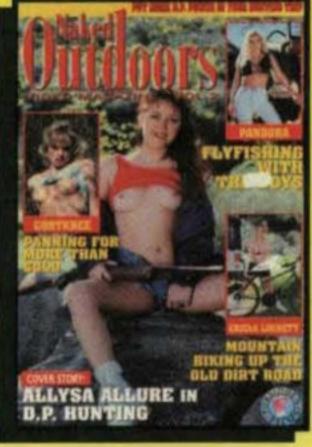
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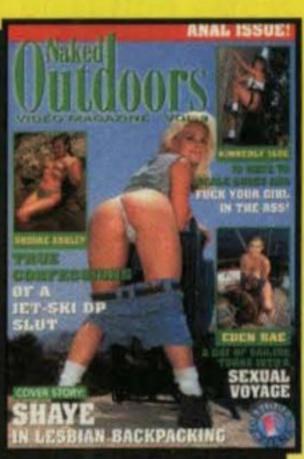
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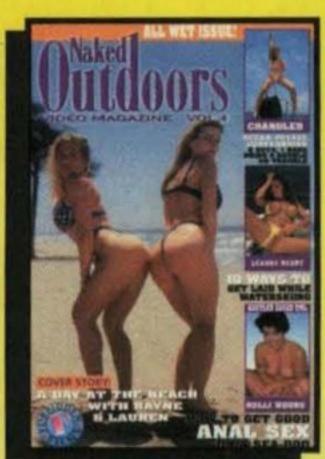
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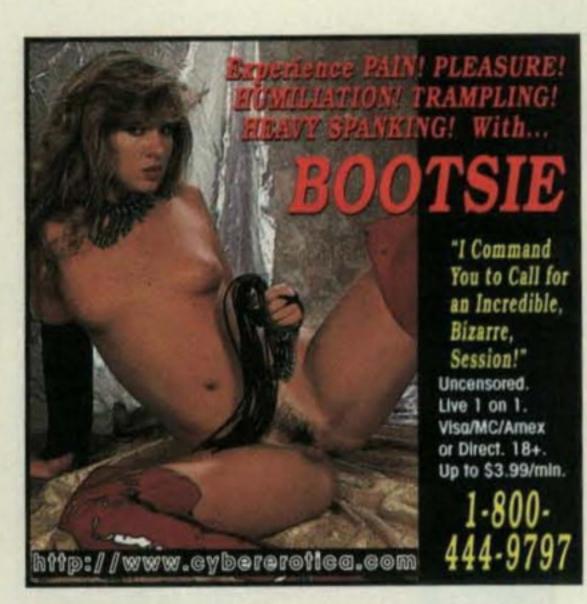
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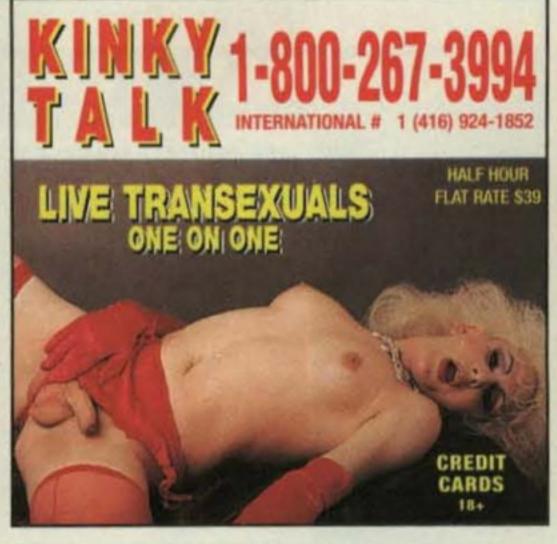




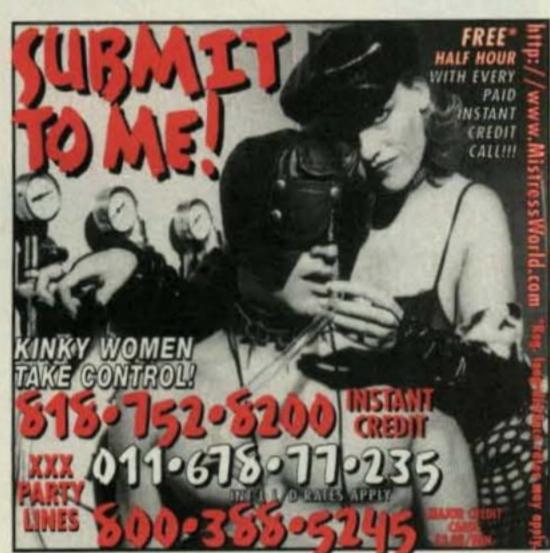












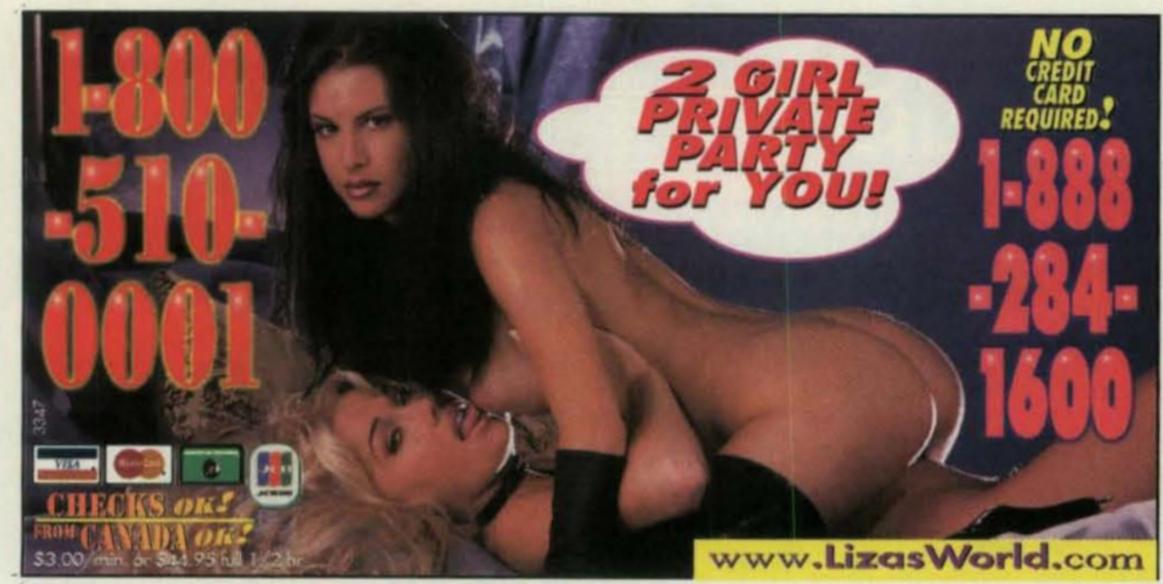


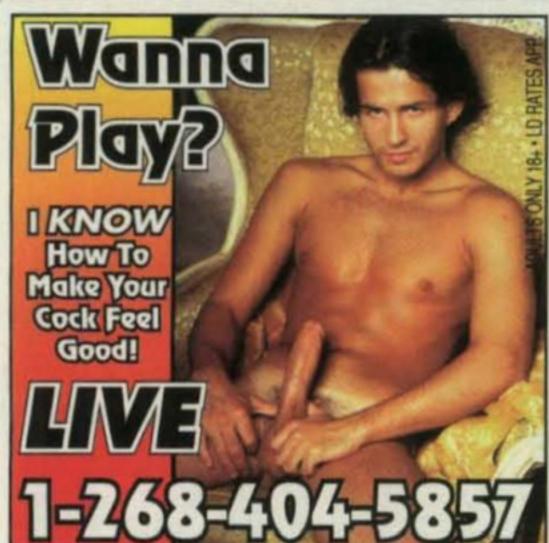




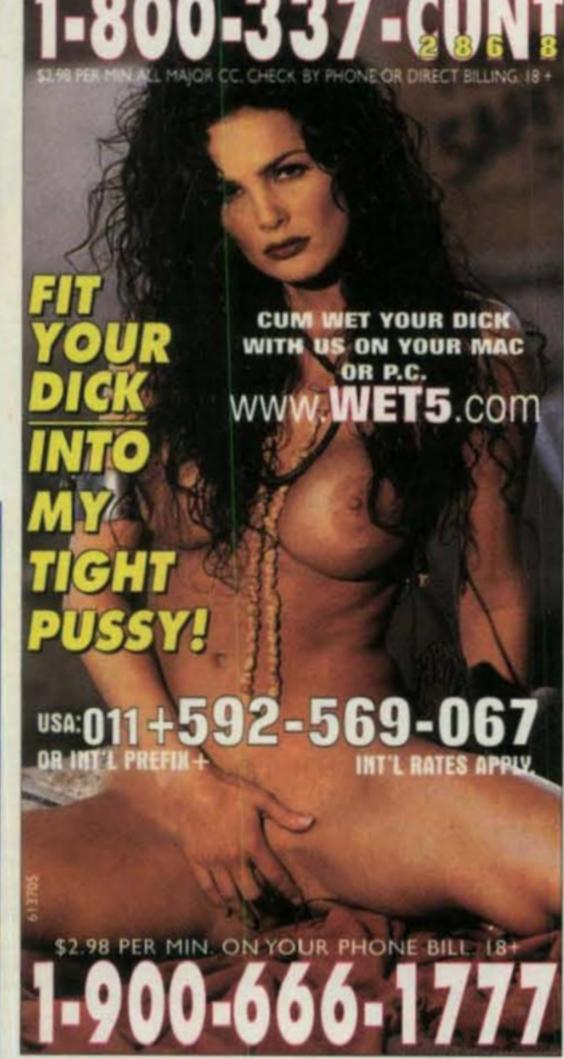


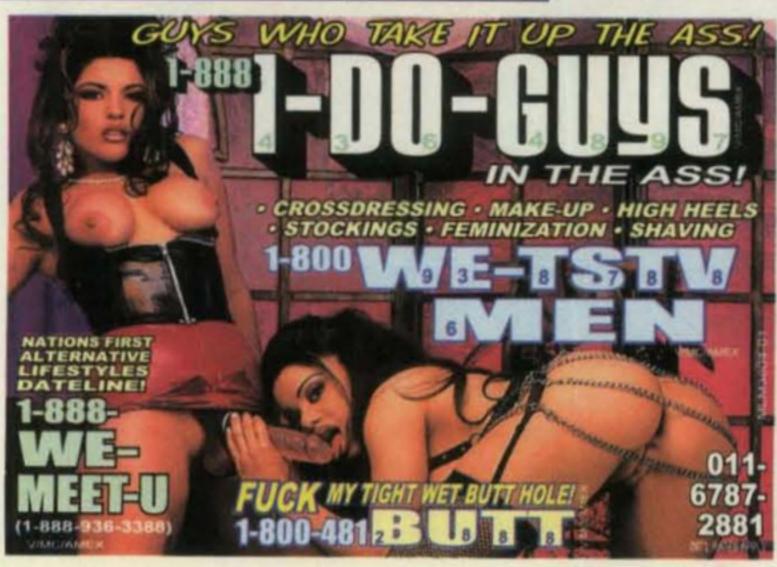


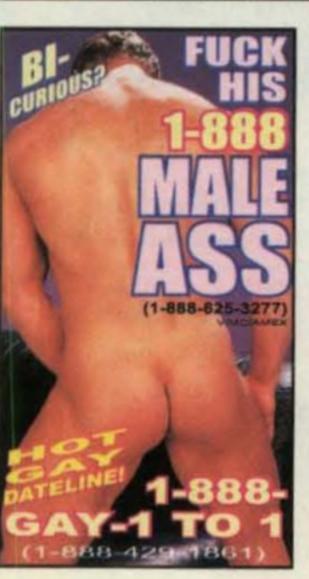


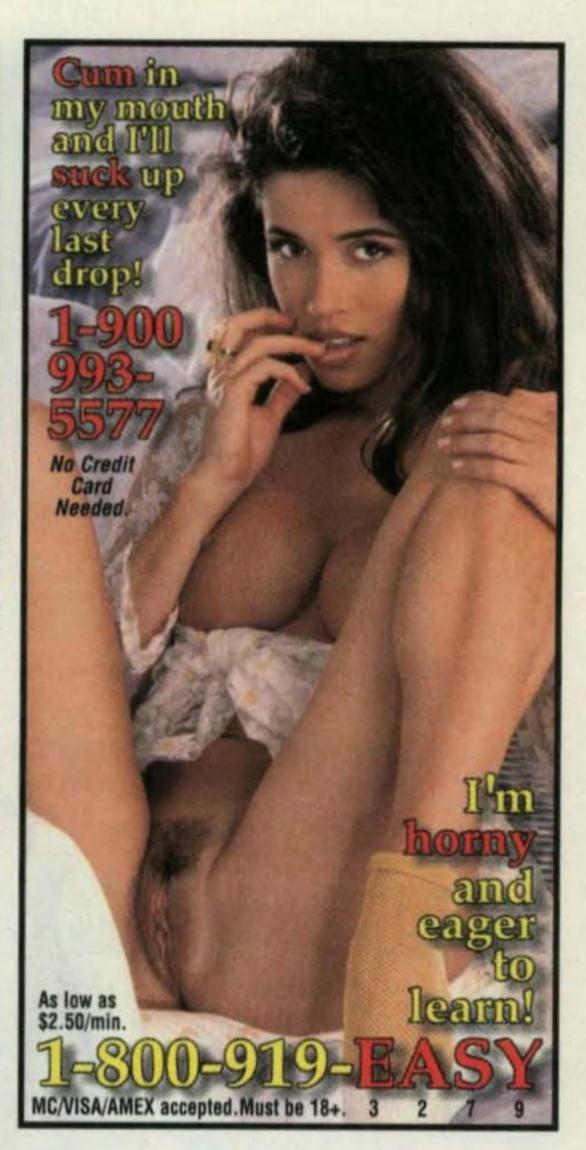


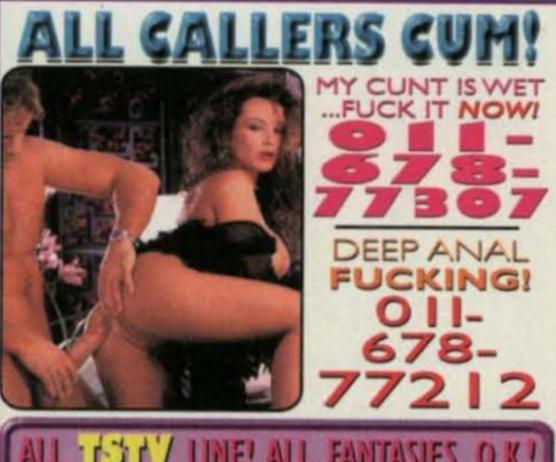












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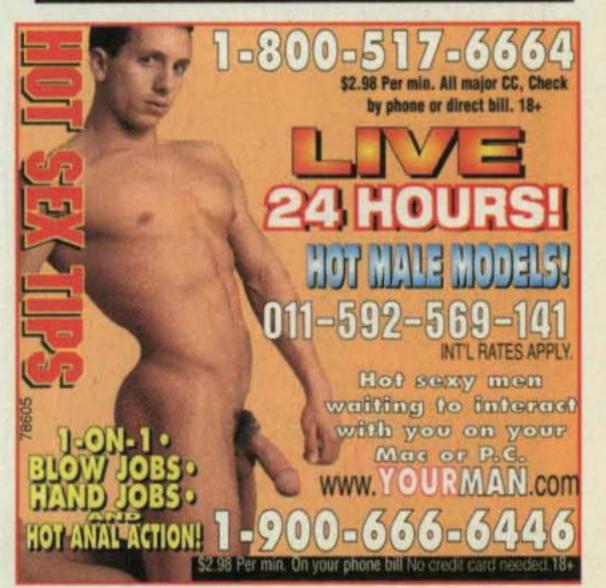


























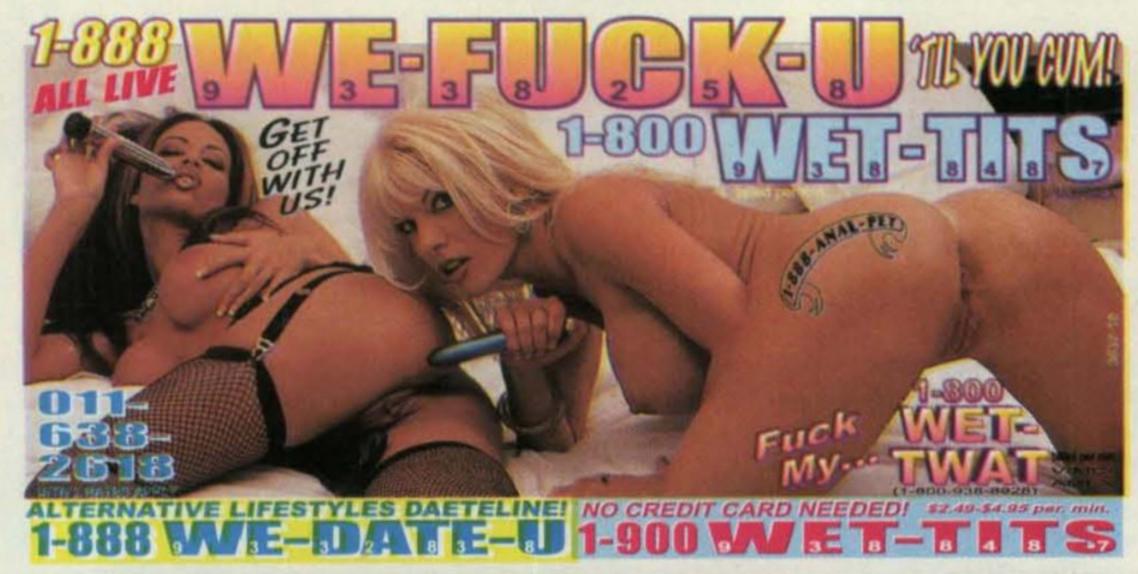




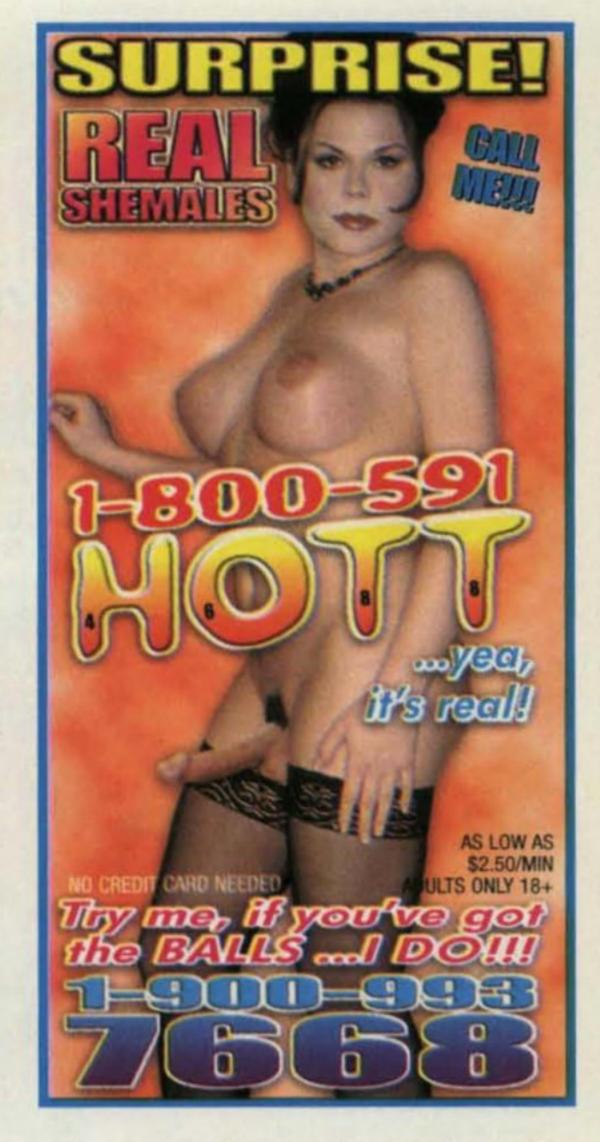


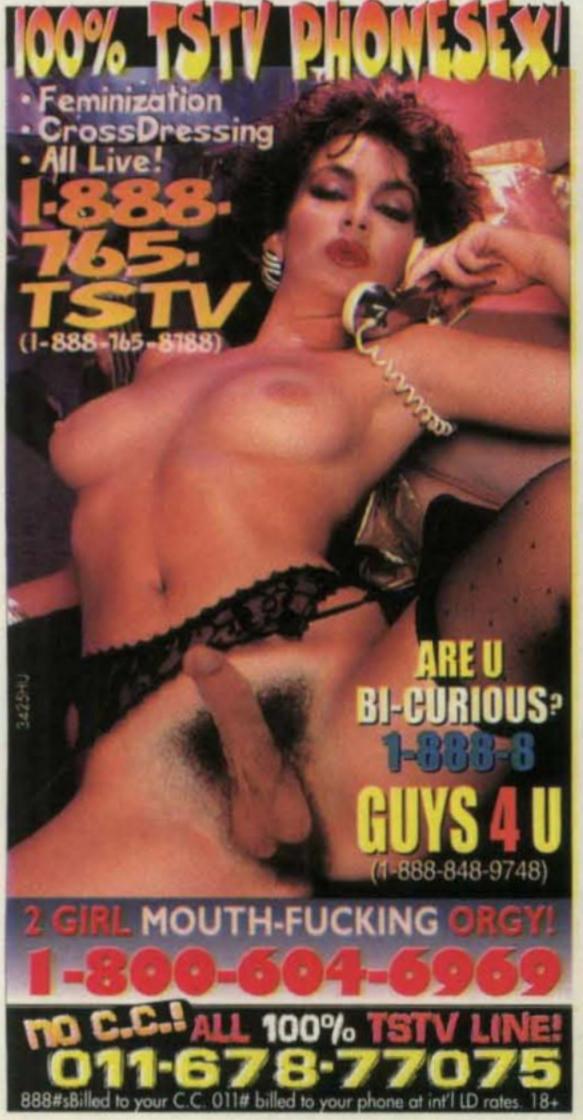


















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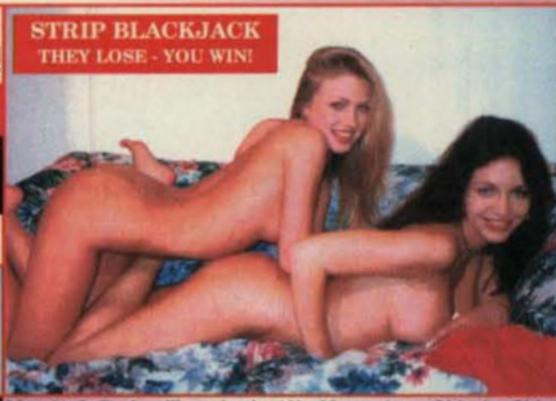
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open coochie & butt-hole, Shocking Puts her feet 5' apart for masturbation | masturbate intensely for Very Loud | Art Gallery-She gets naked & fingers one-Ups! Slams 3 fingers in her Hear Wet Smacking Sounds & loud Very Wet Orgasms & lots of 2 finger herself from every position! Dencoochie & 2 up her rear, hard & deep moans as 2 milky wet fingers slide in thrusting! Living Room - See her Red Faced Orgasm! Bed - Hear for Loud Orgasms! Sweaty face deep! Her perfect rear pumps up & juices ejaculate in a big gush! On Talk as she slams 3 in front & 1 up turns red & contorts with pleasure! down to greet her penetrating all 4's, she fingers her hairy butt-hole her rear for a loud, screaming juicy 60 min. \$40.00 #1514KT fingers! 61 min. \$40.00 #1472KT a long time! 80 min. \$40.00 #1495KT wet orgasm! 60 min. \$40.00 #1506KT for only \$35.00 #2002KT



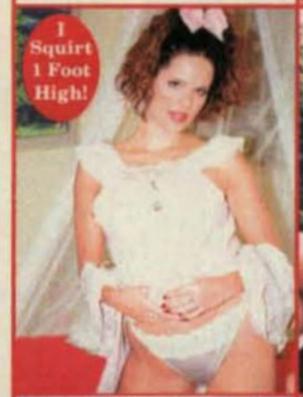


Sandi - Talks Dirty To You! Chase-Milky Wet Juices! Bonnie - Talks Dirty To You! Alison - Gets Super Juicy! Squirts, Drips & Splatters! Pulls Deep, Wet 2 Finger Insertion! Full Messy Bush! Watch her Loud Screaming Orgasm!



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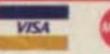
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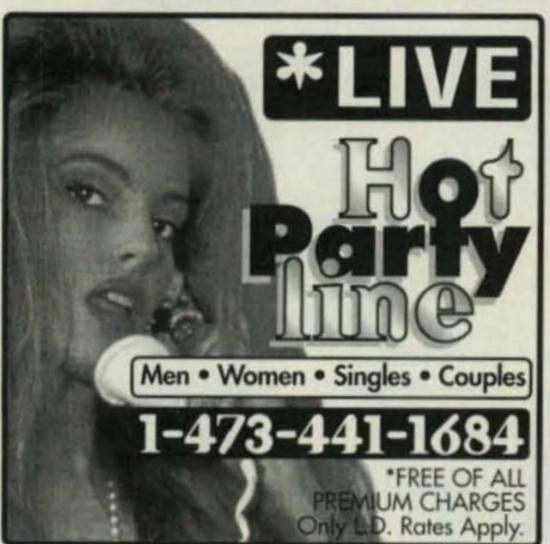
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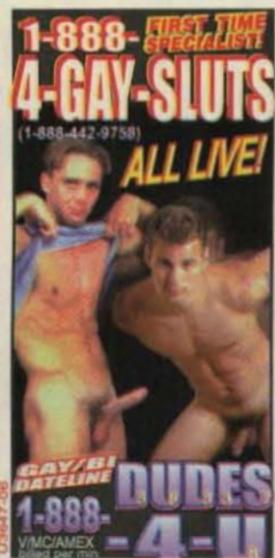












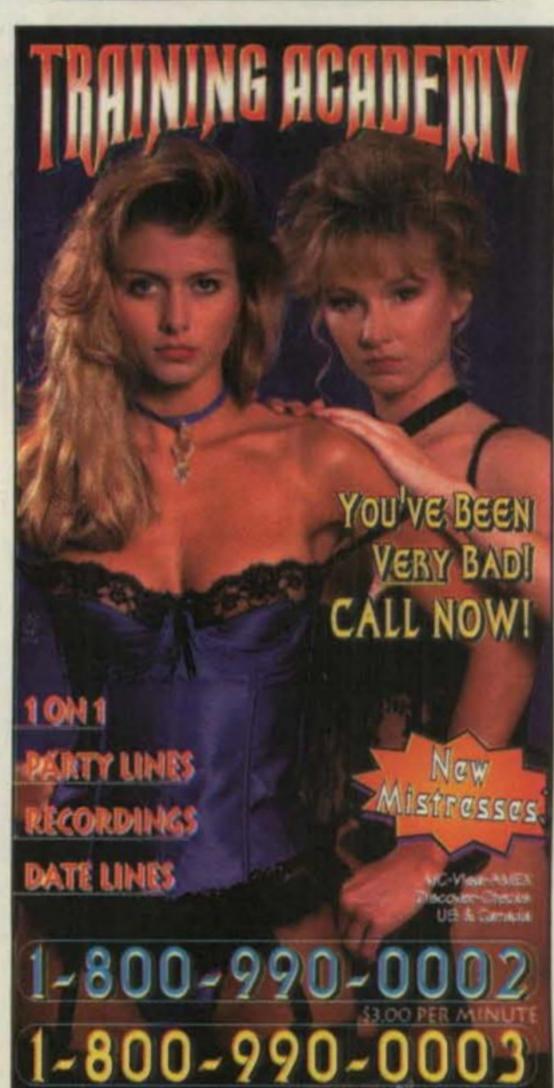








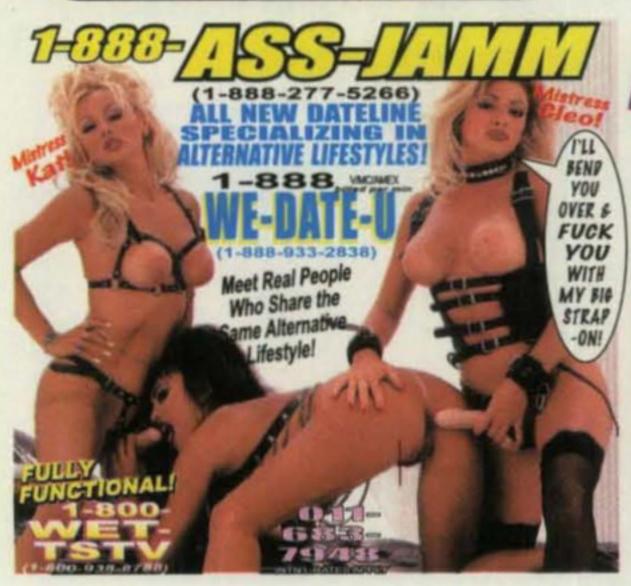




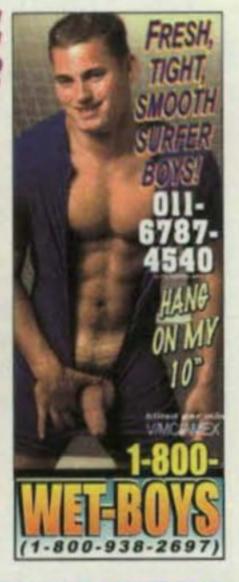








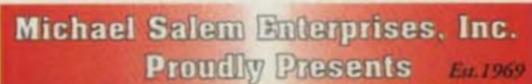














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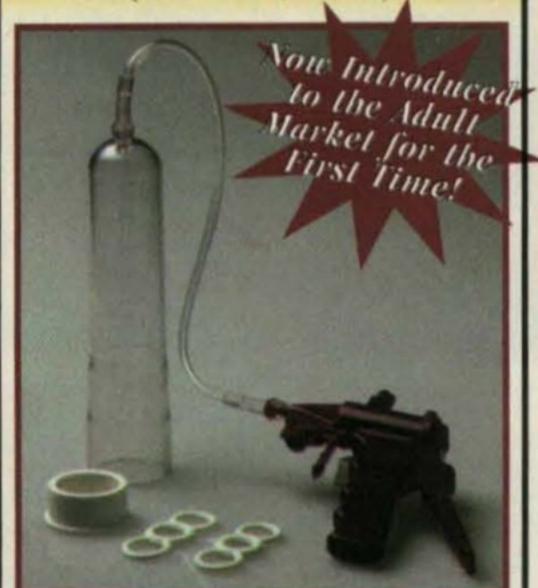
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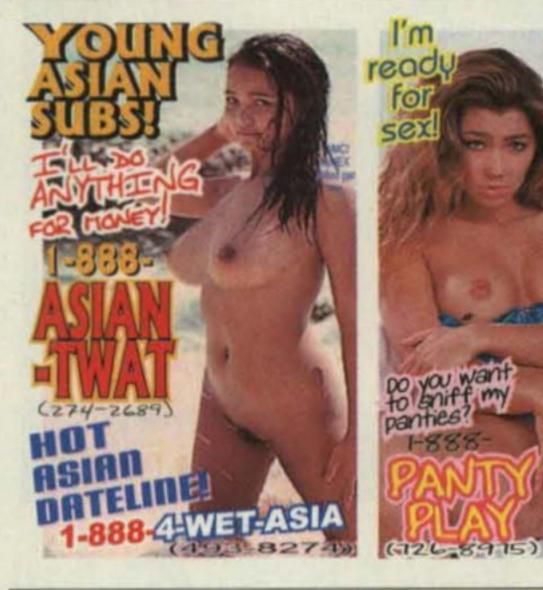
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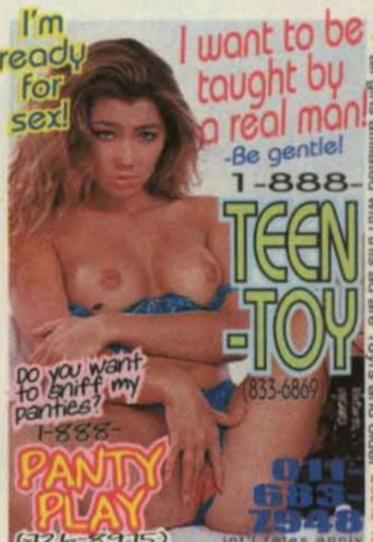
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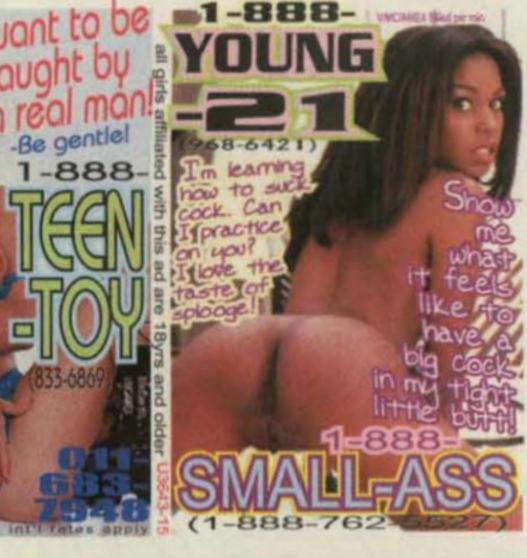
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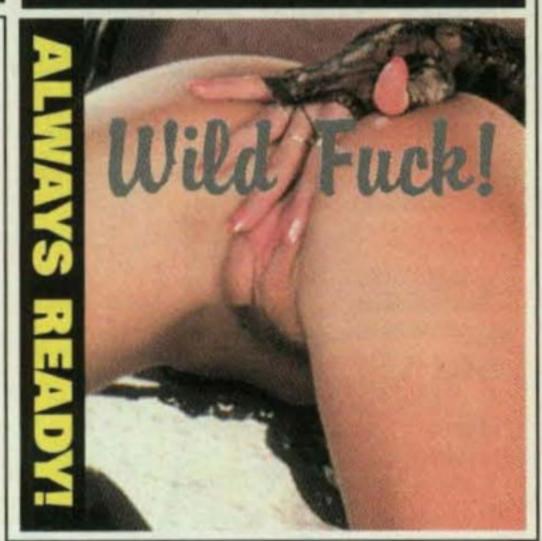
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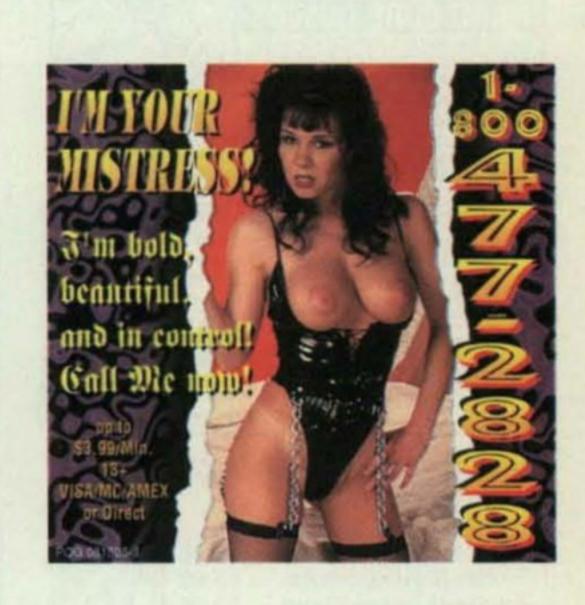
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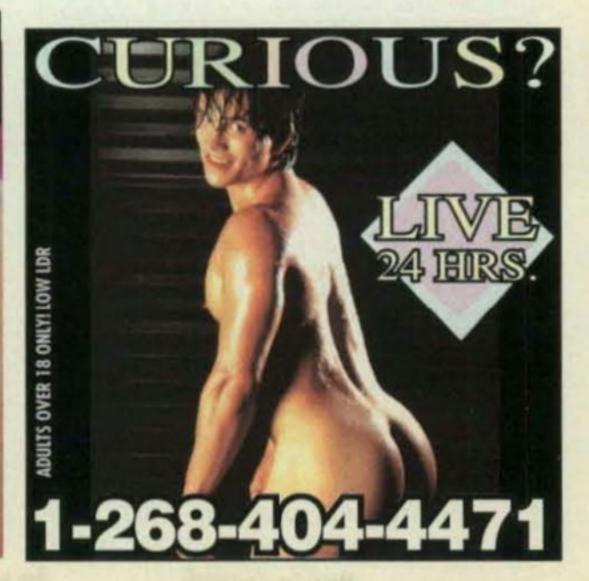






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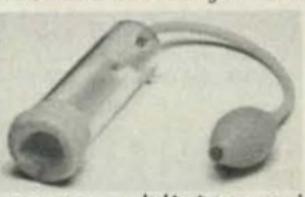
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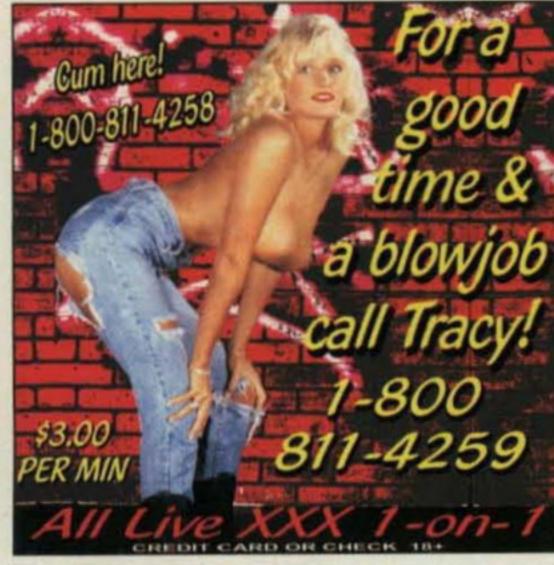


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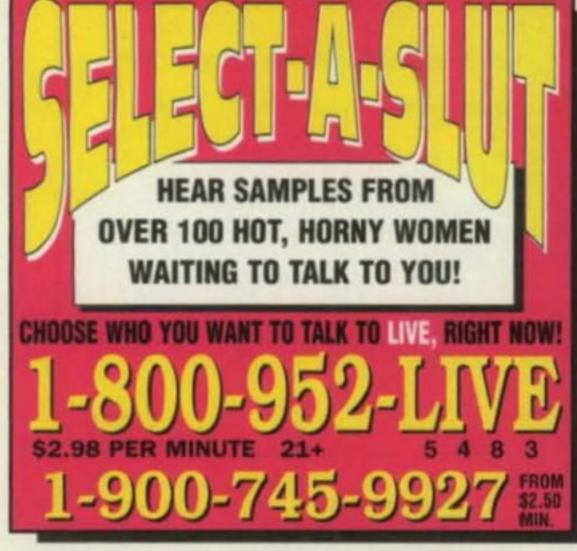


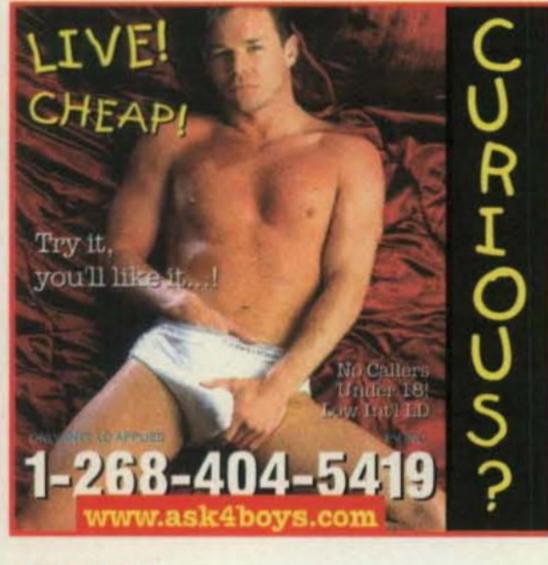


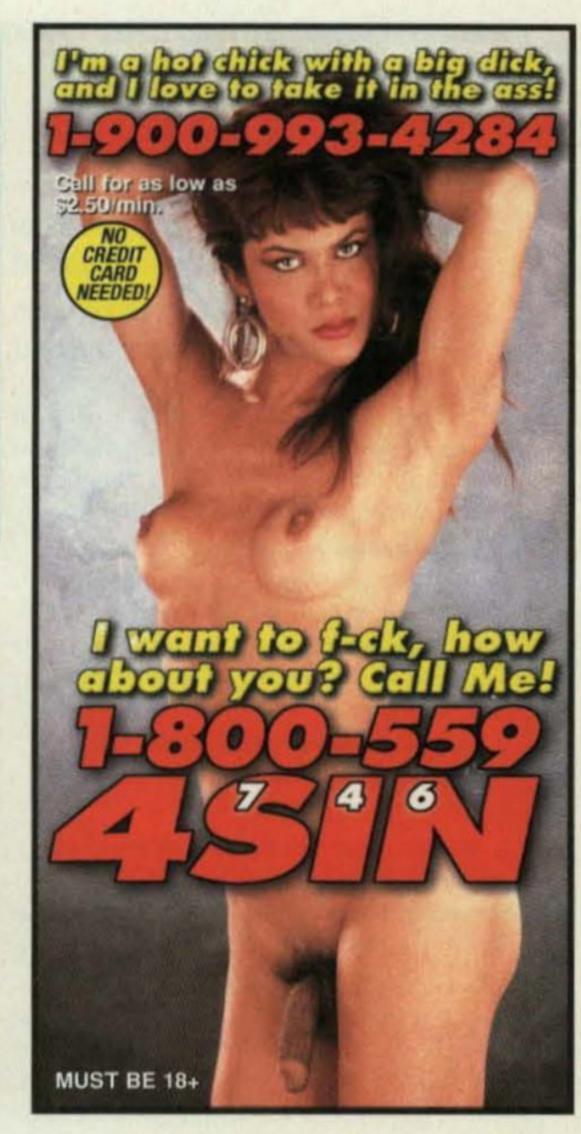




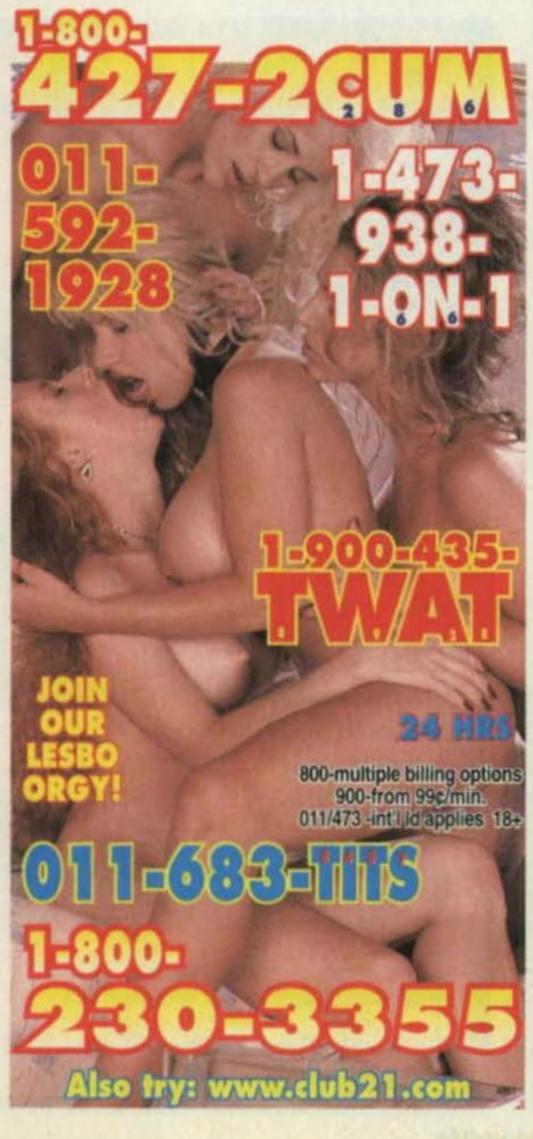




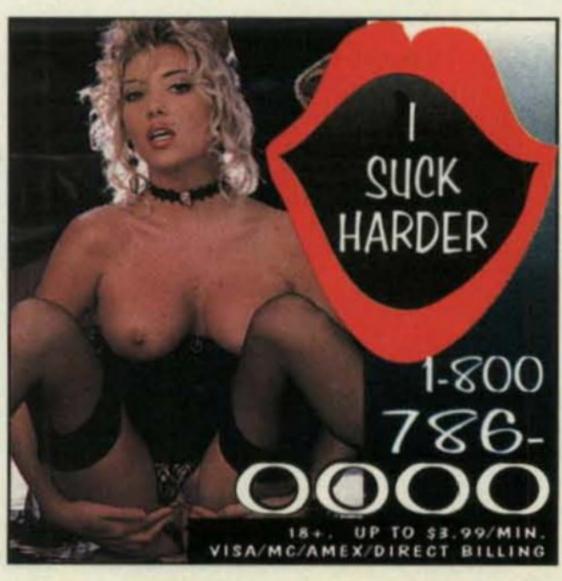












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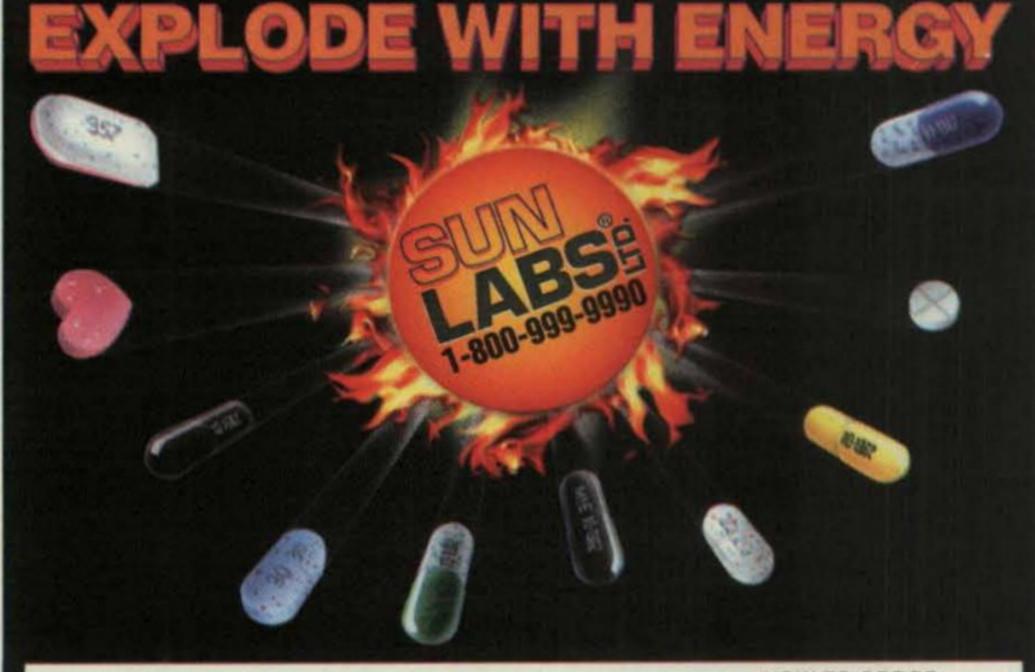
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This powerful, totally electric unit (U.L. approved) is equipped to plug into any wall outlet to give you continuous, even sucking power until you shut it off! Unlike noisy electric vacuum enlargers costing upwards of \$100 - the EXCELO is "quiet as a whisper." This sophisticated instrument is by far the state of the art in penis enhancing machinery. It has taken time, money and first-class engineering to produce what many have called the "Rolls Royce" of vacuum enlargers. And, of

course there are two other models available- to fit any budget. The EXCELO is a finely crafted precision instrument designed to create the vacuum needed to make the male organ LONGER and THICKER. If you are truly serious about penis enlargement the EXCELO will do the job for you!

THE ONLY SYSTEM THAT OFFERS AN **EASY "HOW-TO" BOOK FOR THE MOST** COMPREHENSIVE INSTRUCTION POSSIBLE!

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3 MODELS: ONE TO FIT ANY BUDGET, ANY REQUIREMENT

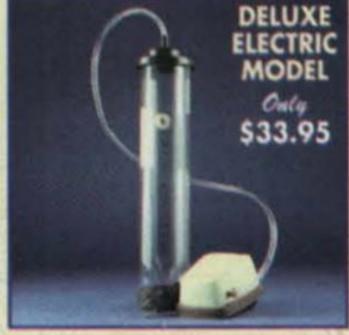
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(continued from page 76)

Exxiteme "What people forget is that this is entertainment," says Black. "Why the fuck can't I do this girl fucking her father?" he asks. "They're actors. It's a fuckin' movie."

to impose controls on its content.

Adam & Eve, a major porn distributor, hires consultants to filter out films that depict violence, degradation or underage sex.

"We look for cheerfully consenting adults," says Katy Zvolerin, Adam & Eve's PR director, "or [the film] will more than likely be removed from the catalog."

To appease the trigger-happy feds, Jeff Douglas of the Free Speech Coalition drafted a list of guidelines proscribing depictions of bestiality, incest, urination, shit eating, fisting and rape.

Even the vague "degradation of women" was forbidden, as was "the insertion of a foreign object except for marital aids," such as vibrators and dildos. No more bottles, no more broomstick handles, but what about a speculum? Is a speculum a marital aid? Clearly, today's filmmakers have deviated from these self-imposed guidelines.

"When the outlaws of this business do their outrageous things," Pistol relates fretfully, "they are very possibly going to bring us to the attention of the Justice Department. We do not need that sort of attention again."

Veteran producer and director Wesley Emerson, whose X-rated credits include the films Exposed and Health Spa, believes that the purveyors and manufacturers of extreme porn will "wreak havoc upon the industry."

"The right wing realizes that they can't get rid of us entirely, and we realize that we have to put certain constraints on our videos to survive. [People like] Rob Black help us define what we cannot do," adds director Luc Wylder.

"What people forget is that this is entertainment," says Black. "Why the fuck can't I do this girl fucking her father?" he asks. "They're actors. It's a fuckin' movie.

"I don't think the government will set up task forces to go after pornography," adds Black. "For Christ's sake, our goddamn President of the United States is getting blown in the fucking White House. I think we are getting more freely acceptable with things."

Guess again.

On May 13, 1998, a group of "prodecency" organizers, led by Morality in Media general counsel Paul J. McGeady, met in Washington, D.C., with U.S. Deputy Attorney General Eric Holder. The moralists called the meeting to urge aggressive enforcement of federal obscenity laws.

Less than a month later, on June 10,

1998, Deputy Attorney General Holder dispatched a memorandum to all 93 U.S. attorneys calling for federal prosecutors to begin obscenity investigations and prosecutions "in those areas where there is a need for federal resources." Holder expressed concern about the "unprecedented growth" of adult materials.

In other words, the heat is on.

Under existing law, the most innocuous X-rated release could come under legal scrutiny within the Supreme Court's vague "community standards" threshold.

Federal prosecutors have the right to choose venues where material is made, where it is sold, and anywhere in between. When the Department of Justice targeted San Fernando Valley porn manufacturers, nearly every case was prosecuted not in sex-crazed L.A., but in conservative cities such as Oklahoma City, Memphis and Dallas.

Try defending the right to depict Vikings butt-fucking nuns in, say, heavily Catholic Boston.

Young filmmakers such as Black and Zupko sound defiant when confronted with the potential for obscenity prosecutions in the future.

Apocalypse cofounder Brian Surewood is quick to point out that it is every American's obligation to "push all boundaries.

"We have too many rules and laws to begin with; so I'm all for breaking or exceeding rules," he says.

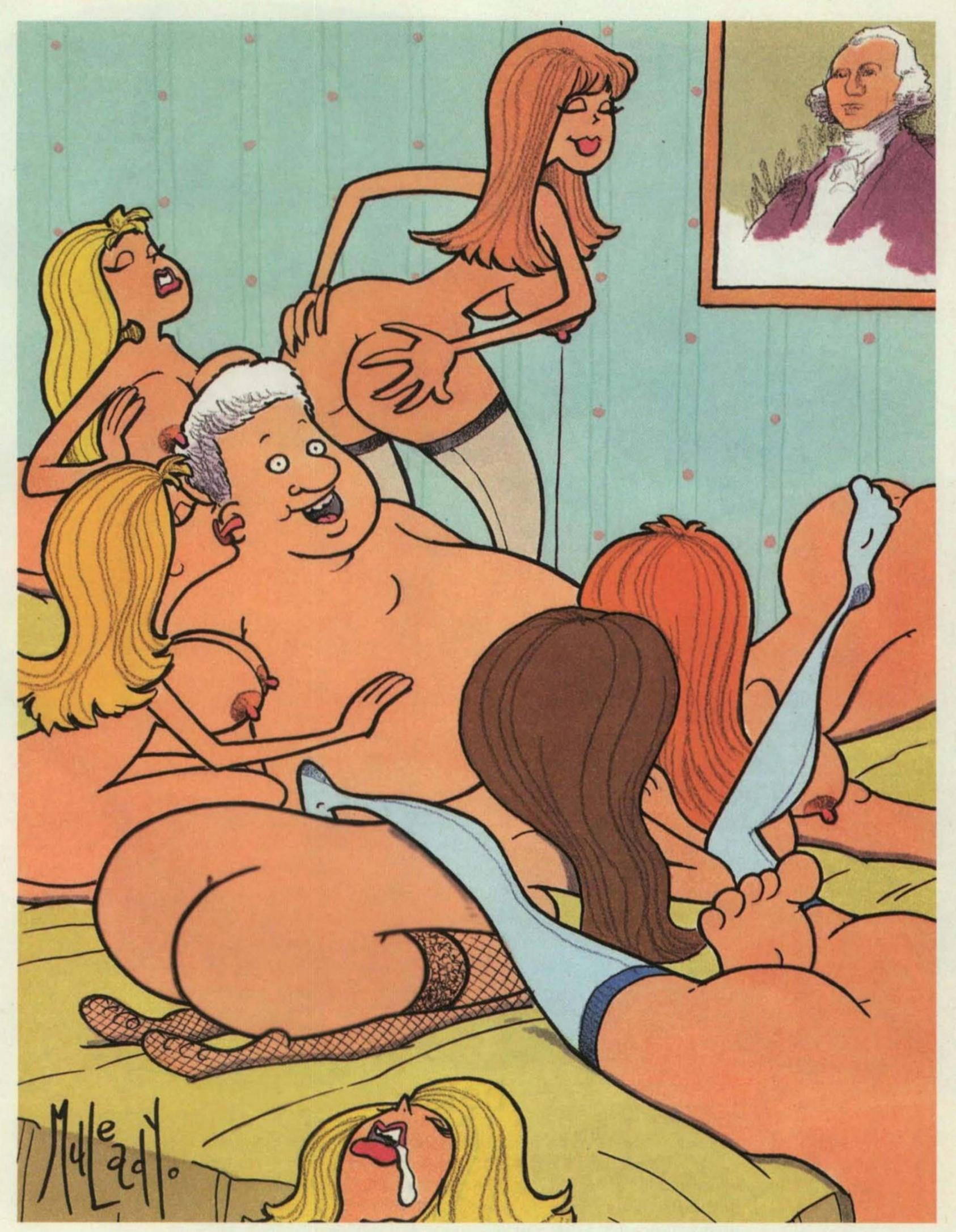
"People like Russ Hampshire were like, 'Okay, we'll pay your fines, and we won't do that again," says Black, whose father was busted 105 times for obscenity. "They never pushed the envelope and said, 'Fuck it, we're going to fight this.' Why not? Why has nobody been a pioneer?"

Gregory Dark laid the foundation for the extreme genre in the 1980s and directed the films Russ Hampshire was arrested for. "All I was doing was pushing the freak show to its limits," he says. "We truly are these sick animals that society has created and getting sicker because we're looking for the ultimate thrill.

"The ultimate carnival event in pornography would be to see some girl get gang-banged, then start cutting pieces of her body off, shoving it up her orifices and then killing her and coming all over her.... It would be a big pay-perview event. We in this country obviously can't do that, but you can use metaphors for it. We'll tease around it. The shock is what it's about."



"Oh, nothing much, John—just fist-fucking the ol' lady...."



"If they impeach me, it's gonna be for a lot more than just one fat, cocksucking bitch!"

MARY ANE The Hole Truth



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOANIE ALLUM

"I am one of the millions of women who can only have vaginal orgasms," says pent-up sexpot MaryJane. "Dudes lick clit until my pussy is numb, but I'll never climax unless I find a stud who knows his way around my hole." MaryJane rubs her slit. "I thought I was frigid until I found my G spot. I was seeing how far I could cram my fingers up my cunny, and I just started coming and coming." MaryJane probes her dewy love canal. "Multiple orgasms are great, but it's no fun always coming by myself. I still haven't found the right dick."















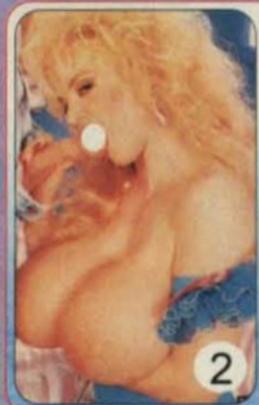


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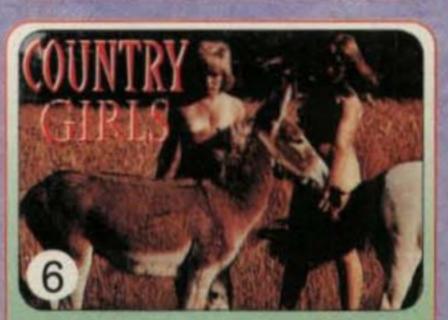


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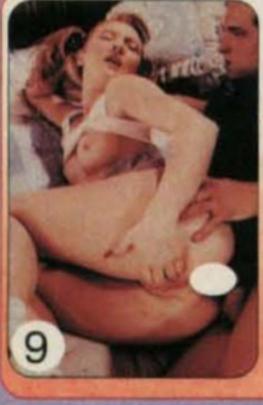
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Innocent

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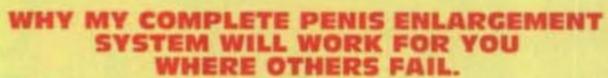
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Dr. Joel Bross is a noted sex therapist, clinical sexologist in private practice since 1974. He specializes in sexual concerns for both woman and men. He is responsible for the production of numerous educational sex videos.



The penis about 3 inches is inserted into the clear tube.



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ENLARGEMEN

BY DR. BROSS

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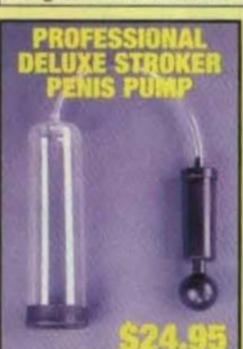
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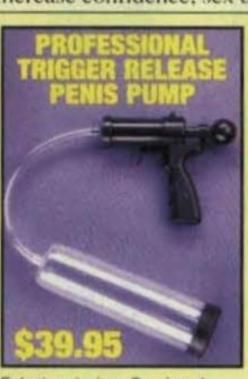
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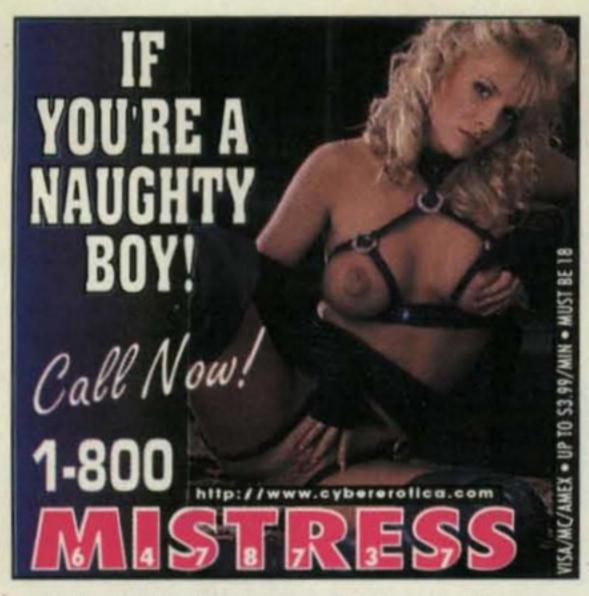
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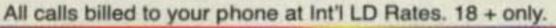
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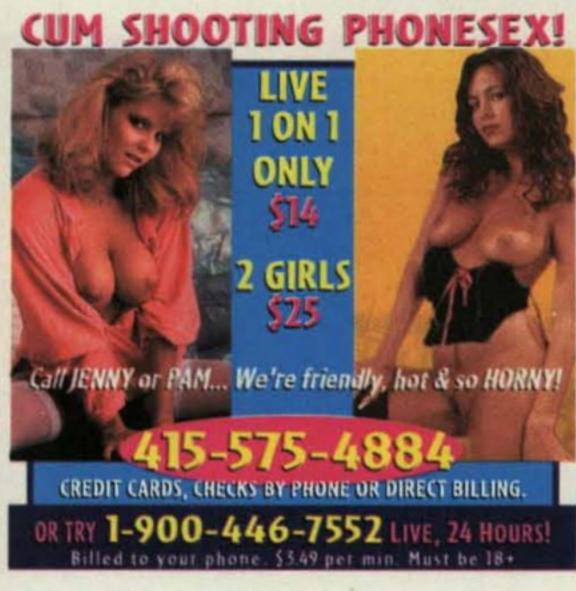


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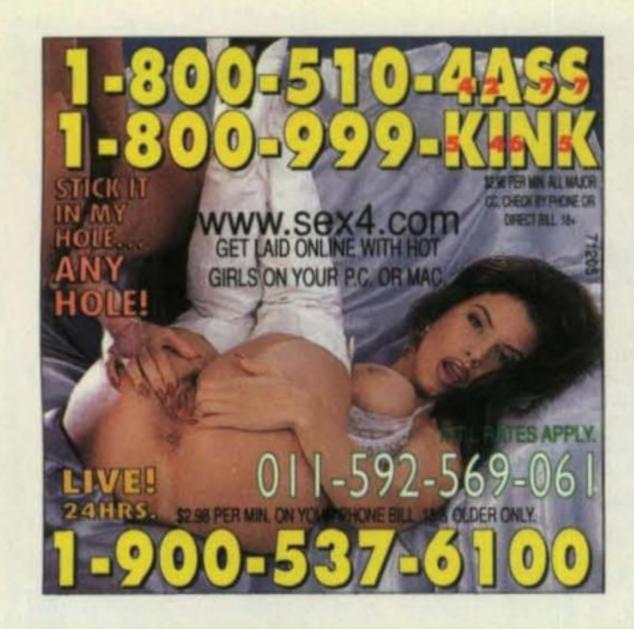


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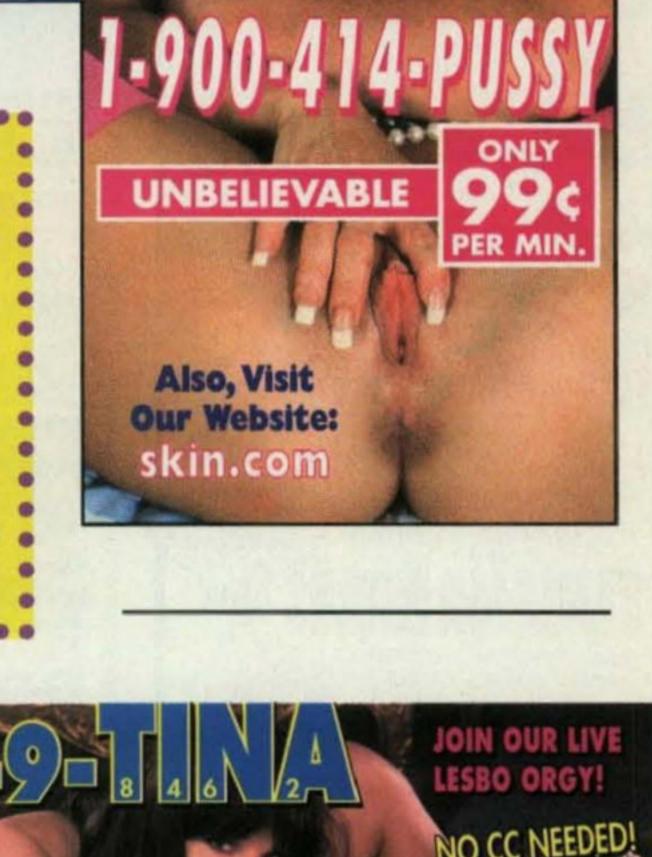


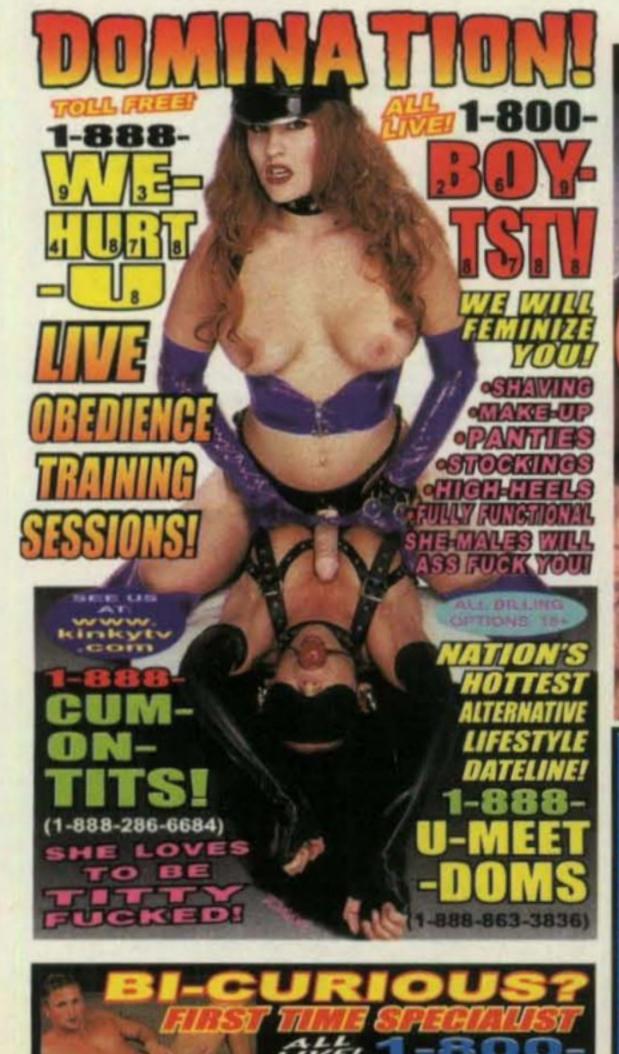














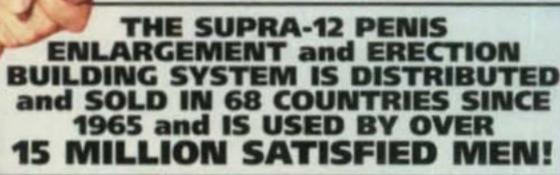


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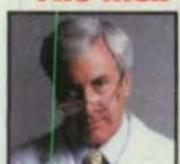


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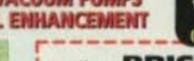


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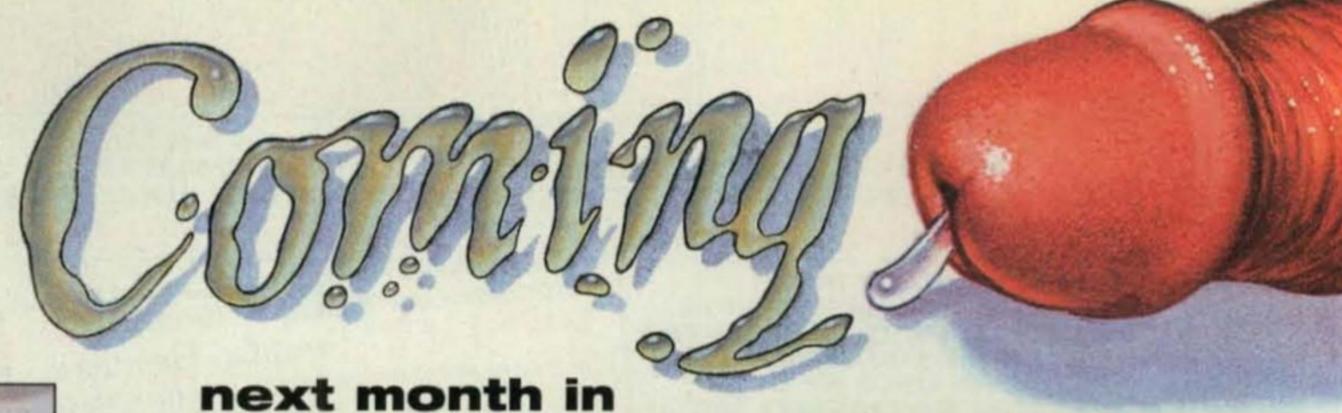
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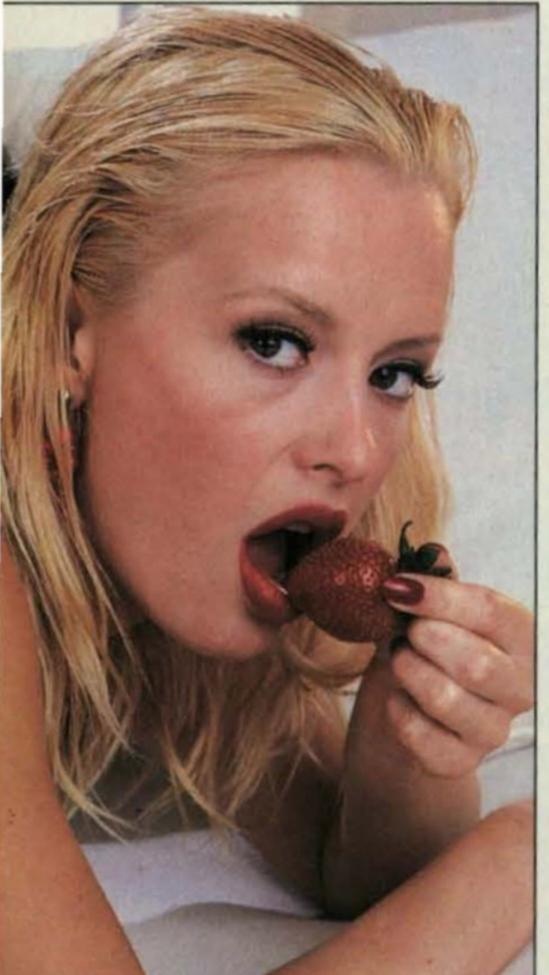
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HUSTLER

ERIN, GO BRALESS

St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland. The magically delicious girls of March HUSTLER drive snakes into tumescent spasms of ecstacy. A leather-masked dominatrix brandishes a strap-on and holds court over two beautiful, leashed minions. Stroking their mentor's rigid tool, the blond and brunet servants prepare for their punishing reward: a vigorous drilling from their taskmistress. A lithe blonde in fishnet stockings lolls around her space-age bachelorette pad. She plants a probing digit in her love tunnel and celebrates the carefree splendor of the single life. An eager car salesman takes his tanned and tasty client for a test-drive on Highway 69. Grinding his stick shift between her dual air bags, he spills pearly-white transmission fluid. Break out your Blarney stone; March HUSTLER will make you feel very lucky indeed.

WWW.PORNSTAR.COM

Growing numbers of cybernauts are celebrating their specialness through personal Web sites, and porn stars are no exception. Sites operated by screen fuckers ranging from Max Hardcore to Anna Malle offer fans the opportunity to communicate with their favorite adult-industry luminaries, glimpse into the scum professionals' personal lives and order merchandise. With the recent proliferation of such sites, how does the discerning Web whacker strike digital gold while sidestepping the cybershit? Whose site has the most generous free area? The best pictures and video clips? Where can you order, say, curly snips of a video vixen's pubic hair? In Sex Stars in Cyberspace, correspondent Jordan Baker talks to several actors-cum-Web masters about their Internet endeavors and rates their efforts.

BITE ME

Count Dracula did it and spawned a legend. Marv Albert did it and went to jail. For millions more, the art of erotic biting means nothing more—and nothing less—than the ultimate in sexual pleasure. As many a fucker in the know will attest, baring teeth on bare flesh can add a primal oomph to a roll in the hay, creating an endorphin rush that sends ecstatic shudders through the bitten's body. In March's Sex Play, "Once Bitten: The Pleasurable Pain of Erotic Biting," reporter Roberto Santiago sinks his teeth into the subject and learns why, in some schools of oral sex, a nibble means a lot.

IN LIKE A LION

March's Erotic Entertainment traces the newest Vivid Girl's path from obscurity to blue-screen stardom. Bits & Pieces discovers the Zen of fucking at the Free Tibet Gang-Bang and plants a virus in the Playboy Web site. Beaver Hunt delivers a bounty of bush from America's backyard. Prepare for a seasonal shift in your crotch thermometer; March HUSTLER melts the winter ice and ushers in spring showers of sticky, white rain.

March HUSTLER on sale January 12, 1999.
HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at http://www.hustler.com

